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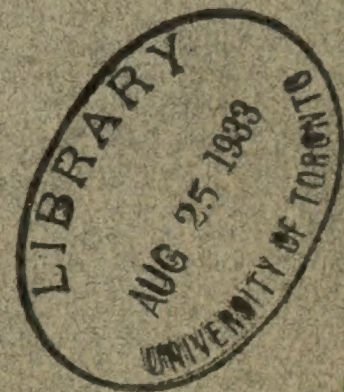
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Vol. III

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1902

No. 5

Contents

- | | |
|---|--|
| 383 The Treasures of Our National Library. | 446 Tricks of the Eighteenth Century Publishers. |
| 393 Art and Skill Employed in Early Book-Making. | 449 In Bohemia. (Verse.) John Boyle O'Reilly. |
| 396 Book Plates. Sir James Balfour Paul. | 450 Limited Editions: A Prose Fancy. Richard LeGallienne. |
| 405 The English Lyric. Henry A. Beers. | 451 Whitman's Little Jokes. |
| 411 Old Friends, Old Books. (Verse.) Chas. L. Williams. | 452 The Youth of Henri Taine. |
| 412 A Verona Book-Vendor. Arlo Bates. | 454 A Ballade to Miss Carolyn Wells. (Verse.) Franklin P. Adams. |
| 414 The Bookworm. (Verse.) A. Mary F. Robinson. | 455 The Grave of Chaucer. John W. Hales. |
| 414 Alexander Dumas' Way. | 457 Poe and the University of Virginia. E. A. Forbes. |
| 415 The Origin of Water-Marks on Paper. | 457 He Who Knows a Book. (Verse.) R. R. Kirk. |
| 416 Men of One Joke. William Matthews. | 458 Miss Braddon's Novels. |
| 417 A Site in Moorfields. | 459 Thomas Britton: A Strange Character. |
| 419 A Seventeenth Century Allusion to Shakespeare. (Verse.) | 459 In a Copy of Herrick's Poems. (Verse.) Frank Dempster Sherman. |
| 420 Upon Pseudo-Literary Criticism. Gelett Burgess. | 460 Ici On Parle—With Variations. W. Pett Ridge. |
| 421 A Sunday Dinner for a Nickel. | 461 The Best Specimen of Bad Manners. Charles F. Johnson. |
| 421 Robert Burns' Heritage to His Family. | 462 The "Punch" of the Commonwealth. |
| 422 Fact in Literature. Arthur Symons. | 463 Songs Which Have Changed Lives. |
| 423 A Visit to Walt Whitman. Theodore W. Hunt. | 464 The Sweetest of Fitzgerald's Quatrains. Henry E. Legler. |
| 423 The Book. (Verse.) W. F. Harvey. | 465 Your Old Magazines. |
| 424 The Pamphlet and the Magazine Article. Chas. Howard Shinn. | |
| 425 Brevity. (Sonnet.) Richard Garnett. | |
| 426 On Becoming Possessed of a Library. James Arthur Gibson. | |
| 430 Authors' Troubles With the Moon. | |
| 431 The Art of Illuminating. E. Wilder. | |
| 433 An Andrew Lang Impertinence. | |
| 434 The Original Camille. Jerome A. Hart. | |
| 436 The Burial of Stevenson at Samoa. (Verse.) Florence Earle Coates. | |
| 437 Robinson Crusoe. | |
| 439 Caedmon and Milton. Theodore W. Hunt. | |
| 439 Books. (Verse.) George Crabbe. | |
| 440 The Imprimerie Nationale. W. Roberts. | |
| 441 A New Item re Edgar Allan Poe. | |
| 441 A Book-Marker. (Verse.) | |
| 441 A Book-Lover's Predicament. | |
| 442 Selections for the Bibliomaniac. | |
| 443 Christmas at Gadshill. Percy Fitzgerald. | |

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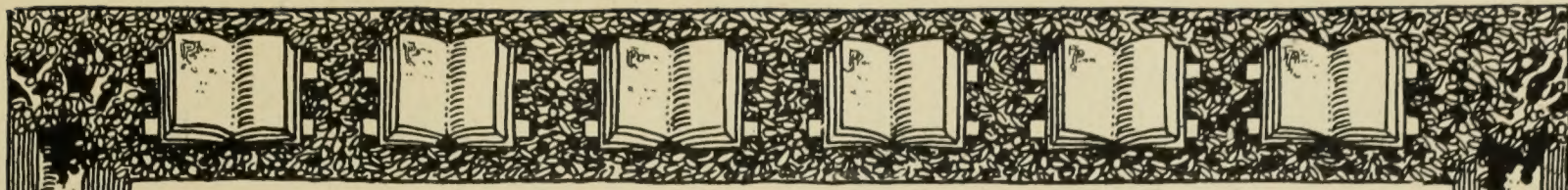
Our Book Plates.

THE BOOK-LOVER prints in this issue copies of a number of the book plates of its readers. Many more have reached us, which will be preserved and printed in a later issue, together with other examples, which are invited from our subscribers.

The two plates of one design on page 463, bearing different mottoes, afford an example of a family book plate. Each member of the family, having a collection of books, is using the same plate but with an individual motto. The symbolical ornamentations are from Norse mythology. The actual book plates are printed in two colors. The dotted lines shown in the first plate are used by the different members of the family, as shown in our example. The name, etc., are pen-written.

Whenever the name of a designer has not been engraved on the plate, THE BOOK-LOVER has, if possible, discovered and printed it under the plate as it appears in this issue.

Mr. Walter C. Allen designed his plate after two famous seventh century manuscripts, "The Durham Book" and "The Book of Kells," reproductions of which exist in the Congressional Library in Washington, of which city Mr. Allen is a resident.



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The following scholars, who are noted book-lovers, having been specially chosen editorial contributors to THE BOOK-LOVER, have accepted the position; and they have consented in addition to their original contributions, to collate for THE BOOK-LOVER generally unknown facts and book-lore that would be of peculiar interest to book-lovers, such as are hidden away among the archives, not generally known and not likely to be come upon save by masters in their reading and research.

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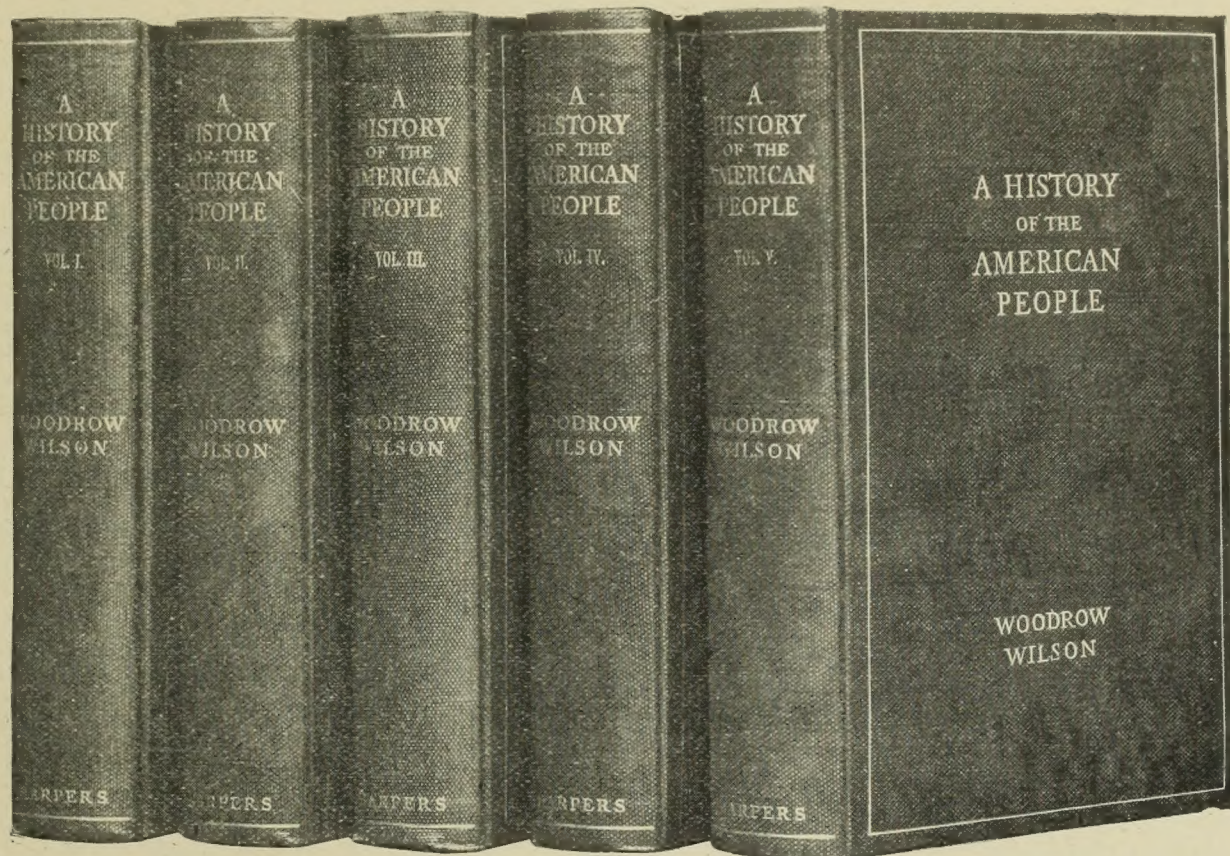
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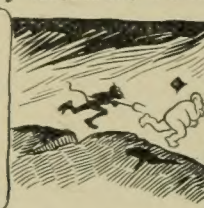
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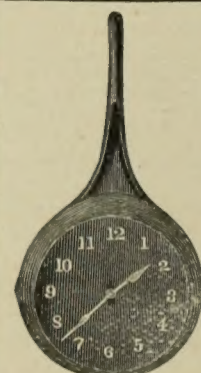
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AN "APPRECIATION" OF THE BOOK-LOVER.

AURORA, ILL., Sept. 26, 1902.

To the Editor of the BOOK-LOVER:

The BOOK-LOVER is a perfect joy to me. I am so careful of my numbers, that I hate to lend them, but I am making the best use I know of the extra numbers I send to you for so often. I do earnestly hope each one I part with will bring you a new subscriber. My son has all the numbers beautifully bound. I keep mine in the parlor in plain sight, to use and to show them to my guests. Two ministers and a high-school teacher saw them here and subscribed at once. I am going to give two or more Christmas presents of them. I mean to talk "Christmas presents" to others when I show THE BOOK-LOVER. It is the ideal gift to those who are able to appreciate it.

I have been studying "Kings Treasures" in Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" for a "coterie" to which I belong. We study Ruskin all winter, and you can imagine my delight at being assigned my favorite book for our first meeting. I just enjoy this: "No book is worth *anything* which is not worth *much*, nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved and loved again so that you can refer to what you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory."

This is the way I am using your valued BOOK-LOVER. I find so much of value to me in regard to my old books. I have an Eschylus, "Prometheus Bound," in Greek and Latin, 1559, in the original binding, well preserved. It was printed in Basel, Switzerland. Through reading my BOOK-LOVER and the Enclly, I know the printer must have been Fröben and the press the one used for Luther's works, as Basel was the hotbed of the Reformation and he, Fröben, was the printer there from 1516 to 1567. Here Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, and Erasmus met. Basle or Basel was one of the first five homes of the printing press.

You can imagine how I have enjoyed the information I have received by frequent re-reading of THE BOOK-LOVER, and my pencil marks are not few, as I mean to know where to find any matter, when needed.

I have a beautifully bound and tooled edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," printed for Jacob Tonson ("Adorned with Sculptures"). He was the publisher of Dryden's work. I also own the first complete works of Shakespeare and the first good edition of Milton. 1711.

I have secured number of first editions of American authors through my information received in THE BOOK-LOVER

I bought a small book this summer, called "The Wedding Dress," published in 1854. It has short poems by over thirty prominent authors, among whom are Irving, Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mrs. Hemans, Phoebe Cary, Hannah More, Bryant, Charles J. Peterson and Sarah J. Hale! editors of "Godey" and "Peterson's." I have learned much about the value of my old books and found, too, that many of my old leather-covered religious books are not very valuable at all to anyone but myself. I have gathered quite a number on account of the strange old prints, some of Harper's, 1845, being very queer indeed. A book published by them, "A Mission to Bokhara," has a frontispiece of twenty-two figures seated in a circle; the ones near the front being the smallest; those seated the farthest away being twice the size of those in the fore-ground! "Electricity or Ethereal Fire," a book on medical electricity, 1802, and an illustrated book on "Surgical Instruments" by Sam. Sharp, surgeon of Guy's, printed for J. Tonson, London, 1750, are books my medical friends have borrowed and would like to own.

I feel afraid this will go into the waste basket before you reach this page or I would talk longer of my treasures. I must tell you (if you are here?) of one pamphlet of "William Tell" with a title of thirty-six words. Licenced June 30, 1687, in London.

"Printed and sold, by Andrew Towle, at the Crooked Billet in Halloway Lane in Shoreditch, and at the Three Keys in Nago-Head-Court in Grace-Church-Street, over against the Conduit, 1687"!

I want to tell of an Atlas, leather-covered, size 13 x 21 inches, date 1753. The maps are double the size of one page, making them 21 x 26. Most of them were made in Nuremberg. Each has the authorized stamp or seals of the Government. The map of the Americas was made in 1746 in Paris. I want to tell you of a Breeches Bible, printed 1595, beautifully tooled with the crest of Charles the Second. These two books belong to my son, but are here at present.

I think you must feel sure I did not read that article "How to treat an editor," so I will hastily say good-bye.

MRS. W. E. HOLMES.

P.S.—It is such a comfort to talk old book to one who knows! I should consider it an affliction if such a work as you have undertaken did not succeed.

SOMERSET, PA., Oct. 20, 1902.

To the Editor of THE BOOK-LOVER:

I have in my library "The Autobiography of a Rejected MS.," by T. C., London, Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly, 1870. This book is attributed to Thomas Carlyle. Can any of your readers or yourself inform me whether Carlyle really wrote the book or not? There are certain sentences and phrases in the book that would lead one to think the sage of Chelsea was its author, and yet I am inclined to doubt it. I shall be very glad for an expression of opinion.

I am very much pleased with THE BOOK-LOVER, and think it could be made even more interesting by having queries of this kind answered. Yours very truly,

J. L. PUGH.

HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH., Oct. 5, 1902.

To the Editor of THE BOOK-LOVER:

As a regular reader of your valuable magazine, my attention was attracted by an article in the Autumn Number entitled "Rarest of Americana," as it described a book, or rather set of books, which I had in my possession earlier in the year and for which I tried to find a purchaser, namely the first American edition of Shakespeare's works. No one in Chicago seemed to know, or if they did know, cared to tell me the value of them, and some of our best libraries were surprised (?) to find out that there was such a set of books. That they are authentic I have no doubt, as they have been in the possession of members of the same family for many years. They are complete and in fine condition, except that, as I remember, the first volume contains the portrait referred to in the article.

In conclusion allow me to say that I have been a purchaser of your magazine since the beginning and possess a complete set of them, which I consider a valuable possession to any one who loves books. I say this, not that I desire to "throw bouquets," as the saying goes, *nor is my set for sale*, but simply to add my one word of praise and admiration for the good work you and your magazine are doing. I have only one objection: they don't come often enough. Yours very truly,

E. O. CHASE.

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The Book-Lover

Number 15.

November-December, 1902

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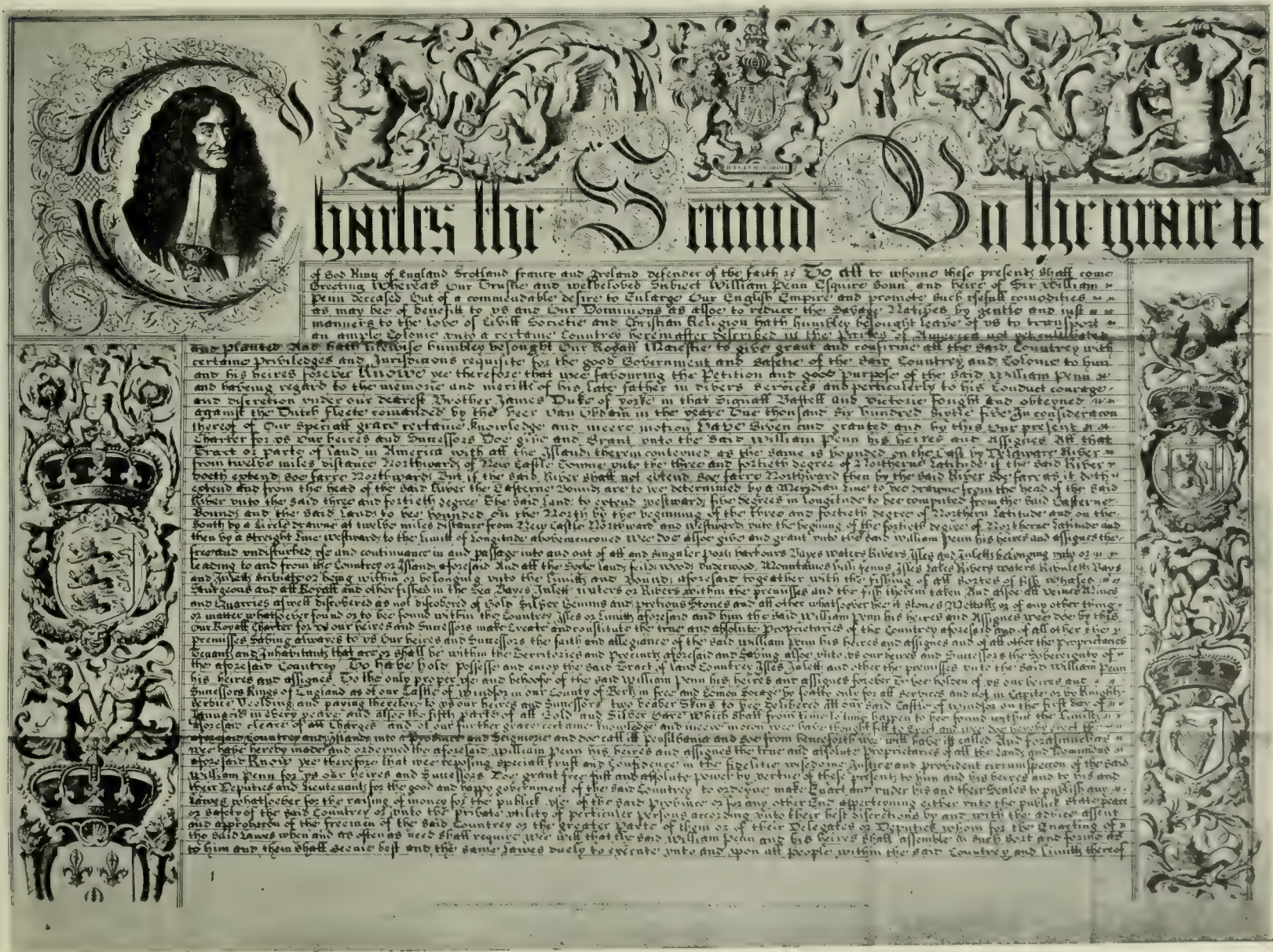
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The Library of Congress may be said to have been started in Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting, in 1800, when it made an appropriation of \$5,000 for a Government collection of books. The volumes bought with this

money were shelved in the Capitol at Washington, and were destroyed fourteen years later, when the British burned the building. It is related that when the invaders entered the House of Representatives, Admiral Cockburn seated himself in the Speaker's chair. Calling the assemblage of his followers to order, he shouted: "Gentlemen, the question is, shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All in favor of burning it will say Aye!"



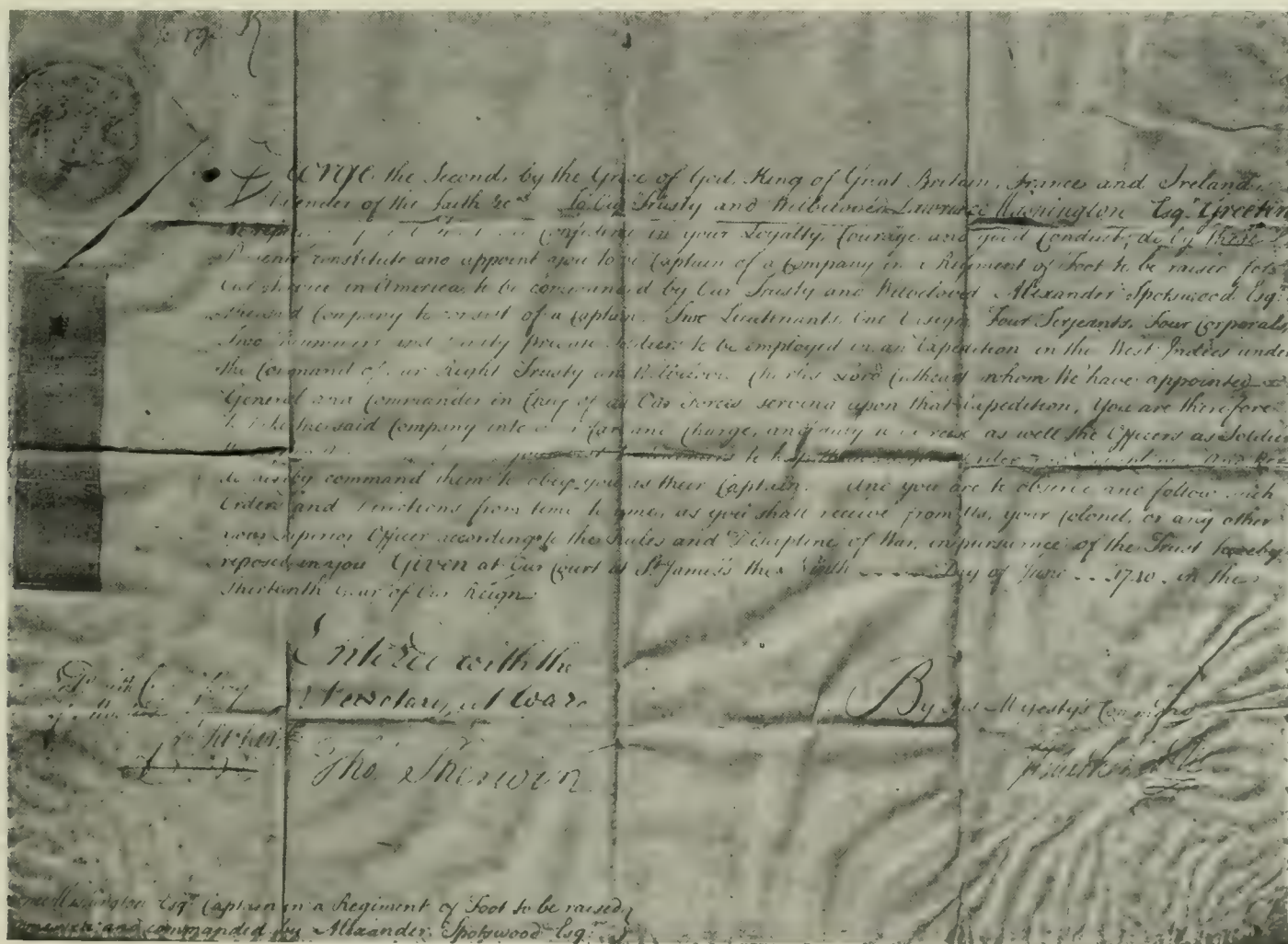
Charter Granted by Charles II. to Wm. Penn for Province of Pennsylvania.

the copyright law requiring that all publications submitted for copyright be printed on a paper not below a fixed grade. The trouble is that files of such cheap publications are likely to crumble to dust after a quarter of a century or so, and thus would be wholly lost. In order to meet the requirement suggested, nothing is needed beyond a few sheets of good paper and a moment's delay of the work in the pressroom.

An important department of the Library, which as yet is undeveloped, is the Division of Manuscripts. At present it occupies only a small corner of the new building, but some day it will be greatly expanded and will invite much attention from visitors. There will be a collection of autograph letters of all the Presidents and of other distinguished Americans. Here, also, will be stored eventually the valuable archives of the various executive departments of the Government. The Department of State has a great quantity of material of this sort, which is beyond price, including 336 volumes of the papers of Washington, seventy-five volumes of the papers of Madison, 137 volumes of the papers of Jefferson, thirty-two volumes of the papers of Franklin, and twenty-two volumes of the papers of Monroe. For these papers Congress paid \$165,000. The

archives of the War Department contain much matter of great interest in manuscript, for example the oaths of allegiance taken at Valley Forge by the officers of the American army from Washington down. Not less valuable are the archives of the Navy Department, which were saved by removing them before the British burned the building in 1814.

Mr. Putnam and Mr. Spofford are not obliged to contend against some of the difficulties which bothered librarians in ancient times. It must have been hard work to arrange and catalogue an Assyrian collection of thirty-five centuries ago, consisting of tablets of clay, inscribed with the stylus and baked. Hardly more convenient for handling were the rolls of papyrus which represented the next step in the art of book-making. Papyrus, made from a kind of reed, became as brittle as dead leaves after a while. The oldest papyrus book extant was written about 2500 B. C., by an old gentleman, who took for his topic the degeneracy of the age and the people as compared with a previous epoch. Papyrus was succeeded by parchment, which to this day is utilized for sumptuous editions of books. It has the advantage of lasting indefinitely. The finest kind is the skin of the calf's intestines. The ancients rubbed parchment with pumice,



Lawrence Washington's Commission as Captain, Issued by George II, June 9, 1740.

and made it so thin that the whole of Homer's Iliad is said to have been written out and inclosed in a walnut-shell, a really wonderful thing if true.

Another interesting section of the Library is the Division of Maps. Already it possesses 61,717 sheet maps and 2,533 atlases. Owing to the crowded condition of things in the old library quarters at the Capitol, many of the maps were more or less mangled, but much labor has been devoted recently to repairing and cleaning them. Photographs of rare maps are to be acquired wherever the originals are not obtainable. The Library of Congress is particularly rich in early maps of America, and some of them are very curious. There are a number, printed in the latter part of the seventeenth century, which show the peninsula of Lower California as an island, while all beyond to the northwest is a blank. It is said that this notion of the insular character of Lower California was originally derived from an English traveler, who pretended that he had circumnavigated it. Another map, published in 1685, shows the Delaware River under the name of South River, the Hudson being designated as the North River. It is rather odd that this name for the Hudson has survived with a great many New Yorkers even to the present time.

The Division of Prints, in charge of Mr. Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, contains valuable collections of etchings and engravings of rare artistic merit; photogravures, lithographs, and typogravures, which, apart from their intrinsic value, serve as illustrations of the various processes by which they were made; and many photographs of historical, biographical, and topographical interest. The etchings and engravings are specially protected, and all collections are classified and arranged in such a manner as to be readily available for use by the historian, biographer, or the student of art.

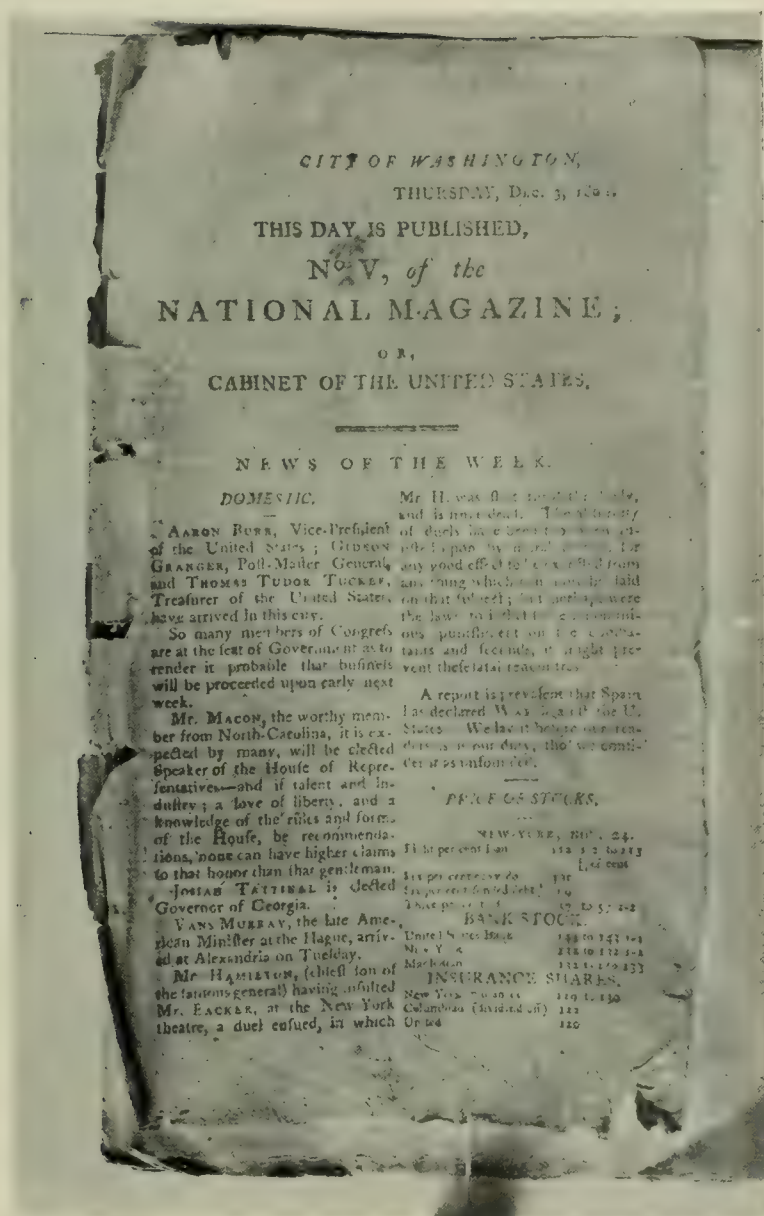
Among the most valuable possessions of this department is the Gardiner Green Hubbard Collection, presented to the Library after his death by Mrs. Hubbard. It comprises 2,620 items, and includes examples of almost every school of engravers and etchers. Among its gems are fine examples of Rembrandt and Dürer, Haig, Morghen, Hollar, Haden, and Whistler. One of its special features is the large number of portraits of Napoleon and of Frederick the Great. Another fine collection, placed as a deposit by the Smithsonian Institution, is a collection of prints purchased in 1850 from George P. Marsh.



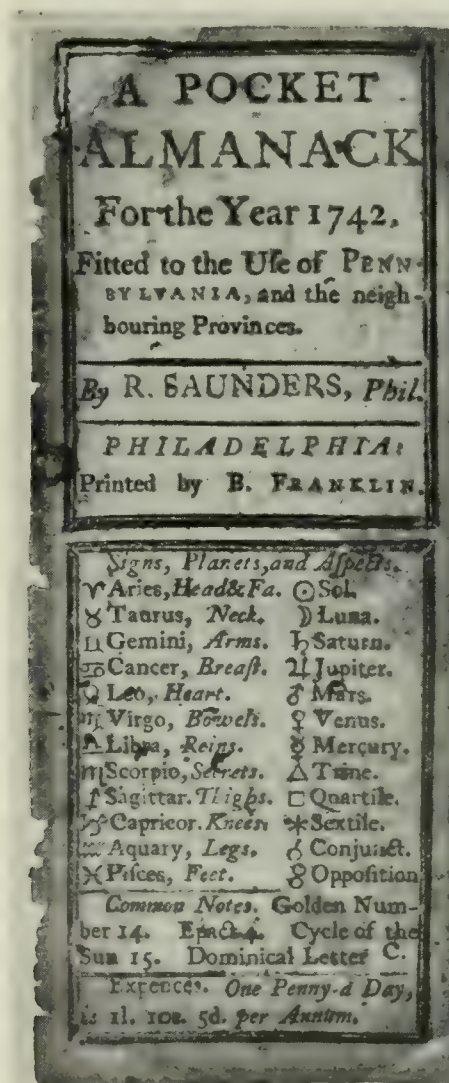
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45	Brown's Britannia,	5	10	50	Robertson's Scotland,	2	12
51	Cox's Travels in Switzerland,	2	40	52	Hume's History of England,	6	12
53	Stat. Trials,	11	111	53	Ireland's History of Ireland,	3	18
61	Atlas to Guthrie's Gazetteer,	1	1	54	Laing's History of Scotland,	1	7
62	Atlas to Guthrie's System of Geography,	1	1	55	Belsham's History of George III.,	3	7 50
63	American Atlas,	1	1	56	Edwards's History of the West Indies,	2	16
64	Plates to Cook's third Voyage,	1	1	57	Hume's History of Great Britain,	2	19
65	Plates to Macartney's Embassy to China,	1	1	58	Cox's Voyages,	3	27
66	Journal of the Lord's and Commons, with their bills and reports complete,	102	300	59	Hongkong's Voyages,	1	6
	<i>Additional from the respective Libraries of the Senate and House of Representatives.</i>			60	Stuart's View of Society in Europe,	1	6
168	Journal House Commons,	18	54	61	Keith's History of British Plantations,	1	4
18	State Trials,	14	112	62	Hawkesworth and Cook's Voyages,	8	72
200	Coke upon Littleton,	1	10	63	Cox's Russian Discoveries,	1	5
201	Morimer's Dictionary,	1	10	64	Cox's Travels in Poland,	3	20
202	Chambers' Dictionary,	4	36	65	Bruce's Travels,	5	35
206	Index to Chambers' Dictionary,	1	0	66	Stanton's Embassy to China, (plates,)	2	30
207	Maritime Atlas,	3	35	67	Morse's American Geography,	1	7
212	Atlas to Guthrie's Geography,	1	10	68	Justman's Institutes,	1	7
	QUARTO.			69	Jacob's Law Dictionary,	2	20
1	Smith's Thucydides,	2	10	70	Hassell's Precedents,	1	25
3	Hampton's Polibius,	2	14	71	A Treatise on the History of Commerce,	4	17
5	Spelman's Dionysius,	4	28	72	Stor's Political Economy,	2	16
9	Murphy's Tacitus,	4	30	73	Siman on the British Revenue,	1	24
13	Gibbon's Roman Empire,	6	54	74	Resonance of the Power of the Law,	1	11
19	Davila's History of France by Farne- worth,	2	24	75	Burke's Works,	3	21
21	Rococo's Lorenzo de Medici,	2	24	76	Plates to Anacharis' Travels, (first to issue)	1	
23	Clavigero's History of Mexico,	2	24		<i>Additional from the respective Library of the Senate and House of Representatives.</i>		
25	Robertson's Charles,	3	18	97	Encyclopedia,	56	216
28	Robertson's America,	2	24	133	Statutes at large,	21	120
				154	Hazard's State Papers,	2	16
				156	Precedents House of Commons,	2	10
				158	Hassell's Precedents,	3	15
				161	Guthrie's Geography,	3	18
				164	Bibliotheca Americana,	1	6

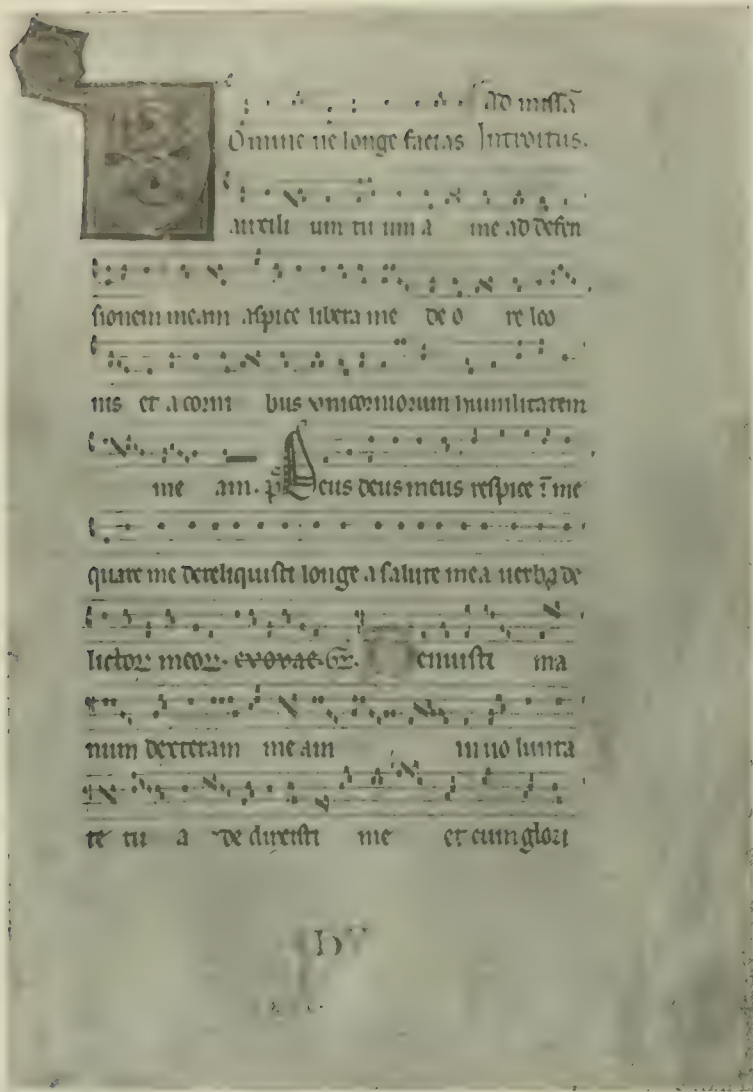
Fac Simile of First Catalogue of Library of Congress.



The First Magazine Published in the City of Washington.



A Poor Richard Almanac.



Mediæval Music.

This includes nearly 1,300 items collected by Mr. Marsh in Italy.*

The Division of Music is one of the most important and interesting in the Library of Congress. It embraces about 400,000 compositions. Since 1871 the Library has received two copies of every piece of music copyrighted in the United States. Now that there is international copyright, great numbers of foreign musical compositions are sent to Washington to be copyrighted, so that these also are added to the files.

In the old quarters at the Capitol the music was simply stacked in heaps and buried under the dust of decades, but now it is being carefully catalogued and made available for the use of the public. Anybody will be at liberty to copy any composition he wants. The collection grows at the rate of 1,000 pieces of sheet music a month, through the division of copyrights.

Among books of musical compositions are volumes of English madrigals, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ballads, and folk-songs of Scandinavia,

*The reader is referred to the Report of the Librarian of Congress for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, from which these statistics are taken.

running back to the early part of the fifteenth century. Of really ancient music very little has been preserved. The oldest book of music in existence is Chinese, and dates back to the eleventh century before Christ. The Hindoo music-books in the Library are very complicated, the "scale" used by the musicians of that race having no fewer than twenty-four tones. For each natural note there are a sharp and a very sharp, a flat and a very flat.

The collection is divided up into classes, such as negro melodies, lullabies, comic songs, sacred music, ballad music, and chamber music. Orchestral music is kept by itself, and likewise band music. Mechanical music comprises all sorts of compositions prepared for orchestrions, automatic pianos, piano organs, organettes, and music-boxes. An exhibit is being prepared which will consist of a series of musical scores, arranged to show the great development of music from the earliest to the present time.

In a bright corner of the new building has been established a section for blind people. There is already on hand quite a large collection of the sort of books, periodicals, and music, they know how to read, in "point print" and with raised letters, so that they may



The First Wood Engraving, 1423, Showing St. Christopher with the Child Jesus.

be perused with the finger-tips. Most of them are big folios, the bindings, and even the paper, being very light, so they may be lifted easily.

The available literature of this special kind has an extensive scope, comprising not only fiction and ordinary literature, but also works on natural history, astronomy, and mathematics, and editions of the classics in Latin and Greek. The intention is to procure every obtainable work printed for the blind, and a special catalogue of them will be made for the purpose of rendering the volumes available for the unfortunates who spend their days in darkness. Certain hours in every week are set apart for readings to the blind, and charitable ladies in Washington volunteer their services as readers, even going to the homes of the poor people, fetching them to the Library, and taking them back again. It is a most charitable enterprise, and highly beneficial in more ways than one to the blind, inasmuch as an opportunity is afforded them to associate with seeing persons. Too commonly, by reason of their affliction, they regard themselves as set apart from the rest of humanity, and are shy on that account.

Many of the books in the Library of Congress were written by crazy people. They are as carefully catalogued as the wisest works. Mr. Spofford says that it is not a function of a great library to discriminate respecting the merits of literary productions, but to take the folly together with the wisdom. Most works of this description are printed in pamphlet form, and a great majority of them are on religious topics. More people go mad on religion than about any other one thing.

Mr. Spofford's opinion, above quoted, applies also to the immoral books, which are found in every big library. It is customary to segregate such works, and to put them away in a corner by themselves. Unfortunately, many books of this description are classical, and to destroy them would be regarded by all bibliophiles as an atrocious act of vandalism. In the assemblage of literary wickedness in the Library of Congress there is one very immoral work, which it has not been thought worth while to hide, for it is printed in Chinese.

It is a famous Oriental classic, and the title is *Kin Ping Mei*. It gives a satirical picture of the dissolute manners of the age in which it was written, somewhat after the style of Juvenal, but the remarkable thing about it is that it is a *double-entendre* throughout. As perused with the eye, it is perfectly proper and unobjectionable in its subject matter, but, read aloud, its entire meaning appears altered, and it is a string of abominations all the way

through. Such a thing would only be possible with a language like Chinese, in which every word is represented by a distinct sign, though the whole speech is made up of only 400 sounds.

Just now more people come to the Library to look up genealogies than for any other one purpose. Mr. Spofford says that interest in family histories is rapidly increasing in this country, and this is only partly accounted for by the activity of patriotic societies of both sexes. English county histories are especially in demand. One woman in Washington earns her living by looking up genealogies. Many persons search in the Library for coats-of-arms. An English family will often have half a dozen different coats-of-arms in about as many countries. Nevertheless, people here who happen to have the same name do not hesitate to pick out the crest that suits them best and put it on their note-paper. Sometimes they place armorial bearings on their carriages.

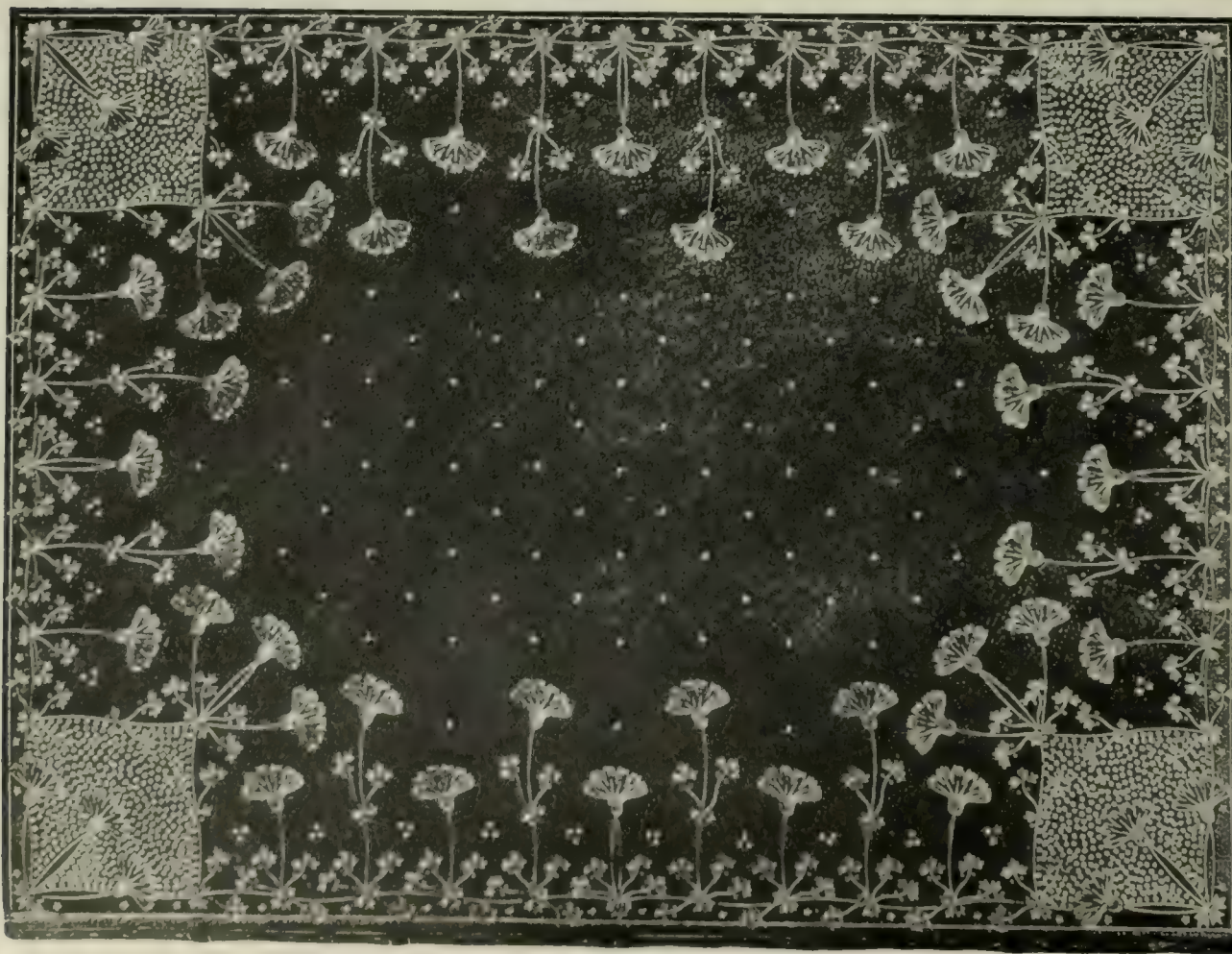
Many people come to the Library of Congress to copy things from old newspapers—all sorts of things, not infrequently births and deaths. It is noticed, by the way, that colored people are beginning to write books, especially in the South. Poetry makes a large part of their published works. A volume produced by an Afro-American nearly always has a portrait of the author as a frontispiece to the work.



Binding for Sir Kenelm Digby.



Keats' Poems. Binding by P. A. Savoldelli, Japan vellum copy, illustrations by R. Anning Bell, green morocco, uncut, t. e. g. with 62 inlaid purple and blue pansies, and 125 inlaid red berries, full morocco doublure with 112 inlaid red and brown berries.



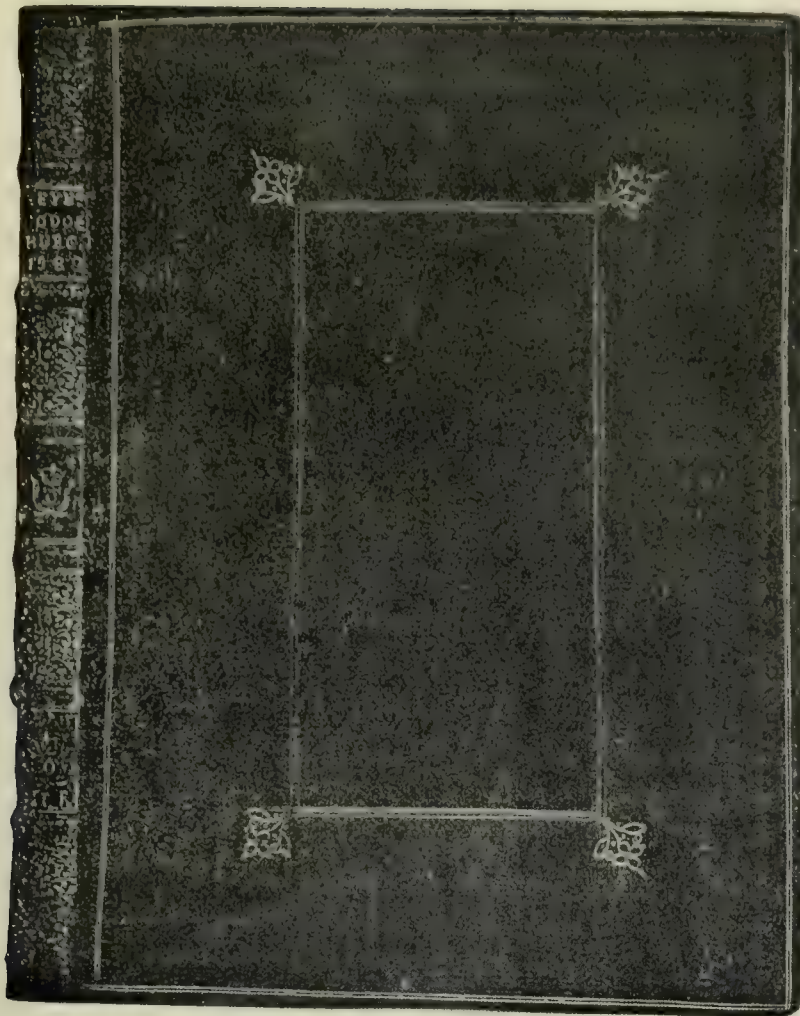
Binding by Mr. Cobden Sanderson. "whose designs are composed of a few simple tools, arranged upon a geometrical plan of equal simplicity, the figured tools being directly copied from natural forms; but the total effect is one of great richness and elaboration, and in his hands gold tooling has again become a living art."

Art and Skill Employed in Early Book-making.

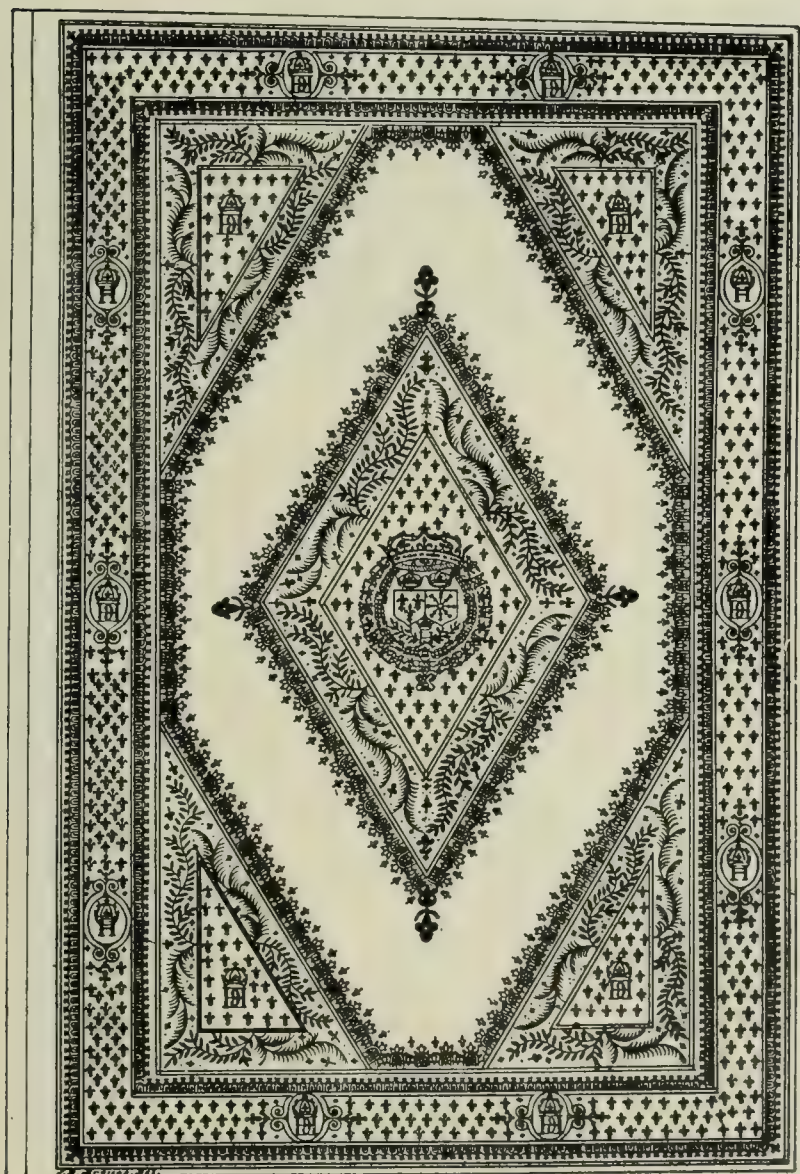
Prior to the Augustan Age, the fabrication of books was not in a condition to leave us many examples. The *volumina* of the Latin writers, utilizing the papyrus, appeared in the form of rolls, and such ornamentation as could be applied was necessarily confined to cylinder edges or dispersed among the body of the text.

Among the Romans, however, a high standard of excellence was reached, the art of book-making keeping pace with the development of literature. The transcription of the work by a then living author was accomplished by the *librarii* in a painstaking and skillful manner; such workmen occupy the position of the modern printer. Passing from their hands into those of the *librarioli*, they were ornamented with titles, margins and terminations, and were then handed to the *bibliopecti*, or bookbinders, who applied such ornamental devices as were desired by the patron, or were expressed in the sum he was willing to expend.

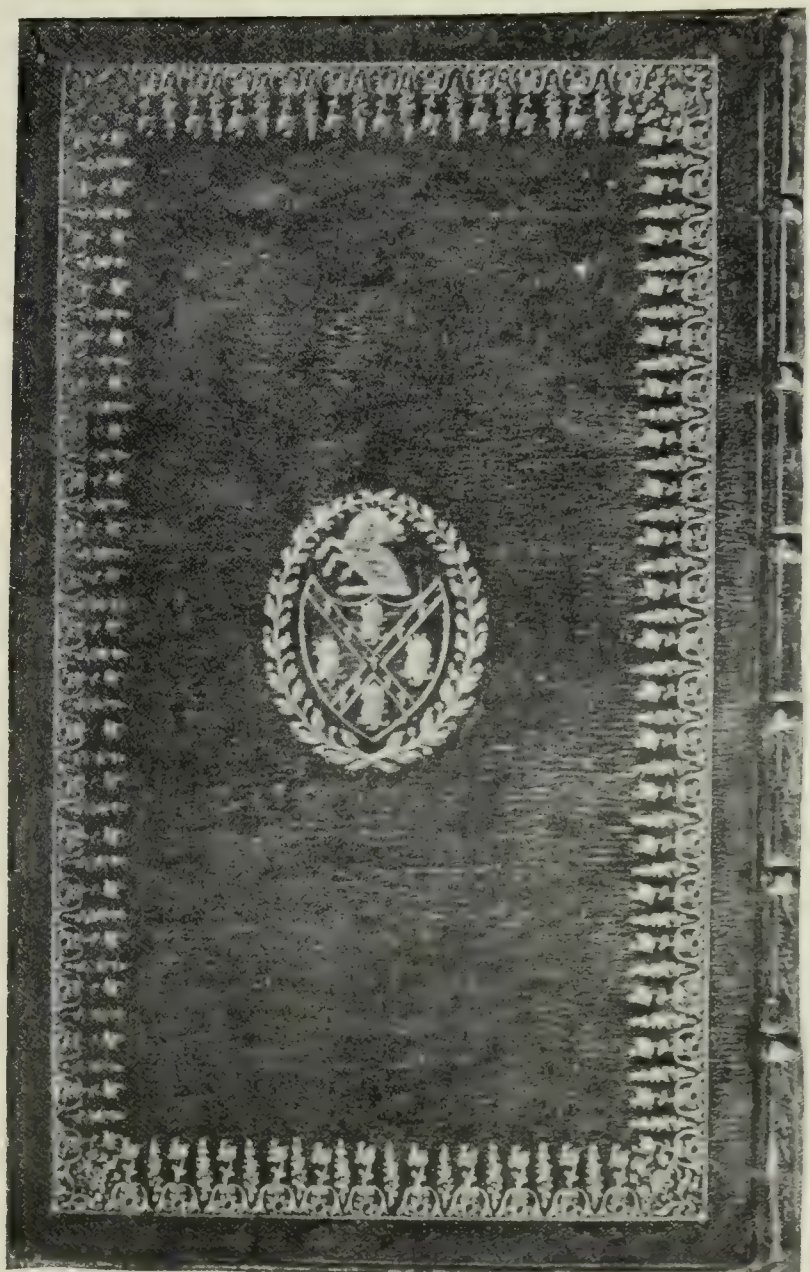
At that time, when the art was in its period of hand-manipulation only, the book was of a



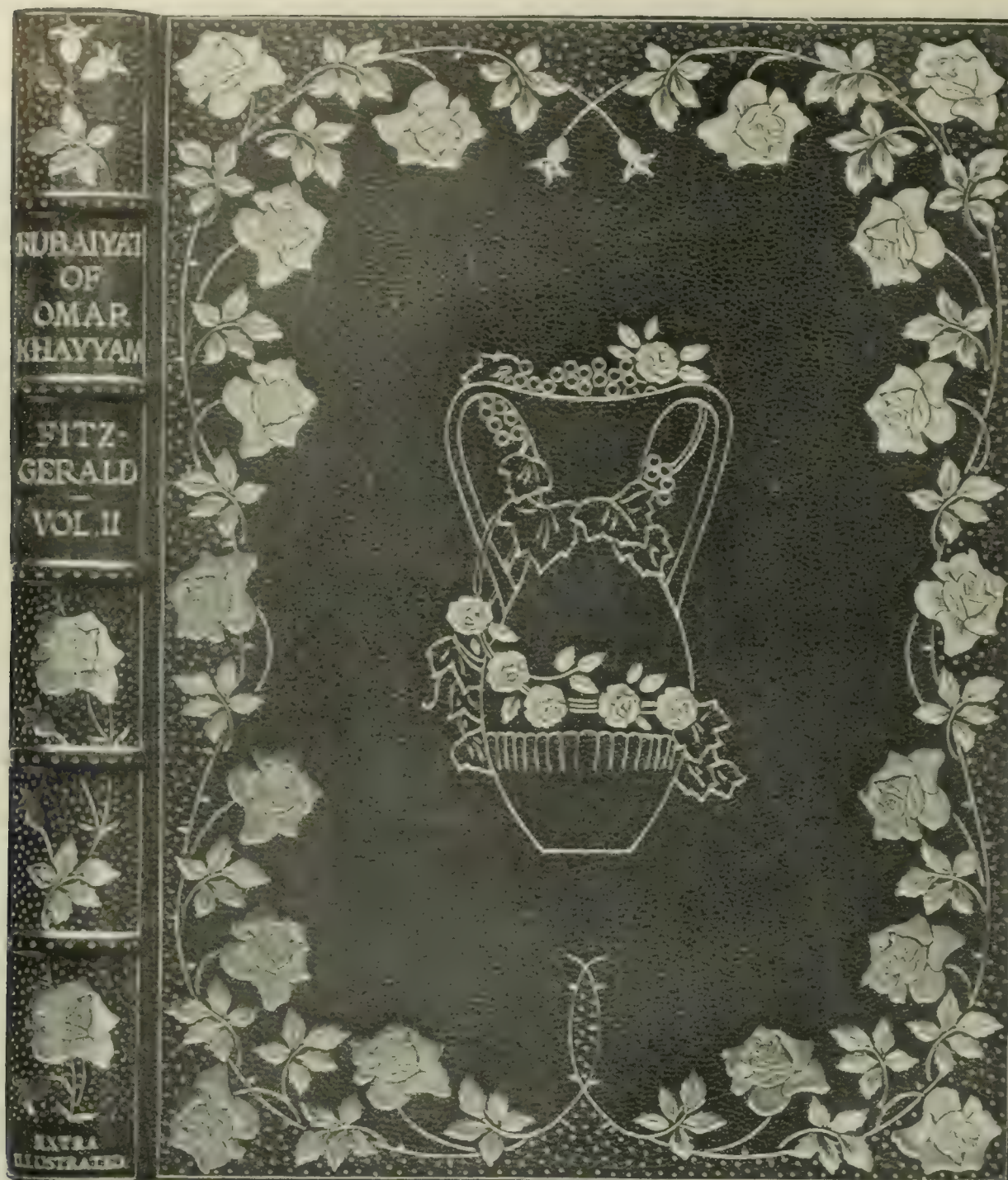
Sam: Meame (F. Del Castillo, 1582).



Binding in-fol. in Crimson Morocco, with Compartment in the Centre in Green and Citron, Bearing Arms of France and Navarre and Monogram of Henry IV. (Henri de Bourbon).



Binding by Roger Payne (Euripides, 1694).



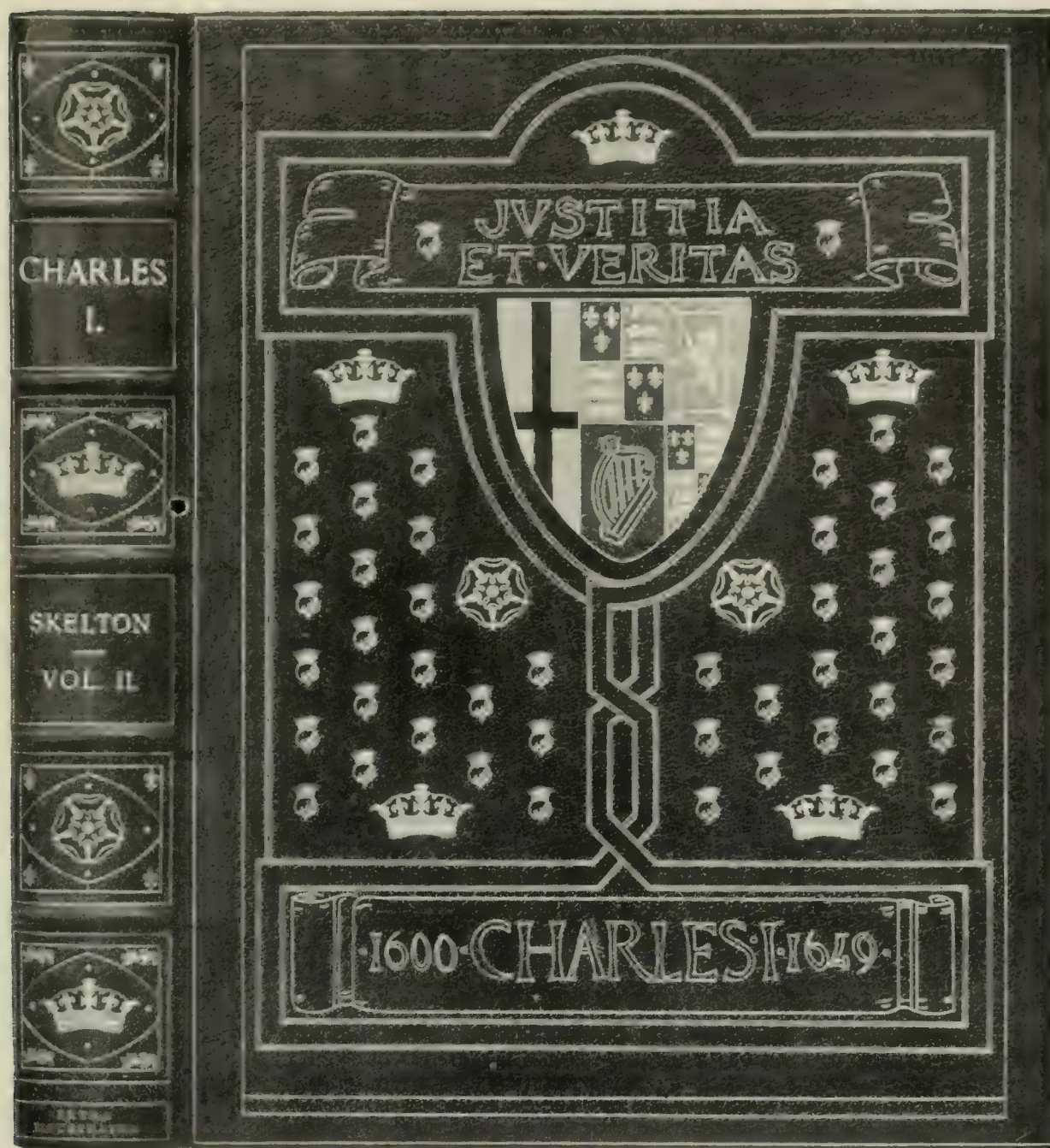
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Fitz. Gerald's Version. 2 Vols. Extra Illustrated. Red Crushed Levant. Bound by Riviere, London. Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons.

value scarcely appreciable to-day. Cased with great care in cylindrical boxes of costly wood; the scroll book itself was a veritable treasure, ivory or metal knobs adorned the cylinder, and on the case appeared, perhaps, a finely executed portrait of the author or such decorative motives as the artisan's fancy dictated or the owner's taste demanded. In the few cases where flat books were produced; the leaves were of lead beaten thin with a hammer, or of wood covered with wax; such works were connected together with rings, and may be regarded as the prototype of the modern book.

During medieval times the sewing of parchment leaves together and using them between boards came into vogue, and later still the use

of paper was adopted. Learned and industrious Benedictines lavished, with a patience almost incredible, their most artistic skill in adornment. In each monastery the book making was an important feature. From the *armarium*, who supervised the work, to the copyist and embellisher, the duties were exact and laborious. Not a letter could be altered without the permission of the superior, and it was rarely that an error was made.

The adornment was most carefully attended to. Gold-leaf and water-colors of a brilliant quality were used in laying in pictorial illustrations and illuminated letters—the chapter initials. It was not these artists, however, who bound the books, that work being done



Charles I. By Sir John Skelton. 2 Vols. Extra Illustrated. Binding of Blue Crushed Levant, Inlaid in White, Red, and Blue Moroccos. Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons.

by a separate class of the monkish artisans, who gave to the work in hand, whether it were a life of a saint or version of the Scriptures, a dress worthy of its character. In many instances the binding was superb. "The boards of wood, covered with leather or velvet, were decorated with precious stones and devices in metal, and in front the volume was held together with clasps of gold and silver gilt."

Works of philosophy, psalters, missals, breviaries, Greek and Latin classics were bound in such a way as amply indicated the extent to which they were prized. Wealthy laymen endowed the book-making department of the monastery to enable it to continue, and after the book was finished it was disposed of at a price sufficient, in many instances on record, for a king's ransom. Orders were executed

for crowned heads, nobles and church dignitaries, and some few of the finished works were dispensed by the *stationerii*, or booksellers, of the large cities.

Of all these books, few remain. The savage onslaughts of the Danish invaders in Scotland, the convulsions of the Reformation in England, and the destructive tendencies of the Revolution in France, swept away the great mass of these works, thus rendering those of the epoch prior to printing almost priceless as relics. Those which remain are hoarded as treasures in the great museums of the world, where they serve the artist and artisan of today as models to guide them in their endeavors to preserve in fitting form the works of the literary masters of all ages. See examples page 393.—*International Printer*.

BOOK PLATES.

Address by Sir James Balfour Paul, F. S. A., Scot. Lyon King of Arms, Edinburgh, Before the British Ex-Libris Society. (*Specially Contributed to The Book-Lover.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The position of a President of the Ex Libris Society who is asked to deliver an address to its members is, I am afraid, very much that of the ancient Israelites, who were required to make bricks without straw. The tastes of the individuals who form a society such as ours is are so diverse that one cannot hope to find any cohesive thread to bind together remarks which will prove interesting to everyone. No doubt the study of book-plates is an object in common with us all; but these can be looked at from so many points of view that no general remarks which may be made can be expected to be of universal interest. Some collect book-plates as little works of art in themselves, no matter to whom they belong or what particular form they take: others interest themselves in those whose owners are distinguished in some special line of life: one man may confine himself to a particular period, another to a particular style, a third may fancy plates which seem to reflect the character of the owner, while a fourth may see nothing good which is not armorial. So many years have now elapsed since the first formation of this Society that there is little that a President can say that the members, from much experience, do not probably know as well, if not better, than he does. Some things, however, are none the worse of repetition, and if the remarks I have to make are not particularly new I trust you will not consider them to be the less true.

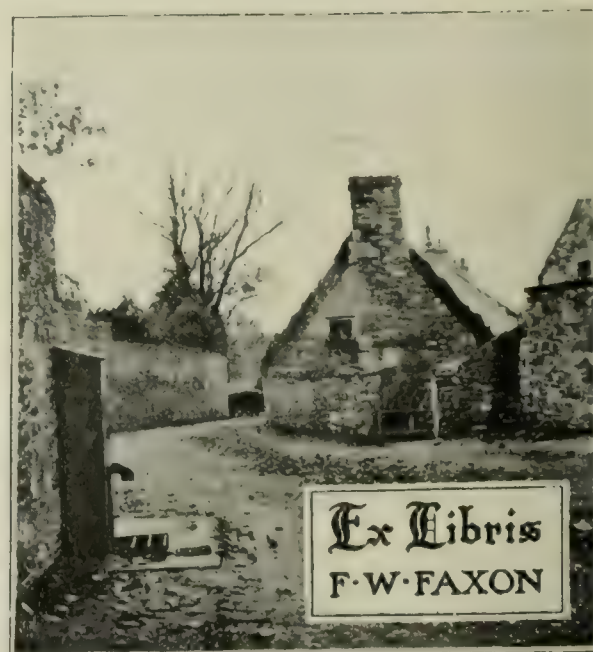
One of the characteristic features of our times—and not, I am of opinion, one of the best—is the tendency to display, the desire of the individual to direct



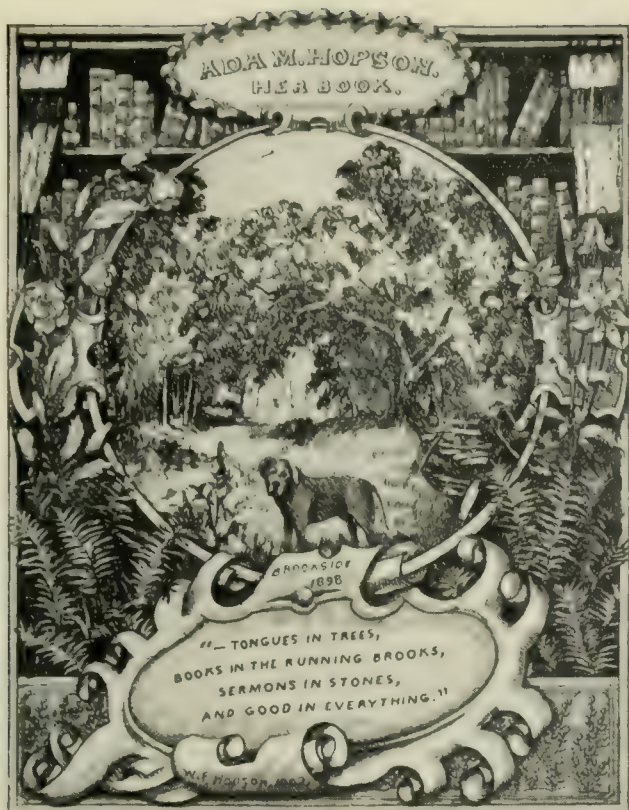
Mary W. Bonsall.



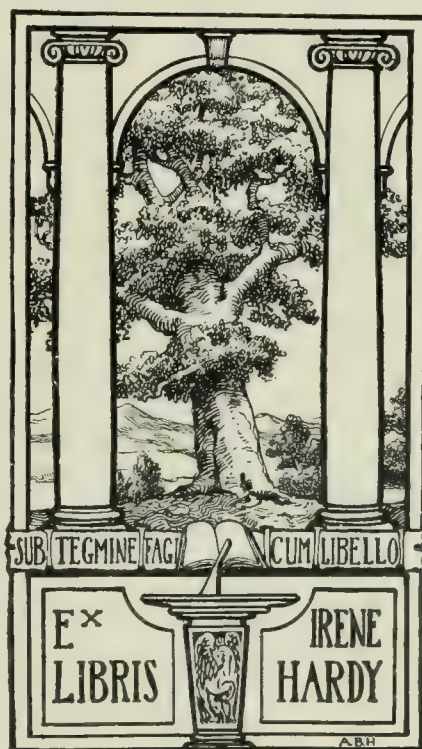
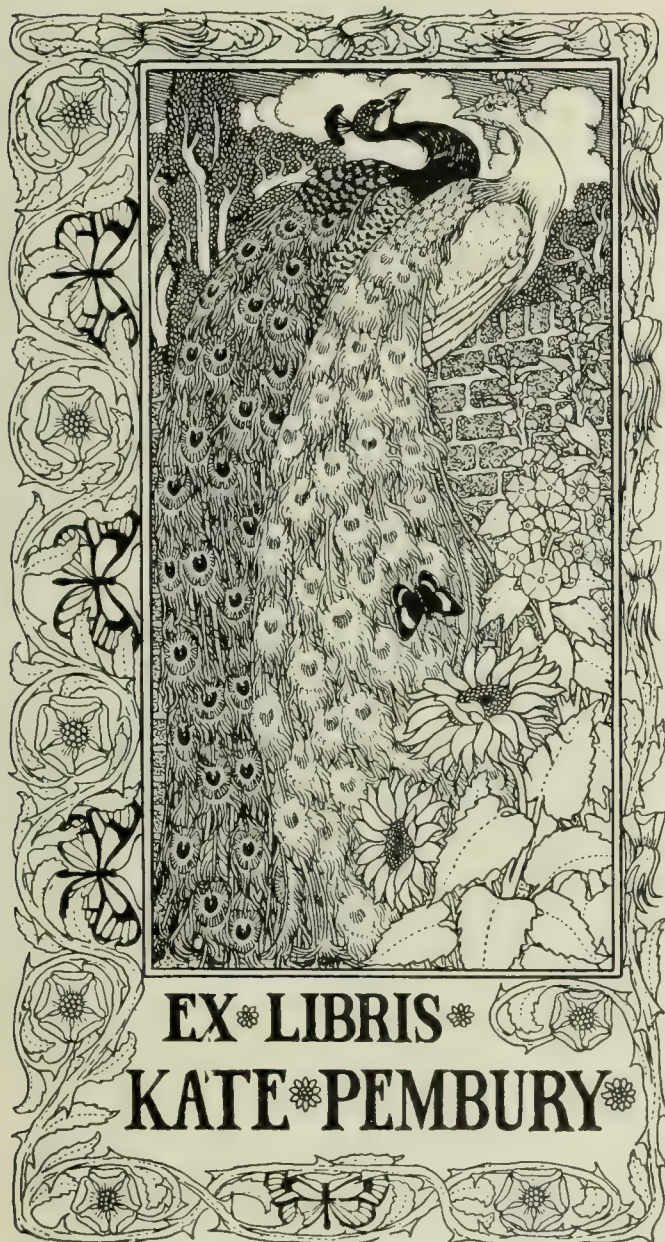
Haydon Jones.



The plate of Mr. F. W. Faxon in the original is very beautiful. It is done on copper after a photograph taken by the owner near Abbotsford, Scot. and, and is in many ways associated with the memory of Sir Walter Scott.



Haydon Jones.

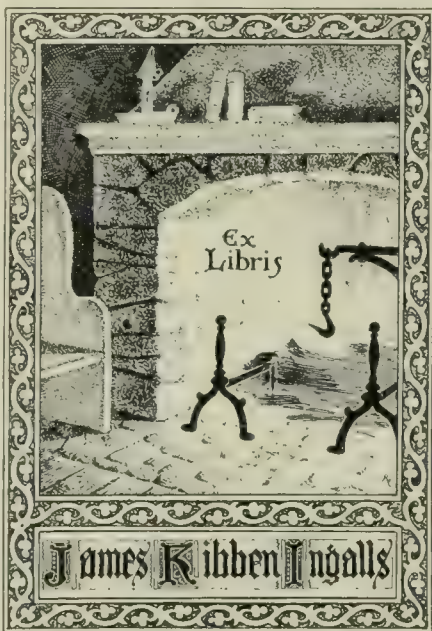


Mrs. Annie B. Hooper.

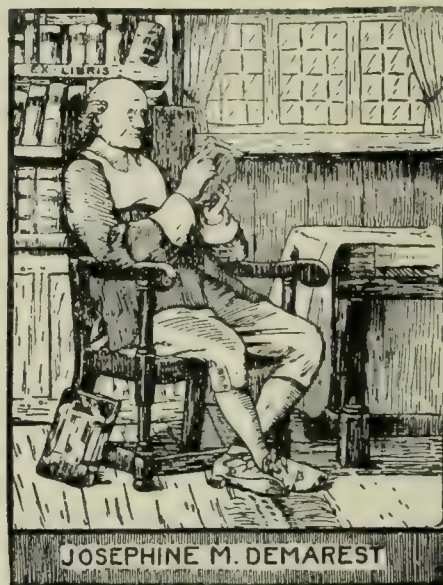
attention to himself at any cost. And yet, notwithstanding this, we can hardly say that this is an age of originality. On the contrary, there is much less real originality than there was in former times: the effect of modern education is rather to assimilate every one to the same level: and it is the revolt against this assimilative process that makes those outbursts of bad taste with which we are all familiar. No sooner does any person hit upon an idea which is a little out of the range of ordinary ideas than another person takes it up and goes one better; this again is improved upon, if we may use the expression, by someone else, and so the process goes on till the original idea is overlaid with a series of *bizarre* and fanciful concretions and becomes often a thing to shudder at.

Something of this may be seen in the evolution of the book-plate. Originally designed as the expression of the ownership of a book, it at first took the form simply of a label with the name of the owner printed on it or a representation of his coat-of-arms. Some persons, however, had no armorial bearings, and thus it came to pass that book-plates were composed in other styles: instead of arms appeared landscapes, library interiors, portraits; and last of all came the allegorical book-plate, that which typified the pursuits and tastes of its owner. Now there is no reason in the world why book-plates should not be as varied as possible. It

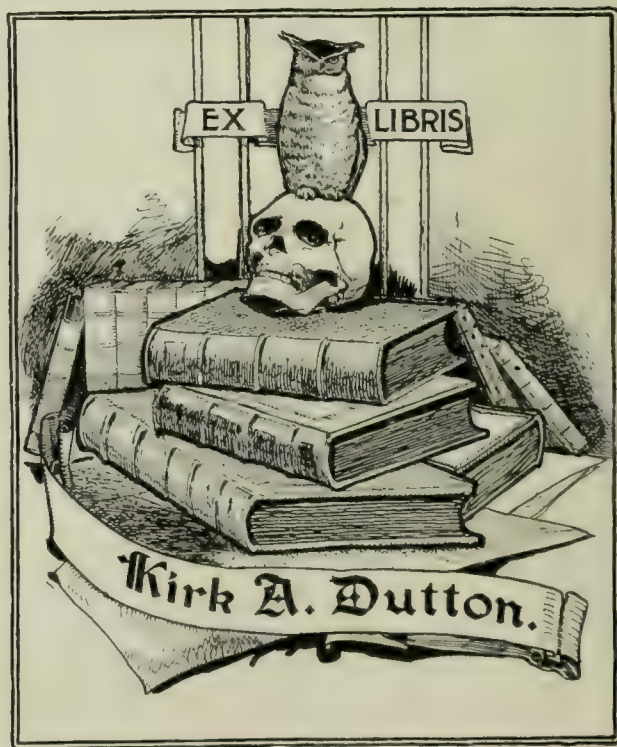
is not everybody who has a coat-of-arms, and it is far better to have a landscape or an allegorical plate than to invent spurious armorial bearings, or, still worse, to adopt those properly belonging to other people. It is not to the mere use of such plates that I would at present direct your attention, but to their abuse. Artists or musicians may with perfect propriety have in their book-plates a delicately drawn female figure emblematic of their calling in life. But the next person who thinks that his tastes lie in the direction of art or music happens to see such a plate and incontinently says, "Here is an idea, let me improve upon it," and he straightway hies him to an artist to whom he unfolds his aspirations. The result is that between them they produce a design probably containing one or more weird women, well blocked out in black and white, with emaciated figures, protruding lips, and lack-lustre eyes: a few serpents thrown in, with a background of stars and bats or owls, complete this picture of the latter-day allegorical book-plate. Personally I do not think it pretty: I know it is hard to understand, for I have some in my collection which require to have printed explanations, extending to many lines, pasted on their backs. Let us be thankful, however, if we have those aber-



Raymond Perry.



Isaac Morgan.



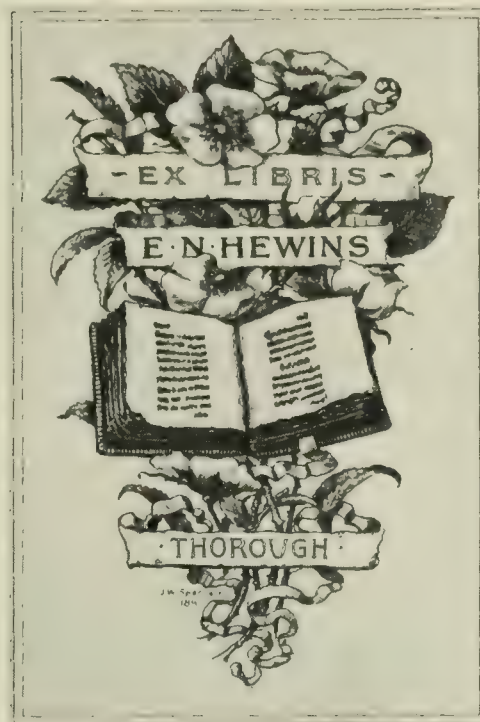
Louis Braunhold.



Randolph Cooper
Lewis: his book.



Ralph Wilder.



Of his plate, Mr. E. N. Hewins says:
It is intended to illustrate my chief pleasures in life—the love of nature and the love of books. . . .

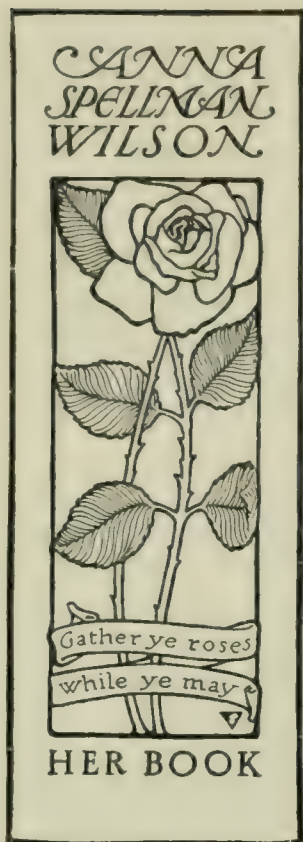


rations only in black and white. It is a much worse depth when such designs are reproduced in color; but fortunately this species of atrocity is chiefly of Continental origin: I have seen few allegorical designs in color which have been done in this country.

Do not think from what I have said that because I have made some animadversions upon the extravagantly allegorical bookplate, that I am in the least opposed to a man's bookplate reflecting in a symbolic manner his personal tastes and pursuits. On the contrary, there is no happier design for a plate, if judiciously carried out. The first bookplate I ever possessed many years ago was done in this style, and I still look upon it with pleasure. What I am striving to protest against in our designs is their want of reticence — their eternal shouting and insistence to be noticed. I am afraid we sometimes forget what the original purpose of a bookplate is: not to be put in a collector's album as a show, not to be classified with hundreds of others either alphabetically, chronologically, or according to style; but to be put in a book, to show to whom the book belongs on the possibly rare occasions on which it may be opened, and otherwise to be unseen, quietly keeping guard over its own volume as it lies slumbering on the shelves of the bookcase. We are apt to forget all this, and to think of the bookplate more as a picture or a work of art than as a practically useful label to distinguish our books from those of other people. I remember some

years ago seeing an advertisement by a London publisher announcing that he had utilized a design by a celebrated black-and-white artist, originally intended for another purpose altogether, as a book-plate. This he had done by adding the words "Ex Libris" in one corner and his own name in another. He then proceeded to state that he had a hundred and seventy-five others of this plate printed, which he offered to sell at prices ranging from ten to twenty shillings, and to make the bargain more tempting he guaranteed that there would be no more copies printed from the block or offered for sale. It is of course evident that in this case what was intended to be foisted on the public was not a book-plate at all, but a small engraving on wood and copper which might or might not be worth the money asked for it as a work of art, but certainly not a specimen of *Ex Libris*.

But this is rather a digression from the main object of my addressing you to-night, which was not to warn you against the dangers of commercial pitfalls, with which all collectors' steps are more or less beset, but to impress on you the expediency of cultivating in your own book-plates a "sweet simplicity" of style, which after all is far more effective than that vulgar eccentricity which too often passes for the latest and most advanced thing in art. I do not mean by this that you should sacrifice any measure of boldness or effect; but let your boldness be tempered with restraint and your effect governed by good taste. I wage war against that "monstrous regiment" of neurotic women who too often peer and gibber at us from book-plates. I do not want every



Will A. Dwiggins.



**SARAH
BRADFORD
WILLIAMS**

Emma I. Totten.



**EX LIBRIS DR. LEOPOLDI DE RANKE.
DR. JOANNES M. REID ET CAROLINA S. REID
DONAVERUNT.**

VON RANKE BOOK PLATE.

***The valuable historical library of Leopold von Ranke of 16,570 bound volumes and many pamphlets was purchased by the Rev. John M. Reid, D.D., LL.D., and his wife, Caroline S. Reid, in April, 1887, and presented to Syracuse University Library. The books arrived in the autumn of 1888, and were stored until June, 1889, when the library building was dedicated.

With the library came a very fine oil-painting of Ranke. The gilt frame surrounding the portrait was surmounted by his coat-of-arms, and the engraving in the book plate was made from a photograph of that part of the frame.



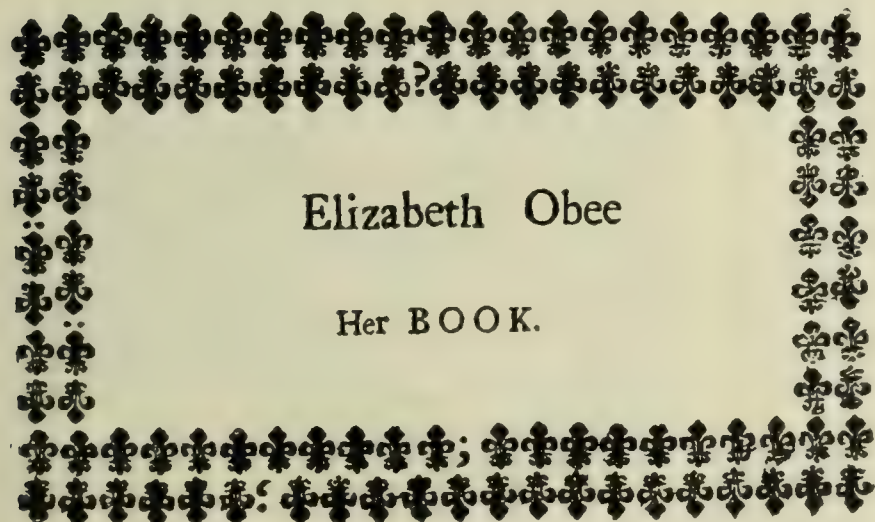
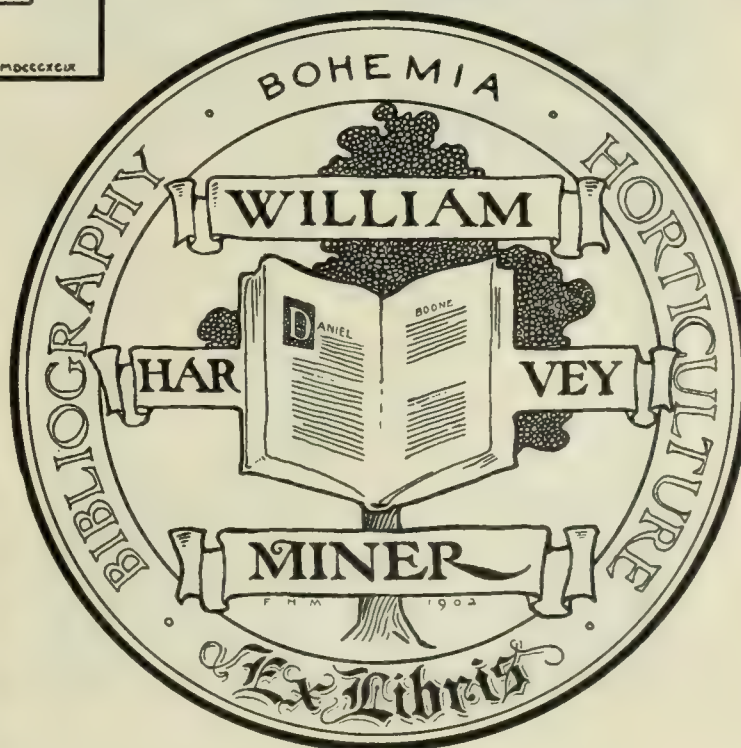
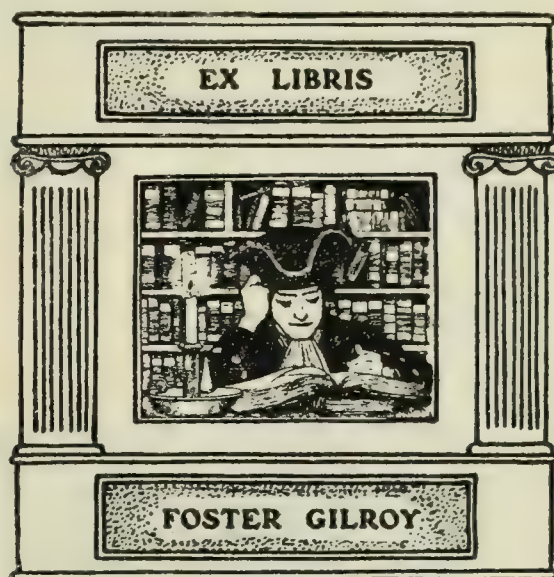
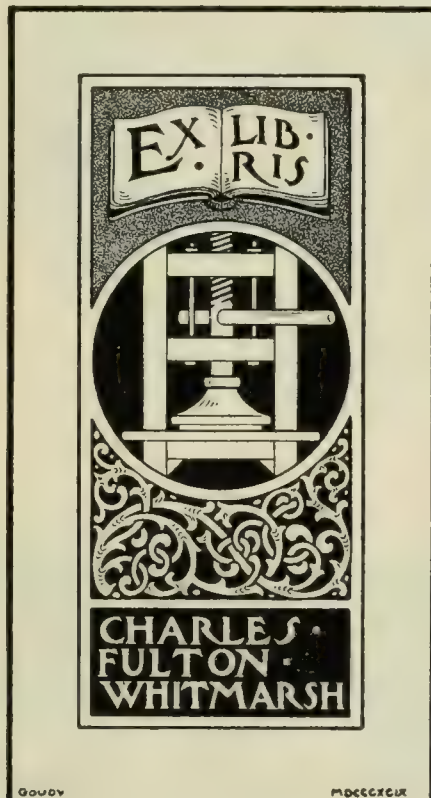
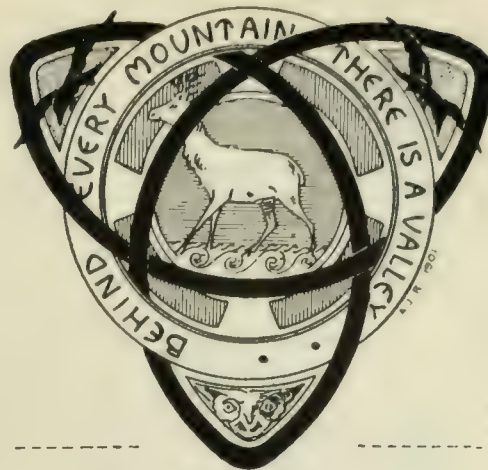
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Sept. 26^e 1902.

O. Roewade.



Elizabeth M. Hallowell.

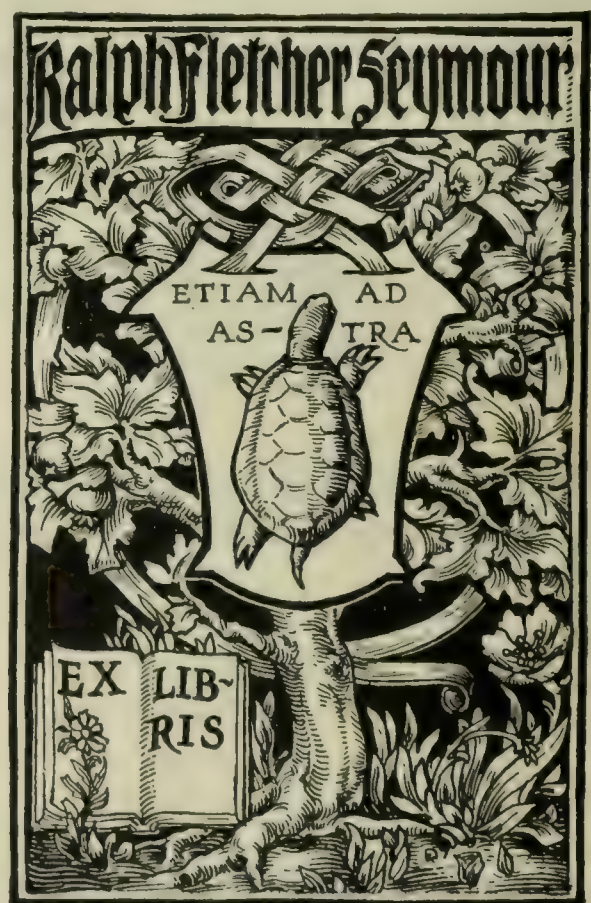


Elizabeth Obee

Her BOOK.



No. _____

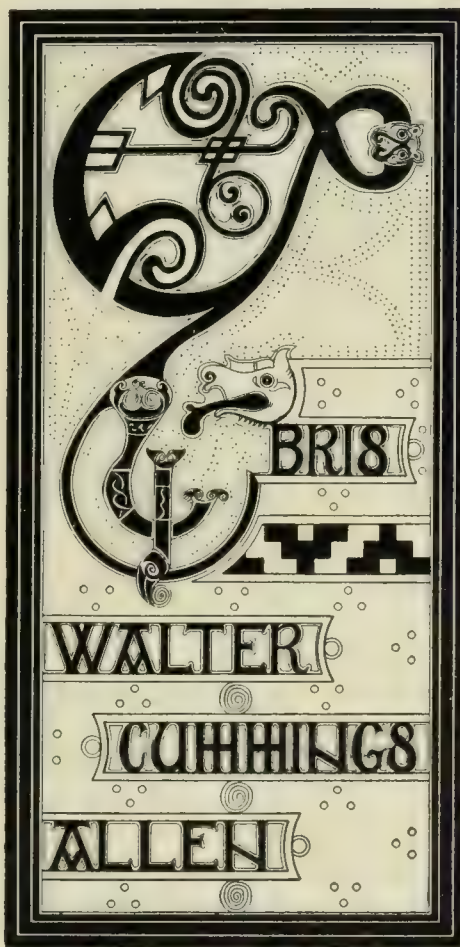




**DON
SCOTT'S
BOOK**

Cut on wood by Will A. Dwiggins.

From the Library of
CHARLES DICKENS,
Gadshill Place, June, 1870.



time I open one of my books to have a grinning skeleton clad in the ceremonies of the tomb presented to my gaze. Still less do I desire any comic presentment of my ownership of a book: such a design might raise a legitimate smile if met with in the pages of an ephemeral journal, but in my opinion is rather a dreary thing to live with always. Equally objectionable in my eyes is the other side of the scale, in which we have simplicity run mad, and are presented with designs which appear to have been executed by a child rejoicing in the possession of a slate and a pencil or a box of cheap water-colors.

Surely the field is wide enough without running to extremes. If we cannot have an armorial plate, which I may be excused in saying is the best of all, we can have landscapes, library interiors, or bookplates treated in a way which can give offense to no one. Thanks to modern education the general level of artistic work is at present, if not so high as it might be, at least satisfactory. There are probably more persons capable of producing quite fairly good work now than there have been at any period in the history of our country. And I would impress upon you, the members of this Society, that you can do a great deal towards raising the standard of popular taste by discountenancing the eccentricities of misdirected talent and by encouraging the designing of bookplates in a sane, healthy, and simple style.

The art of the book-plate may be a little art, but even little things are worth doing well. For one person who can afford to buy a really good picture there are hundreds who can indulge themselves in the luxury of a book-plate, and there is a curious sense of personal possession in it which does not apply to other works of art. And if this is so it behooves us to do the best we can to get good work; and this cannot be done by merely selecting a design whose sole qualification is that it is eccentric and *bizarre*. A book-plate of one's own has to be lived with: it is seen every time we take down a volume from the shelves of our library, and it is the more important therefore that it should not be loud or vulgar. As unaffectedness of manner, a soft voice, and a gentle touch add value to the human inmates of our homes, should not our inanimate surroundings reflect these qualities in themselves? I am sure that the noble simplicity of a well-drawn coat-of-arms or the sweet grace of an elegantly designed figure will afford us more satisfaction in our book-plates than if they were bedaubed by shrieking appeals to "come and admire (if you can)!"

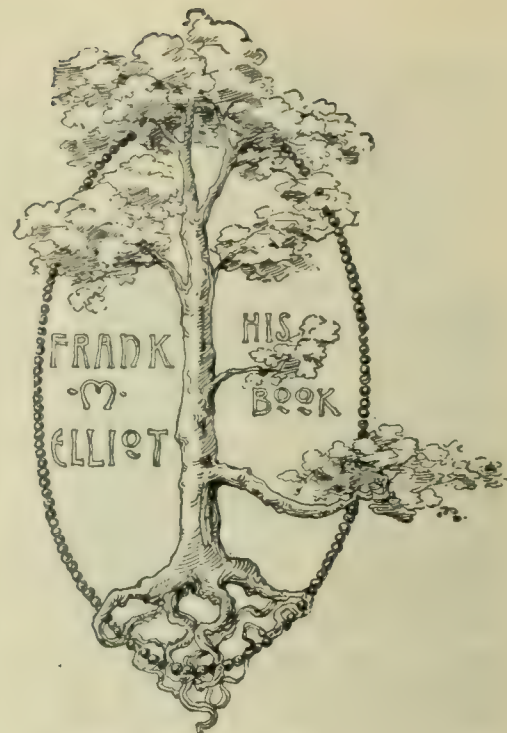
I feel I owe an apology to the Society for these desultory remarks, which I have not had time to elaborate into a more formal address. But the subject is one on which I have thought a good deal, and "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The Book.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll:
How frugal is the chariot
That bears the human soul!
EMILY DICKINSON.



Fred W. Gandy.



Christia M. Reade.



An y Sacker.



THE ENGLISH LYRIC.

By Henry A. Beers.

The simple classification of the Greeks, which Matthew Arnold thinks still the best, does not fully answer the conditions of our composite modern literature. In the various kinds of Greek poetry, the composition of the piece had a direct reference to its instrumentation, to the means by which it was to be rendered. Their dramas were meant to be acted on the stage, their epics to be recited to a company of listeners, their lyrics to be sung to the lyre or the flute. But nowadays our dramatic poetry is not acted, our epic is not recited, our lyric is not sung. They are all alike read. *Plays* are acted, *stories* are told, *songs* are sung, but they are not literature. Accordingly definitions have changed, and some more inward principle of classification has been sought by which a poem that is essentially lyrical can be marked off from other kinds. Critics have commonly agreed to find this distinguishing mark in the quality of subjectivity. They say that lyrical poetry is the poetry of self-expression, that it is intimate and personal. Perhaps, for a formal definition, Brunetière's may serve as well as another. "Lyric poetry," he says, "is the expression of the personal feelings of the poet translated into rhythms analogous to the nature of his emotion." The last clause may deserve our attention for a moment: "rhythms analogous to the nature of his emotion," *i. e.*, the verse is or should be flexible, sensitive in its response to the poet's changing moods. The critic goes on to declare that this conformity of the rhythmic movement to the emotion is in itself enough to make a poem truly lyrical, and that this "supple, ductile, and infinitely undulating character" of the verse is the musical element in lyric poetry, the part still subsisting in it of the song, the survival or the memory in it of its origin.

In modern poetry literary kinds are apt to run together and the lines between them to get rubbed out. Tragedy and comedy mix; the romance forces itself upon the drama; the lyric intrudes into the epic when Milton laments his blindness; lyricism runs riot all through Victor Hugo's plays. There is many an old minstrel ballad of which it would be hard to say whether it is more epic or dramatic or lyric. It tells a story, has some dialogue, and voices the emotions of the poet, who is also, it may be, an actor in the story; and the whole of it was sung to the accompaniment of a stringed in-

strument, and had a burden or chorus which was taken up and carried by the audience. But we have not to do at present with work that is epic or dramatic in form, though lyrical in spirit. Our subject is the formal lyric, concerning which it is generally agreed, that, as it is properly the expression of a single emotion, so it should have a certain brevity; and the more intense the emotion, the shorter the poem.

In that very favorite and choice anthology, "Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," the title recognizes the distinction between the primitive and the modern use of the term. All songs are lyrics, but not all lyrics are songs. Mr. Palgrave's little volume includes Milton's "Il Penseroso," Gray's "Elegy," and many of Wordsworth's sonnets. Now no one can imagine himself as singing these, nor even as singing pindaric odes like "The Progress of Poesy" and the "Intimations of Immortality." Wordsworth is more fully represented in the "Treasury" than any other poet. Yet Wordsworth's genius was not so lyrical as that of several of his contemporaries. And it has been noticed that in Wordsworth the lyrical unit, the momentary impulse from which the poet speaks, is usually a thought while in Shelley it is a feeling. I am not aware that any poem of Wordsworth has been set to music.

We must give up, then, the antique purity, or the antique narrowness, of the lyric ideal. The modern literary lyric—the lyric of art—is not always, is not often, a song. The marriage of the voice and the lyre is not forgotten, but the tradition persists in our nomenclature only. Wordsworth's contemporaries used to speak of him as "the Bard of Rydal," as if he had been a blind harp-player with long robe and flowing beard—some Harry the Minstrel or some son of Fingal—instead of a clerical-looking gentleman who walked up and down his garden path, dictating lines to his sister Dorothy which she wrote down on sheets of paper. The poetry books of that generation are full of things entitled "Stanzas for Music." They may have been for music, but music was not for them.

It was not always thus, even with the less popular lyric styles.

"If music and sweet poetry agree," says Richard Barnfield in the "Passionate Pilgrim"—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowden to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me."

Have you ever seen a lute, that melon-shaped instrument, something like a mandolin, which is associated with the silken measures of Elizabethan courtly verse, as the crowd or six-stringed violin is associated with the old English minstrel ballad and the lyre with the odes of Sappho and Anacreon? The lute had from six to twenty-four strings and was played with the fingers of the right hand. Its lascivious pleatings tinkle through a century of song, from the time when Sir Thomas Wyatt, back in the days of Henry VIII., cries "My lute, awake," to the time when the Puritan Milton complains, "It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins and the guitars in every house. . . . And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?" This was our truly lyrical period, when "music and sweet poetry agreed." The lute lay on every window-seat and hung on the wall of every barber shop. Guests or customers took it up and fingered it as a matter of course, and every one was expected to carry his part in a three-men's song or a song for four voices. It was a part of a lady's education "to play upon the virginals, lute and cittern, and to read prick-song at first sight;" and of a gentleman's "to sing his part sure and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute." A box of lute-strings was a common New Year's gift to a lady. In the old plays there is always some one at hand to touch the lute, when music is called for, sestina or canzone or madrigal or roundelay. Now and again the whole company "clap into 't roundly" and "rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver." Sometimes these musical intermezzos are introduced upon one pretext or another, sometimes quite shamelessly, the stage direction abruptly announcing "Song."

England had then a national school of music and the work of the poets was set to notes by composers like Dowden, Byrd, Robert Jones and Henry Lawes, whose art was known and valued abroad. Dowden was appointed lutenist to the King of Denmark, and other English musicians were in the service of the Archduke of Austria and various German princes. A great part of the work of English composers of the seventeenth century was printed on the Continent or is preserved in Continental manu-

scripts. Henry Lawes, a gentleman of the King's chapel, was a personal friend of Milton and wrote the airs to the songs in "Comus"—"Sweet echo" and "Sabrina fair." Milton addressed him a sonnet "on his airs." Milton's father was a musical composer and published a volume of airs for psalms and madrigals. Milton himself was a practical musician. His favorite instrument was the organ, but "to hear the lute well touched and artful voice warble immortal notes and Tuscan air" is one of the pleasures that he holds out in his invitation sonnet to Mr. Lawrence. "Tuscan air," for this school of English composers had learned their art from Italy. Dr. Carpenter says that "Elizabethan music was a music perfectly fitted to song, slight and melodic." Slight it was, and popular tunes like "Green Sleeves" and "Fortune, my Foe" were purely melodic. They have to be harmonized for modern arrangement. But Chappell says that the scholastic or Italianate music—the courtly music—was devoted to counterpoint and figure, and that it is hard to pick out a tune from it which an unlearned ear can carry away. Alonzo Ferrabosco, a man of English birth but Italian parentage, and a personal friend of Ben Jonson, published a volume of airs in 1609, and set to music, among other well-known pieces, Jonson's "Come, my Celia." Sometimes poet and musician were one. Dr. Thomas Campion, who printed four books of airs, was one of the best composers and also one of the sweetest song-writers of his day. The Elizabethan tunes are described as largely in the minor key, thus giving a plaintive effect even to poetry that was gay or cheerful in sentiment. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," Jessica says, and Jaques boasts that he can "suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." The movement was often slow, and poetry was sung which we would not now think of singing, poetry written in long measures, *e. g.* We seldom sing verse of more than four metric accents to the line, since the so-called long metre of the hymn-books—the old fourteener—is broken practically into two lines or staves by the musical rest. But Elizabethan sonnets were not infrequently set to music, as we know was the custom in Italy, and as the etymology of the word implies—*suonare*. It is rather odd to read that George Herbert sent for a lute when he was on his death-bed, and sang to it his poem entitled "Sunday," in which the lyric impulse struggles through a tangle of conceits. Herbert, whom Emerson calls "the sweet psalmist of the seventeenth century," was a passionate lover of music. He played

upon several instruments and used to walk in every week from his little church at Bemerton to the choir service at Salisbury Cathedral. But his own devotional verse, very beautiful in feeling and ingenious in thought, is so quaintly mannerized and often so careless in its numbers—in effect so unlyrical—that the only piece of Herbert's which tempts one to sing it is the familiar—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

This has song-quality, with its simplicity of expression, its open vowels, and its cadence or dying fall at the close. Chappell gives it with the notes from an old music-book, but with the words sadly altered and the short last line unwarrantably lengthened.

A song which means to be sung should voice universal human emotions. It should not be subtle or learned. It should use imagery and figures of speech sparingly and avoid decoration. During our Civil War, the Union armies had got hold of a noble marching chorus,

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on."

Nothing could be better than this, but the chorus was all there was of it. It was felt that it was worthy of a more dignified context than the threat to hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree, and efforts were made to supply the want. The most successful of these was Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," in many ways an impressive poem, Biblical in phrase and in part perhaps singable, though certainly not singable as a whole. But the soldiers would not adopt it. They would not, or did not, sing such lines as these:

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me."

The imagery was too fine; the appeal was feminine. The words did not fit the chorus and the spirit of marching men.

There is a great mass of Elizabethan lyrical verse extant in the collected works of known authors: in the sonnet sequences of Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Daniel, Watson and many others: scattered through plays and romances: preserved in miscellanies with fanciful titles, like England's "Helicon," "The Phoenix Nest," "The Arbour of Amorous Delights"; and, lastly, in the numerous song-books in print or manuscript where the music is given with the words.

Mr. Bullen, the collector of these treasures,

says that song-writing is a lost art. The reader who turns the pages of such a florilegium will be apt to find its occasional beauties, as Pope found them.

("Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines."

But Pope was looking for similes; he was looking for those points and "strong lines" which Izaak Walton complains were coming into vogue in his day, and to which the honest angler preferred that "old-fashioned poetry but choicely good" which the milkmaid sang him: Kit Marlowe's charmingly rococo little idyl, "Come live with me and be my love," a snatch of which is warbled by Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Shakespeare himself, a generation earlier, makes this same complaint, that lyrical poetry is becoming sophisticated.

"Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times. . . .
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age."

England was full of these old songs, songs that, as Bishop Hall says, were "sung to the wheel and sung unto the pail," *i. e.*, by the spinners and the milkmaids. Shakespeare has caught their perfect aura and reproduced them in all their simple variety; as the hunting song, "What shall he have that killed the deer?" the drinking song; the shepherd's song; the sailor's song; the serenade; the dawn-song or alba, such as "that wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it" which the musicians sing in Imogen's ante-room—"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings;" the lullaby or cradle song; the dirge, "Come away, come away, death," or "He is dead and gone, lady;" the witch's charm; the marriage song; the song for shrove-tide or St. Valentine's day, or the May-day song to welcome in the spring, "It was a lover and his lass," or "When daffodils begin to peer"; songs for the road, "Jog on, jog on the foot-path way"; the fool's jig, or nonsense song, "When and I was but a little tiny boy, With heigh ho the wind and the rain"; the peddler's song, who cries his wares; the willow song of forsaken love; the song of lovers meeting, "Mistress mine, where are you roaming?" besides a score of lovely, unclassifiable ditties, like "Where the bee sucks" and "Under the greenwood tree." The stage is

still in possession of the traditional airs to which some of these were sung in the seventeenth century and possibly in Shakespeare's own theatre. The music of Ophelia's songs in "Hamlet" is very old.

This is the essence of a song-lyric, that when we read it or hear it read we want to sing it. There is a lilt in the language which calls for musical rendering or accompaniment. Take the repetend of the song which appears first in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," but is doubtless much older, "Over the hills and far away." Does it not *ask* to be sung? Or, again, the Jacobite ballad-scrap which Scott adapted in one of his little poems:

"He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said adieu forever more, my love,
Adieu forever more."

Carlyle says that "no songs, since the little careless catches and, as it were, drops of song which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his plays, fulfill this condition"—of singableness—"in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do." Burns is, upon the whole, the foremost of British song-writers. But it is true of Scotch lyric in general, as distinguished from English, that it can be sung and actually is sung. It is true of Allan Cunningham's sea-song, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," and of Campbell's war-song "Ye mariners of England," though both of these are in the Southern English, not in dialect. The reason I take to be that the Scotch have behind them a wealth of folk-poems, as well as a storehouse of national airs to which these are easily fitted. I certainly would not rank Scott above Shelley or Keats as a lyric poet, in the wider sense of the term. But the "Ode to a Nightingale" and the "Ode to the West Wind" are not song-lyrics, while nearly all of Scott's simpler ballads suggest a tune. Everyone is familiar with the air of "Jock o' Hazeldean," and equally tunable are such things as—

"O Brignal banks are wild and fair
And Greta woods are green";

or

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
Were all of me ye knew, fair maid,
Were all of me ye knew."

But to return to the Elizabethans. In looking through a collection like Bell's "Songs from the Dramatists" or Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances and Song Books," one is struck with the originality and variety of simple stanza forms, but with the monotony

of theme. A majority of the songs are love songs. Such an anthology is a "box where sweets compacted lie," and the reader is soon surfeited. If we wish for depth of thought and elaborate art, we must look for them in contemporary work of another kind—in Shakespeare's sonnets and in the so-called "greater lyric"—poems like Spenser's "Prothalamium" and "Epithalamium," and his platonic hymns to "Love and Beauty." The charm of these minor lyrics lies in their dewy freshness, their unpremeditated ease and grace, their sudden and quite inimitable felicities of phrase. The verse breaks over its roughnesses like a brook over the pebbles, and the whole is as artless as the whistle of the quail. Such is the note struck in Nash's

"Spring, the Sweet Spring";

Constable's

"Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly
White as the sun, fair as the lily";

Heywood's

"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day";

Barnfield's

"King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead";

Lodge's

"Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet";

Webster's

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren";

Dekker's

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?"

Fletcher's

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew";

Walter Raleigh's

"As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?"

With this, that exulting note of the Renaissance, that delight in sensuous beauty, which finds its largest utterance in Spenser, but is heard again in pieces like the "Siren's Song" of William Browne—

"Steer hither, steer your wingéd pines,
All beaten mariners";

or in Lodge's

"With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft to touch and sweet in view,
Heigh ho! fair Rosalynd!"

and finally reaches a height of lyric rapture in the fine extravagance of Shakespeare's—

"Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

When we discover this quality in modern verse we recognize it as Elizabethan. There is much of it in Keats, where it is contagion; in Beddoes' "Death's Jest Book," where it is imitation; and in Blake's "Songs of Innocence," where it is unconscious likeness, as in—

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee."

The Renaissance joy of life and passion for beauty prolongs itself in the second generation in the work of Robert Herrick, who sang—

"of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers
Of April, May, of June and July flowers;
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridalcakes, . .
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all."

But far other was the song of hell and heaven chanted by Herrick's greatest contemporary; and the pipings of the English Catullus—the poet of glow-worms and cherries and daffodils and Julia's silks—fell unheeded upon the ears of a strenuous time. Chappell gives the music to Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" from several music-books printed about 1660. His song to Anthea—

"Bid me to live and I will live,
Thy protestant to be,"

is sung to-day, but I believe the air is modern. Herrick is now recognized as one of the most exquisite of English lyricists. But for nearly two centuries oblivion covered him.

Herrick apart, the lyrical poetry of the Stuart period, while gaining in art, loses something of nature. New strings were added to the lyre, but they had not the sweetness, the first fine careless rapture of the old. The masters of this school were Ben Jonson and Dr. Donne. Already in Jonson, Shakespeare's "wood-notes wild" have given place to finish of execution. There is always some classic lurking behind Jonson's verse. His "Come, my Celia," treats a *motif* from Catullus. His finest song, the magnificent "Drink to me only with thine eyes," is from the Greek prose of Philostratus. Yet here the transcendent touch is Jonson's—

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."

The air of this is old and is found in Hullah's "Song Book."

As for John Donne, that greatly misunderstood and most fascinating genius—an original artist, too, in his own strange and subtle way—there is a strong pulse-beat in his rugged verse, but it is not the verse of a lutenist. Its music is heard in the long climacteric passages of that most remarkable of elegies, "On the Death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury." Donne disdained smoothness, though he could be smooth on occasion, and one of his songs, at least, was set to music, the one beginning—

"Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that thou and I must part."

The footprints of Jonson and Donne can easily be followed in most of the poets of the reigns of James and Charles I.—in Carew, Herrick, Lovelace, Herbert, Randolph, Crashaw and Vaughan. But it cannot be said that Jonson's classical polish or Donne's conceited quaintness were influences favorable to the song-lyric. The pieces which were set to popular airs and sung were mostly of a nimbler kind, things like Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding" and Wither's "If She Be Not Fair for Me," the tunes to both of which are given by Chappell.

Of course Milton is the central figure of that time, and of course Milton in a way is lyrical, especially in the sonnet, to which he gave a new extension. The Elizabethan sonnet—a looser form, in three quatrains and a closing couplet—had been dedicated mainly to love. Milton returned to the strict Italian form—octave and sestet—and shaped it to religious and public ends. "In his hands the thing became a trumpet," said Wordsworth. The trumpet, indeed, or the organ was Milton's instrument, not the lyre. His sonnet on the Vaudois massacre—

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints"—

is a collect in verse, as has been said, but it is also a dithyrambic, instinct with passion, lyrical, as Tyrtæus and Theodore Körner are lyrical. This identification of the poet with more impersonal interests, with the spirit of a people or a cause, is felt in much of the lyrical verse of the English Civil War; in Milton and Marvell especially, on the popular side, and equally in the songs of the cavaliers. All know Lovelace's songs, "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars," and "To Althæa from Prison." A still higher strain of loyal feeling is struck in the famous lines of Montrose. Look at Vandyke's portrait of Prince Rupert, with its lady's face and dare-devil eyes, and then see how its spirit is interpreted in Montrose's stanza—the gay courage, the gamester's recklessness—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

After Milton the sonnet disappeared from English poetry for a century. But from his generation dates a new lyric form, the pindaric, or pseudo-pindaric ode; an exotic, like the pastoral, but with a distinguished history as a naturalized product. Cowley took credit for its introduction, ignoring the fact that Jonson had written one pindaric of much stricter form than his own. Cowley's pindarics are quite irregular, as are Dryden's two St. Cecilia odes, Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"; while Gray, in his "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," conformed to the classic structure. Strophe, anti-strophe and epode, in the odes of Pindar, answered to the Greek music and to the movements of the choral dance. But there is nothing corresponding to this in English; here the pindaric structure is arbitrary—mechanical, not organic. It is like a deaf man dancing to the motions of the orchestra, and not hearing the notes.

On the other hand, the looser or freer form of the ode, which is pindaric only in name, has sometimes proved a noble instrument in the hands of an artist capable of using it. The lines of uneven length, the rhymes recurring at unequal intervals, the stanzas admitting variations from a fixed type, constitute a flexible medium, like the intricate verse paragraphs in "Lycidas." Lowell says that "Gray's 'Progress of Poesy' over-flies all other English lyrics like an eagle." But, to my mind, Lowell's own "Commemoration Ode" is much better. Swinburne complains of the harshness of the verse and of the flat passages between the climaxes. But when the verse does catch fire it burns clear and hot.

I may remark, in passing, on the singular poverty of English literature in the patriotic lyric. Elizabethan poetry offers a single good specimen, Drayton's spirited "Ode to the Cambro-Britons on Their Harp":

"Fair stood the wind for France."

I am not alone in preferring this to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which it resembles in its stanza form, though it more exactly resembles Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." After Dryden, lyrical poetry suffers an almost total eclipse for a full century. Mr. Palgrave's "Treasury" admits only one contribution from Pope, and those who know Pope are surprised to find even that one in such

company. Here and there a song breaks the silence, Gay's "Black-Eyed Susan" or the "Sally in Our Alley" of Henry Carey, himself a musical composer. Here and there a literary lyric with tuneful quality, an ode of Gray, or the flute voice of Collins, "How sleep the brave," or "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb."

With the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 begins the second, and the greatest, period of English lyric poetry. Nearly half of Mr. Palgrave's anthology is drawn from verse composed during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. If to this be added the work of Tennyson and the Brownings, of Arnold, Rossetti, Clough, Morris, Swinburne, O'Shaughnessy, and many others, to say nothing of American and Colonial poets, it is obvious how greatly more copious in lyric verse is the century now closed than any of its predecessors. And I believe that, if an impartial standard be applied, its value will be found, upon the whole, to be higher. Mr. Palgrave thinks that this lyrical outburst is "traceable to the increasingly subjective temper of the age," and he finds that the work of our modern lyricists is "apt to be less concentrated than that of their best predecessors."

In glancing at this immense *corpus poetarum*, I shall confine myself to a single point of comparison between the older and later schools of English lyric poetry. It will be observed that not only is the compass of the modern lyre greater, not only does nineteenth century poetry deal with a wider range of emotions, and deal with them more intellectually, but the evolution of technic has been carried much farther. There is nothing in the comparatively simple Elizabethan measures to compare with such effects as are wrought by language and verse in Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," in Poe's "Raven," Scott's "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," Tennyson's "Bugle Song," and the choruses in Swinburne's "Atalanta." But these things are not sung. At its highest point of technical accomplishment our lyric poetry is least lyrical. The explanation of the paradox lies in the mutual relations of music and verse. Sidney Lanier, a practitioner of both arts, made an acute analysis of their common elements in his "Science of English Verse." They both have rhythm and what he calls tone-color. Music alone has harmony, but pitch or inflection in speech has some correspondence with tune in music. Still, when all is done, they are not identical. The composer works with the thirteen tones and semi-tones of the musical scale. The poet's means are rhythm, accent, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, vowel distribution and

the like. Hence when we speak of verse as musical, we speak by analogy and not literally; for only those sounds which are produced by certain rates of vibration are recognized by the ear as musical sounds, and these are not the sounds which occur in spoken verse.

Now in a song, both words and music should be simple and the latter should be ancillary to the former. But as the two arts become differentiated, each develops its own resources independently to a point where union becomes difficult. The music grows so rich and complex that it overwhelms the words which it ought to interpret. It deals more and more with purely musical ideas, with unformulated emotion. In a modern opera we care nothing about the libretto and can seldom distinguish the words even of a solo. One reason given for the decline of the Elizabethan madrigals and other vocal music after 1600 was the rapidly increasing cultivation of instrumental concert music. Books of airs were now published arranged for four, five, and six instruments. On the other hand, lyrical poetry being, as it were, deserted by music and let to go its own way, begins to rely more upon the resources of the spoken word, considered not merely as the sign of an idea, but as a volume of sound. It invents more cunning devices of metre, rhyme, stanza formation and the like—in short, a music of its own.

Our modern poetry, then, touches its high-water mark not in the song lyric, but in the lyric of art. Who is the typical lyricist of the first generation of the nineteenth century? Is it Tom Moore, or is it Shelley? The question needs no answer, and yet Moore was incomparably the better song-writer. His "Irish Melodies" were written to old airs like "The Twisting of the Rope" and "The Fox's Sleep." His "Araby's Daughter" and "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "Those Evening Bells" and "The Last Rose of Summer," set to operatic tunes, are popular yet and justly so. Moore was a natural musician and used to sing and play his own songs to the piano. Shelley and Coleridge had little ear for music and Rossetti disliked it. Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air" have been set to music, but many a common serenade is more popular and perhaps more really singable. The passion is too intense, the imagery too intoxicating.

"I arise from dreams of thee, in the first sweet sleep
of night,
When the winds are breathing low and the stars are
shining bright. . . .
The wandering airs they faint on the dark, the silent
stream—

The champak odors fail like sweet thoughts in a
dream.

The nightingale's complaint it dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine, O belovéd, as thou art!"

Do these lines need music? And yet here is the lyric cry if it is anywhere. Whether or not Shelley is the foremost of English lyrical poets, as has been maintained, he is at all events the most lyrical. He is like the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings were a lute. His vibrant nature trembled to every breath and summoned the wind to come and play upon it. "Make me thy lyre even as the forest is."

If I wished, then, to illustrate the sheer metrical triumphs of our contemporary lyric, to show how near words can come to music, I would choose, not a song, but something like the splendid elegiacs of "Hesperia," or a choral passage from the "Atalanta"—say the one which opens—

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

This is not singable as the songs of Heine and Burns are singable. Indeed, the only true song that I remember in Swinburne is the little Elizabethan piece entitled "A Match," a stanza of which puts into a figure something of what I have been saying about the marriage of music and verse:

"If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon,
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune."

—Yale University.

Old Friends, Old Books.

Old friends, old books are surely best,
Already long they've stood the test,
In times of stress or indolence
Have ministered to soul and sense,
With grace responsive to each quest.

Aye, every whim by us possess
When winds blow east or winds blow west,
They kindly humor—not incense—
Old friends, old books!

The new may touch with keener zest
When we with ennui are opprest
But only briefly; turning thence,
With reawakened confidence,
We seek—for peace, for joy, for rest—
Old friends, old books!

—CHARLES R. WILLIAMS, in "Book Lovers' Verse."

A VERONA BOOK-VENDOR.

By Arlo Bates.

The bookseller in the Piazza delle Erbe at Verona was an engaging rascal. He had not the least look of honesty about him, but he oozed good nature from every pore, and the evident humility of his condition showed plainly enough that if he were a rogue he had not sufficient cunning greatly to better his fortunes. He gave the impression that he somehow found life most delightful, notwithstanding the fact that fate had accorded to him extremely shabby raiment and apparently no great facilities for keeping himself clean. Perhaps in the latter particular he did not make the most of his opportunities, but certainly he had not approached godliness within telescopic distance on the side of cleanliness. In spite of ragged and threadbare clothes, however, and a grime on hands and face which had the air of being permanent if not constitutional, he provoked a smile by the sheer abundance of good humor, which shone from his dirty face like light from a clouded lantern.

His wares were displayed on a counter made of planks arranged on trestles. They stood near the head of the market-place, almost at the foot of the pillar on which the Lion of St. Mark bears witness to the dominion which in the fifteenth century Venice gained through the widow of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, whose only right to what he transmitted was that of force. The show of books was not very imposing, yet it gained a certain air of distinction and importance from half a dozen vellum-bound folios, stately even here, which stood in the middle proudly conscious of having been born to better days and more gracious fortunes. About them were clustered something like a hundred volumes of all sorts and sizes, in varying degrees of shabbiness, and among them were a number of tiny books which caught my eye at the very first glance.

The Piazza delle Erbe is called by the guide-book "one of the most picturesque squares in Italy," and despite the source of the commendation the place deserves the praise. It is surrounded by old palaces, none of them very imposing, it is true, but all picturesque. Some of them bear on their fronts old frescoes, and over against the Casa Mazzanti rises the tower of the Municipio nearly three hundred feet into the sunny air. Under the arch of the street leading to the Piazza dei Signori swings a great bone which, to the eye of the uninitiated, looks exceedingly like the rib of a whale, but which

local tradition declares to have come from the frame of a giant who once lived in the city. In the midst of the Piazza rises the Tribuna with its stone canopy, under which used to be pronounced judgment and perhaps justice. At the upper end of the square is the column of marble which bears the Lion of St. Mark, and near it is a fountain from the time when Berengarius headed the league of Venetian cities against Frederick Barbarossa, adorned with a statue of Verona, a work more notable, it must be confessed, for age than for beauty.

It was market day, and the whole square was filled with a florescence of huge umbrellas, and under them were displayed the wares of vendors of fruit and flowers, vegetables, fowls, and household goods. Piles of melons allured the eye only to prove a snare and a delusion to any American who was beguiled by them, for the Italians, to use their own phrase, like to feel the melon on the tooth, and therefore eat them in what to us is a state of most unsatisfactory unripeness. The fowls were alive, miserable heaps of hens and ducks with their feet tied together, flung down on the pavement to await the sharp investigation of purchasing fingers wielded by wrinkled old women. A couple of bird-sellers were established with piles of cages, and offered to the public not only song-birds but the most enchantingly fluffy little yellow owls, which had evidently come straight out of some Grimm's fairy tale. The fountain splashed, the clatter of voices shrilly conducting bargains in the uniquely voluble Italian fashion filled the air, the early morning sunshine of an August day brightened everything, and the bookseller said, "*Buon giorno, Signore,*" with a spark in his eye and with a flash of white teeth more bewitching than anything else in the whole Piazza.

He bowed engagingly as I began carelessly to examine his wares, and showed his willingness to assist my investigations by seizing one of the vellum-bound folios and spreading it open before me. It was a translation of Vitruvius with fairly good plates. Every vendor of old books in Italy, so far as my experience goes, has at least one copy of Vitruvius, although why this particular author should be so much in evidence I have never been able to understand. As I declared that I did not care for architectural works, the bookseller seized upon another of the folios, and tried to tempt me with a seventeenth century Bible. One after

another he exhibited all the volumes in the row, laying each before me with a gesture which had almost the affectionateness of a caress, all the time descanting volubly on the merits of what he offered. Then, as I could not be roused to enthusiasm, he gave a deprecatory shrug, and left me to pick over the small books for myself.

"The *Signore* is evidently a collector who is looking for something very rare, very choice," he said. "This is the place for him to seek. It is easy to see by the way the *Signore* handles things that he is learned, and that he understands all books thoroughly."

This eloquent outburst I answered only with a smile, but went on picking up one shabby volume after another until I had laid out three as possibly worth taking away. One was a 32mo bound in tooled calf, a good deal worn, but whole, in the original binding. It was *Silvius Italicus De Secundo Bello Punico*, edited with copious notes by Daniel Heinsius, and published by Plantin in 1600. The second was *P. Gyllii De Constantinopoleos Topographia*, a 32mo in mottled calf with red edges, Elzevir, 1632. This I knew to be wanted by a friend to complete his set of the Elzevir books on Turkey. The third was *Des. Erasmi Roterodami Colloquia*, from the press of Jacob van Wetstein, 1745. In spite of the obscurity of the printer and the unpromising period, this fat 32mo has really much typographical excellence. These seemed enough to begin on, and I inquired the price.

The book-vendor took the books, regarded them and me with the greatest possible admiration, and then we began that bargaining which is the inevitable necessity in purchasing old books in Italy if one does not wish to be swindled beyond all reason.

He had perceived at a glance, he declared with a smile which shamed even the Italian sunshine, that the *Signore* was a true *conoscitore*. Yes, he repeated, rolling the word under his tongue as if he were exceedingly proud of it, certainly a *conoscitore*. It was a pleasure to sell to one who could appreciate such wares as his, and who knew how superior his books were to those of other booksellers. For such a one he was willing to make a sacrifice, and to sell really for nothing, but to let the books go for a mere five *lire* apiece.

To this I could only answer with a shrug that if he could perceive so much it was a pity that he could not see that I did not propose to pay *forestieri* prices. He must have meant five *lire* for all the books, and that was more than I had any intention of paying.

The book-vendor was inexpressibly shocked to hear the *Signore* talk in this way, although, of course, it was only meant to be jesting. He must beg the *Signore* to observe how beautiful the books were, while as to their age—they were so old that he was ashamed to have them for sale in the open square. The *Signore* was too handsome himself not to desire to own such handsome books, and, although he was so young, he could surely admire the grapes which centuries had ripened.

I laughingly told him that I admired the last bold figure of speech, but that I thought his flattery somewhat too gross to be addressed to a beard so gray as my own. At any rate, it would hardly induce me to pay the absurd price he chose to put on his books.

But the *Signore*, he said, shifting his ground, was undoubtedly meaning to buy these *bellissimi* little volumes as a souvenir of *bellissima* Verona, and he would surely be willing to pay this ruinously moderate price, which had been mentioned only because of a foolish weakness he—the bookseller—owned to having, which made it a pleasure to think that the volumes had gone into the hands of an owner so wise and so strangely winning as the *Signore*.

By this time I was in a condition of suppressed laughter which made it difficult for me to maintain the dignity needed in so complicated a transaction, but I managed to answer hardily that I was of a nature so base and sordid that I should prefer to carry away as a souvenir of Verona something which would remind me that I had not allowed myself to be swindled.

The horror and indignation of the book-vendor were something most impressive to witness, and the more so from the fact that they were so obviously part of the game and not in the least personal.

That one should think him capable of asking more than the least value for anything! Would the gracious *Signore* take all his books as a free gift, and bear them away as souvenirs not only of Verona but of a man who had rather have his ears pulled out by the roots than to take advantage of anybody? Swindled! He knew, he declared, with his hand pressed tragically to his heart, that his life would be shorter for the sorrow of such a cruel, such an unjust accusation; but since his life was to be shortened he would sell the books for four *lire* each. It was a gift, but he would do it to show how he resented the suspicion of the *Signore*.

It was impossible not to laugh at this outburst, and the genial rascal laughed as heartily as I. Then we went on for a time in a key less extravagant. He asked me to name a price,

and I offered one *lira* each. This was received with so much indignation that I withdrew from the transaction altogether, and bade him good morning. I moved off to the bird-seller near by, and became absorbed in admiration of the delightful fluffy owls, considering in my mind whether it were possible to do anything so wildly foolish as to try to get a pair home to America. He seemed to have turned his back, and to be giving me no heed whatever until I started to go further, when he came hastily after me to say that there might be other books which the *Signore* would like, and that we might come to an understanding if I would not be so hasty.

I went back with him, and after a carefully careless glance picked out a fourth book which I had my eye on all the time, *Arnobii Disputationum Adversus Gentes*, printed by Froben at Basle in 1546, an 8vo, rebound, but very little cut, and in beautiful condition. This I added to the pile, and we began negotiations all over again. It is hardly worth while to attempt to reproduce more of the book-vendor's voluble discourse, although it was exceedingly good fun to listen to it. In the end I gave one *lira* each for the first two books, a *lira* and a quarter for the Erasmus, and two *lire* for the Arnobius, by far the rarest volume in the lot. When once the bargain was struck the vendor entirely ceased to pose as one who was being ruined, urged me to buy more on the same scale, and bade me good-bye with the affection of an old friend.

The books were not of very great value, although at twenty cents each one is not supposed in these benighted days to pick up treasures in the open market-place, but in this instance what I paid for, and paid, I confess, far less than it was worth, was the engaging and delightful palaver, the enchantingly roguish and beguiling smile of the handsome book-vendor. If I ever return to Verona may he be there to give me another opportunity!

Alexandre Dumas' Way.

Alexandre Dumas permits himself great liberties with history. According to him, Monk was conveyed to Brittany in a closed box, there to confer with the French. Marie Antoinette was the victim of a foul plot by which a lady greatly resembling her was discovered in a compromising situation. These are only two out of many instances. But his method is very different. He does not aspire so much to make us see as to make us hear—the drama is carried on mainly in talk; everybody talks to everybody else; the great structure of the plot is

elaborately, and with a grand and gentleman-like leisure, built up; thousands of delightful things happen which, though connected with the main story, are played with and developed as if they were novels themselves. Every actor has his appointed place—his appointed rôle: his character fits into the part like a bit of a child's puzzle. We work our way through labyrinths of incident—never too many for some readers—till slowly the whole history is pieced together, and lies before us plain and clear. For this very reason, Dumas' fascinating and absorbing world is not our world, and never could have been our world at any given period. Many people only wish it were—wish all lovers were as courteous, brave, and absurd; all brawlers, as splendid and distinguished; all victories to the right side, as certain; all deaths, as fitting as Dumas makes them. But this can never be; and it is a delight and refreshment to go into that world for a time, and enjoy a change of air. We submit ourselves to the Dumas convention, and ask no better.

The Bookworm.

By A. Mary F. Robinson.

The whole day long I sit and read
Of days when men were men indeed
And women knightlier far;
I fight with Joan of Arc; I fall
With Talbot; from my castle-wall
I watch the guiding star. . . .

But when at last the twilight falls
And hangs about the book-lined walls
And creeps across the page,
Then the enchantment goes, and I
Close up my volumes with a sigh
To greet a narrower age.

Home through the pearly dusk I go,
And watch the London lamplight glow
Far off in wavering lines:
A pale gray world with primrose gleams,
And in the west a cloud that seems
My distant Apennines.

O Life! so full of truths to teach,
Of secrets I shall never reach,
O world of here and now;
Forgive, forgive me, if a voice,
A ghost, a memory be my choice,
And more to me than thou!

—From "Retrospect and other Poems."

A Tea Toper.

What was the capacity of the teacup in Dr. Johnson's time? If, according to the statement of the lexicographer, he drank at one sitting twenty-five cups of tea, what fluid measure would that many cups represent? From actual measurement to-day, these twenty-five cups of tea are equivalent to six quarts.

THE ORIGIN OF WATER-MARKS ON PAPER.

Water-marks on paper, says the *Paper Maker*, are now being carefully studied as a means of arriving at the facts in regard to the early manufacture of paper in Europe, and still further as offering a key to the problematic questions of the block books and earliest specimens of printing from wooden and metal types. Water-marks are indentions made on paper, in various shapes, during the process of manufacture, the pulp of the paper being compressed by an engraved device called a dandy. Paper mills worked by water were established in Tuscany about the beginning of the fourteenth century; but it has not been determined that water-marks were introduced by them. The earliest known water-mark is a globe surmounted by a cross found in an account book at The Hague, bearing the date of 1301. This mark is very similar to the devices used by John of Cologne, Jensen, and Scott, all celebrated typographers of the olden time. Some of the paper used by these printers was made in Venice, so that the fact is regarded by many as proving that Italy was the furthest advanced at that period in the manufacture of paper.

A bull's head, three inches in length, appears in the water-mark of an account dated 1310, which might also be of Italian origin, as a similar design was used as the arms of Pope Calixtus III. in 1445; this mark never being found in the Flemish block books, but appearing in the Mazarin Bible, in Fust and Schoeffer's Bible of 1472, and in the publications of Ulric Zell at Cologne. Many early undated Italian manuscripts contain a cross as water-mark. Antwerp must have been largely engaged in the manufacture at an early date, for records of purchases of paper made in that city are entered at The Hague and Haarlem under the date of 1352, and the water-mark of a tower found in a manuscript at The Hague in 1354 is supposed to be a representation of the tower at Antwerp, used subsequently as an emblem by Gerald Leen in 1470.

The tower also appears frequently in German and Italian manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A hand is also displayed upon Leen's emblem, and, it is thought, may have been the origin of the water-mark of a hand common in the Dutch block books.

The fleur-de-lis, the Peter's cock, and the Paschal lamb are all found in the public account books at The Hague, bearing respectively the dates of 1366, 1380, and 1356, the fleur-de-lis

referring probably to Philip of Burgundy, who bore it on his arms, it and the lamb being the insignia of Rouen and also of other bishoprics. Upon a letter dated 1421 is a water-mark resembling the postman's horn of the period, and this mark, afterwards very common, is supposed to have given the name to post paper, just as the fool's cap, with its feather and bells, on Caxton's "Golden Legion," gave the name to foolscap paper.

The unicorn, the shield, and also the marks of P and Y, either separately or together, are all presumed to be proofs of Flemish manufacture, the P crowned with a fleur-de-lis having been used by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, and Count of Compiègne, who reigned from 1349 to 1361, and P and Y being afterward adopted by his descendant, Philip, and his wife Ysabel, who were married in 1429, the Y appearing first in an account dated 1431.

The marks of the dolphin and anchor seem to point to some maritime country, both being used by Aldus Manutius at Venice, but they are equally applicable, in this connection, to the chief cities of the Low Countries. The dolphin appears first at Haarlem in a manuscript dated 1418, subsequently at The Hague in 1423, and in a letter to the Bishop of Durham, dated in Melun in 1420. The anchor, afterward in common use, appears first at The Hague in a writing dated 1396. A pot or jug was a favorite early mark, first known with the date of 1352, and giving its name to pott paper.

The account books preserved in the archives of the Netherlands show that the small folio paper employed in them was the same as that used in the block books, and for account books in Italy and Germany about the middle of the fourteenth century; and the same paper is found in the printed works of Fust, Schoeffer, Zell, Veldener, and in the publications of John of Westphalia, at Louvain, although no printed Italian or German books are known to contain it.

Soon after the introduction of printing a larger size of paper of better quality was used, as is seen in the early Bibles, the "Catholicon" of Balbi, of 1460, and the "Pliny" of 1469. The difficulty then experienced in obtaining large quantities of paper is shown by the variety of water-marks often included in a single volume of the block books and also of the early printed works, the first Bible printed in Delft, 1477, being remarkable as exhibiting nearly all of the water-marks previously used in the Netherlands.

One of the recent arguments advocating the theory that printing was invented in the city of Haarlem is founded upon proofs deduced from water-marks, but it is contended that the evidence only settles conclusively that paper was used at an early period in the Netherlands, and its use cannot prove the place of the publication of any work. Water-marks began to be used as the private sign of the manufacturer at the close of the fifteenth century, in which significance they are at present employed.

Men of One Joke.

By William Mathews.

Charles Lamb tells in one of his unique letters of an old gentleman of threescore-and-ten, with whom he boarded in 1829, "who had one joke and forty pounds a year, upon which he had retired in a green old age." This seems a scanty amount both of money and of fun upon which to support life. But men's wants were more limited in those days than now, and a little cash and a little pleasantry yielded more enjoyment than to-day. Then, again, the old gentleman's solitary jest might have been phenomenal in facetiousness—as rare as *Sir Toby Belch's* catch, that could "draw three souls out of one weaver;" a jest that had "cut and come again" in it, and never palled by repetition—like *Hardcastle's* story of Old Grouse in the gun-room in Goldsmith's play, "She Stoops to Conquer," of which those who had heard it said: "Your worship must not tell that story if we are not to laugh. . . . We have laughed at it these twenty years." Finally, the delight which the old gentleman's joke gave him, and perhaps others, may have been due, not merely or mainly to the *jeu d'esprit* itself, but to the way in which it was uttered—each repetition being an improvement on its predecessor, with more and more diverting variations.

John Foster, the great thinker and essayist, seems to have been a man of one pun. We are familiar with all of his books and letters, and we have encountered in them all but one joke—a pun. In a letter addressed to Sir C. E. Smith, April 9, 1840, he speaks of one Thoroughgood as probably doomed to die in prison for non-payment of a church-rate. "His suffering example," he writes, "*may* do great good—*will*, unless the clergy and their corrupt adherents shall resolutely and successfully maintain their detestable courts. There is no hateful part of their institutions which they have not a *thoro'-good* will to maintain and perpetuate."

The poet Cowper had an abundance of wit and humor, as his John Gilpin and his poem on Conversation testify. His most ludicrous lines, he tells us, were written in the saddest mood, and for the same reason that he made rabbit-hutches or tamed hares—to get rid of his melancholy. It seems strange that for this purpose he never in his writings perpetrated a pun. It is not because he was a verbal Unitarian, who despised puns—for no one ever scorned a good pun who was able to make one. Moreover, it appears from a letter of one Dr. Johnson, a relative, that the poet did, once at least in his social life, indulge in one of "these agreeable levities, these twinkling corpuscula of conversation," as Lamb calls them. "Poor dear Cowper!" wrote the Doctor to John Newton, when sending his kind regards to him and his niece, Miss Catlett; "oh, that he were as tolerable as he was even in those days when, dwelling with you and that lady at his house in Buckinghamshire, I could not help laughing to see his pleasant face when he said: 'Miss Catlett, shall I give you a piece of the *cutlet*?'"

One of the gravest and austere writers with whom we are familiar is Guizot, the luminous historian of Civilization. Sainte-Beuve justly complains that with him the ridiculous and ironical side of things, of which other historians make too much, has no place. "Of those moral reflections which instruct and delight, which recreate humanity and restore it to itself, like those which escape incessantly from Voltaire, he has none. His style—*is sad, and never laughs*." Judge, then, of his reader's astonishment, when once, and once only, in Guizot's great history, he encounters a bit of humor, an actual, bona fide jest! Speaking of the readiness of men to surrender to ecclesiastical authority their reason, their conscience—that in them which is most individual and freest—he says: "One can conceive, up to a certain point, that man may abandon to an external authority the direction of his material interests, of his temporal destiny. One understands that philosopher who, when told that his house was on fire, replied, 'Go tell my wife; I do not trouble myself with domestic matters.' But when conscience, thought, the inner existence, are concerned, to abdicate all self-government, to deliver one's self up to a foreign power—that is a veritable suicide, a slavery worse than that of the body, than that of the serf." The anecdotal allusion in this passage contrasts so utterly with the unvarying solemnity of his style that it looks like an interpolation. It affects one like a joke on a gravestone or in a ledger.

A SITE IN MOORFIELDS.

In the great vision of Athens in "Paradise Regained" Milton speaks of the low-roofed house of Socrates as existing four hundred years after the death of him "Whom, well-inspired, the oracle pronounced Wisest of men." Did he dictate these lines with the unuttered thought that his own low-roofed house in Artillery Walk, Moorfields, might perchance be deemed worthy of preservation? It is possible that Milton, who wrote for undying fame, pleased himself with this prospect. He was proud that his birthplace in Bread Street had already been visited by distinguished foreigners. That house had just fallen in the Great Fire. Here in Artillery Walk he had completed "Paradise Lost," and was now writing "Paradise Regained," with "Samson Agonistes" forming in his mind. Here the most of the happiness and homage that life had brought him had been enjoyed. Would men venerate these humble walls, and a future London beat against them in vain?

It has not been so. The house in which Milton spent the last eleven years of his life, and from which the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" went to Mr. Simmons to be printed, has tamely disappeared. But its site is known, and a tablet with the following inscription has been placed over the door of a business house in Bunhill Row:

.....
: SITE OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH :
: :
: JOHN MILTON :
: :
: WROTE "PARADISE LOST," AND DIED 1674. :
: :
:

Bunhill Row—formerly Artillery Walk—belongs to a large group of streets to which the ordinary Londoner penetrates only when they are on fire, and although this is not infrequently the case the circumstances do not favor topographical research. The region lies just north of the old City wall, and to this day there is about it we know not what air of mixed life—City and primary suburban. Here the wealthy offices of shipping and insurance companies are not found; these come no further north than London Wall. Instead we have a region of factories, warehouses, and coffee-rooms. The road is tedious with van and dray, and the pavement is vexed by packing-cases. You gather that in Bunhill Row, Chiswell Street, Fore Street, and their offshoots much semi-manufacture is carried on. Many things are

cut out, fitted, prepared. Where else would you expect to come upon a horse-hair seating manufactory? Here improbable things like picture mouldings and cattle spice are obtainable in bulk; here the ostrich feather is curled into grace, and Christmas cards and tropical helmets and account books and oleograph views of Windsor Castle are stocked with full knowledge. There are shops, too, at intervals for ordinary kitchen shopping. As you trend south the aspect of things becomes tighter, sterner, and soon you are hemmed in by the towering light-goods warehouses of Jewin Street, Australian Avenue, and Aldersgate Street. All this is Milton's region. He lived in turns in Aldersgate Street, the Barbican, Jewin Street, and Artillery Walk. In Aldersgate Street, next to the Golden Lion, Samuel Simmons' shelves bore the weight of an unsold "Paradise Lost." Across the street, in Little Britain, the book-sellers were thick on the ground, and there the Earl of Dorset picked up the book and took it home to read, afterwards sending it to Dryden, who gasped and said: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too."

Milton sat much at home, kept there by his work and his blindness. The house was a small one. Professor Masson has found out that it was rated at four hearths for the hearth-tax; that is to say, that Milton's house contained but four rooms in which a fire could be lighted. It was one of a row of a dozen or more houses, of which the six in which Milton's occurs are scheduled as follows:

"Mr. Becke, 6 hearths.
Samuel Kindall, 4 hearths,
Widow Bowers, 4 hearths.
John Melton [Milton], 4 hearths.
Richard Hardinge, 6 hearths.
Mr. Howard, 5 hearths."

The "Walk" was rightly so called, for it was properly that, and not a street lined on each side with houses. Opposite the little row of houses, and overlooked by their bedroom windows, was the wall of the Artillery Garden, over which came sometimes the shouts of drill and the rhythms of fife and drum. One suspects that a walk which gave access to fields was often noisy. It may have been the swilled insolence and loose songs of passing youths that drew from the poet the biographical interlude in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost":

"Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard

In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son."

In Newcourt's magnificent map of London, dated 1658, showing London before the Fire on a large scale, you can distinguish all the houses in Artillery Walk. Each is separately drawn, and there is little difficulty in selecting Milton's in the irregularly built row. It appears that it was the ninth house from one end—from the south end, we fancy. Each house has a garden behind it, and these gardens, even their trees, are exactly marked in Newcourt's map. In his own plot, the poet, we know, walked and sat in his gray coarse coat enjoying the air. Within doors he is pictured by a friend as sitting in his elbow-chair, dressed neatly in black, "pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones."

The neighborhood with whose sounds and gossip he was familiar might be described as a compactly populated suburb. Milton's house was on the fringe of the town; to the north and east spread the fields on which Finsbury now stands. Across the fields eastward the long arm of Norton Folgate and Shoreditch ran up into the country, roofs, windows, and gardens seen brilliantly at sunset across half a mile of grass. Between these two arms of the town, standing on little hillocks, six windmills bickered merrily in the breeze. Milton must often have heard their sails creaking when he strolled that way, guided by some friendly hand. But he had not long been settled in Artillery Walk when every breeze became infected with plague. He retired to Chalfont to the "pretty box" that Elwood had taken for him, and stayed there until the general return to the silent and exhausted city. Escaping the terrors of the plague, he did not escape those of the fire. His house was not burned, for the flames were rolled back in their northward race by the City wall; but for three days and nights Milton sat in dread, learning hourly from his friends how London was sinking under this new vial of wrath. Scarcely had the city begun to rebuild itself when the roar of Dutch cannon was heard in the river. It was in a London distracted by plague, fire, and war that "Paradise Lost" made its appearance.

More tranquil years followed, and between 1668 and 1674 Milton lived quietly, dictating his poems, enjoying the meals with which his young wife sought to please him, and receiving old friends and new. One of his callers in Artillery Walk was Dryden. The Poet Laureate seems to have inspired Milton with a feeling

akin to good-humored contempt, and certainly the feeling was justified by Dryden's request that he might be allowed to make a rhymed drama out of "Paradise Lost" for presentation at the King's Theatre. Aubrey tells us that "Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to 'tag his verses.'" The phrase was a better joke than it looks. In those days—the point is Professor Masson's, as, indeed, are most points about Milton—men tied various parts of their costume with strings, which were shod at the end with brightly burnished or colored metal. In telling Dryden that he might tag his verses, he was exactly hitting off Dryden's purpose of pointing them with rhymes; and there is evidence that after the adapter's departure he nourished himself on this pleasantry for days. Those who wish to keep their respect for Dryden had best not look at that tagged version.

In no blaze of glory did the poet of the Commonwealth end his days in Moorfields. To many, as to Evelyn, he was the poet who had written for the Regicides. At the Restoration he had been obliged to hide himself in a house in Bartholomew Close, and the suspicion with which he was long regarded showed itself in the grotesque doubts entertained by the press licenser, Thomas Tomkyns, as to lurking sedition in certain passages of "Paradise Lost." Peace and security were the most that Milton could look for in the twilight of his defeated political hopes. One day a little funeral procession moved down Artillery Walk and down Grub Street into Cripplegate, and it was quickly known that Mr. Milton was to be buried. A Londoner in the full sense of the word, he was gathered to his parish graveyard like a London merchant, and his bones were laid side by side with those of a student of London. "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's resting-place.

The little home was at once broken up like any other. Mrs. Milton is heard of at Chester; Milton's three daughters by his first wife passed into the world of London as persons of no account. Mary died single. Anne married a builder, and died in giving birth to her first child. Deborah, the youngest, who had been closest to her father, married a poor Spitalfields weaver named Clarke, and lived on until 1727. In her last years she was discovered by the fashionable literary world, and much was done for this poor old daughter of John Milton, who, it is said, could still repeat, without understanding a word of them, some of the poet's favorite passages in Homer, Euripides, and Ovid. Addison, who had revived her father's

poetry, died before he could obtain a pension for his daughter, but Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. Her son Caleb went to India, and nothing is known of his descendants. There remained her daughter Elizabeth. Eighty years after Milton's death a woman who kept a chandler's shop in Shoreditch died in her sixty-sixth year, depressed by age and poverty. This was Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of Milton, and his last known descendant. She, too, had been found out by kindly people. Dr. Johnson sums up her last days in short sentences. "In 1750, April 5, 'Comus' [which was played last week in Cripplegate] was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds . . . of this sum one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that 'Paradise Lost' ever procured the author's descendants; and to this he, who has now attempted to relate his life, had the honor of contributing a prologue."

Its inmates scattered, its hearth, never a very bright one, grown cold, Milton's four-roomed house and garden passed away in the spread and improvement of London. On the spot where he drank from the Castalian spring a firm of well-sinkers now transacts its business, but theirs is another search. At least, it is good to have the site thus marked. Here, even here, where the crane swings, and the errand boy hastens past with jugs of coffee for a warehouse breakfast, Milton revolved on an empyrean scale the ways of God to man, and invented those harmonies which are as imperishable as the language or as man's love of lovely things. In small surroundings, neighbored by small people, blind, and perhaps remorseful, his mind knew no confinement. Drawing strength from the fountains of learning and philosophy, and its sense of beauty from the undying poets of the ancient world, it still contemplated all that is most august in man's pilgrimage. Like Adam, on the hill in Paradise:

"His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan Kings."

—*The Academy*.

Shakespeare: A Seventeenth-Century Allusion.

The following allusion to Shakespeare in a series of satirical stanzas set to music and composed about the year 1669 seems to be hitherto unnoticed, and, like all mentions of him in the seventeenth century, is interesting (Harl. MS. 6947, f. 401):

To heauen once ther caime a poett/a frend of mine
swore hee did know itt
No sooner ther butt hee did cale/the aengills littell
Cupitts all
Ther haleluiaes sunge in time butt angry cause itt
was not rime
And when ther prayers they did rehearse hee wondred
that is [*sic*] was not verse
Seeing sutch gloris hee did aske whether twere not
a twelph night mask.

Then hee satt downe vppon a bench askt for a
tauerne and a wench
What sports they had ther in ther dayes and who
each terme did wright new playes
What joyes to sencis great delights and how they
past long winters nights
In sweet discorce tongs best depaints the ould wiues
tales of liues of saints
Butt had no aunser mayd him there wondred wher
all his ould frends weare.

No store of companey ther hee then did jeere the
shepperds fishermen
And asked wher the good fellowes bee and could not
one jentillman see
Swore that the place was dull so fell from thence to
Lusefer in hell
Ould Chauser mett him in great state Spenser and
Johnson at the gate
Beamon and Flettchers witt mayd one butt Shak-
speers witt did goe aloane.

Butt ther the poetts nothing lack they had burnt
Claritt and muld sack
And for a rasher of the coales the had good tuff
vserers sooles
And neuer ther did want a fire to light ther pipes to
ther desire
Will Dauenants health they drunke amaine to all the
poets of the trayne
By no meanes they would goe from thence drunke
a full quart to his exselenche.

EDWARD J. L. SCOTT, D. Litt., of the British Museum, in the *Athenæum*.

Absent-minded.

The other day an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley on how poorly paid was the profession of literature. "But, Mr. Riley," said she, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Ye-e-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a d—n word."

UPON PSEUDO-LITERARY CRITICISM.

By Gelett Burgess.

Let me state at once that the criticising of books is repellant to my taste. For the rest, may all I say be frankly egotism—the gossip of my personal opinion to be taken at your own valuation. Now, when I look at a bound volume, my first thought is, strangely enough, not to tear it to tatters, neither is it to laud it into its thirty-fifth edition. Its pages are to me the evidence of hard work; work mistaken, slipshod or inadequate, may be, but the warm, unremitting toil of one who believed he was accomplishing a masterpiece—nights and days of thought and concentration, weeks and months of endeavor. No book has ever been written without something of this, not even the “A. B. C. Pathfinder.” No one who has ever written or tried to write a book can deny that, whatever degree of merit a book may possess, it has taken time and trouble enough for wonder. And so I wonder; wonder why it was written at all, perhaps; wonder at the very fact of accomplishment, nevertheless.

I have, among my manuscripts, a novel of 65,000 words that has never even been submitted to a publisher. Rare prey that story would have been for you critics, who, mayhap, are elbowing me aside with your cock-sure decisions in this very paper! How you would miss seeing what I tried to do, deride me for failure in what I accomplished, and praise me for what I have never attempted! Yet it was a labor of months, the fever of a whole season. I sweat blood, drank tears. And a thousand are doing it, have done it, will do it, every year. They come like water, and like wind they go!

But who reads your criticisms, anyway? And if any one does, who cares? Does a book sell 200,000 copies because of your printed paragraphs? No, this is all the lesson the majority of its readers ever learn:

I read “David Harum.”

You read “David Harum.”

She read “David Harum.”

We read “David Harum.”

Youse read “David Harum.”

They read “David Harum.”

The latest book is bought wholesale by the libraries, and an edition is devoured at one charge by perfervid women. “Hurrah, it is read at last!” the cry. “Now for the next—the latest!” What do they get out of the book? This:

“Have you read ‘Janice Meredith’?”

“Yes; have you?”

“Yes; what did you think of it?”

“Lovely! How did *you* like it?”

“Stupid!”

This is not Schopenhauer, nor Ibsen, nor Maeterlinck, but Western Addition. I heard it myself. Very well; what of it,—that this is about as worthy as most so-called literary criticism. Why?

Because no man with brains enough to write a book has either time or inclination to criticise another's. If, in the exceptional case he does, it is usually an honest attempt to try and find out:

1. What did the author try to express?

2. Did he do it adequately?

3. Has it been done better? Why? Where? How?

The soul of a book, the heart of a book—who sees it, or tries to see it? Its poor body is rent and torn, not even dissected. And why, again? Ah, I have known “literary editors”—and their friends! The pile on the table mounts volumes high, and the little girl who at the time is the “literary editor's” nearest and dearest, helps cut down the list. It is apprentice work. She takes home a bunch of six or seven, and, if she is good, keeps them. If, like the girl in “Mother Goose,” she is very, *very* good, she reads them—or the various members of her family do. The “copy” *must* be in by Thursday, to get into Saturday's paper. And so it goes.

For the rest, it is mostly done by the publishers themselves, for which we are indebted to three so-called “literary” magazines, each edited by publishing houses.

I never “criticised” but one book in my life; that one was my own. I was paid \$15. But I knew all its faults, for I knew what I had tried to do, and wherein I had failed. (I then protested against the prejudice of my reviewer as every author has a right to do. I received \$3 for the protest.)

Now, most of us prefer to select our tooth-brushes, our soaps, and our patent medicines for ourselves, by actual trial. We do not often read the testimonials that are wrapped round the bottle. And it is so, too, with our books. The word of a friend, yes, perhaps, sometimes—but I have lost many a friend's regard for my taste by recommending books.

We have a way of knowing what we like, whether we are told by amateurs in a masquerade of type or not. But, apropos of these

same tooth-brushes and patent medicines, much can be done to pique our curiosity. Who does not read the advertising pages of the magazines, and who has not been lured to buy by the cleverness of such "write-ups"? Ah, if our advertising agents would write book reviews!

For that is the best function of the book reviewer—to pique our curiosity, or deaden it, as he wills. He could make us read what he wants to, were he as clever as an advertisement-writer; were he as clever as most story illustrators, for sometimes they can accomplish that. But these two are originals; they have brains and use them. The pseudo-literary reviewer has usually another person's brains—and misuses them!

But I don't care; go on and "criticise"! Even "criticism" involves a pen, a sheet of paper, some ink, and a certain amount of time and work. Also, some like to do it. Let them.

—*Impressions.*

A Sunday Dinner for a Nickel.

The new journalism, in spite of all its boasted progressiveness in supplying novelties to its readers, is really not at all speedy in realizing its opportunities. Take, for instance, the way in which the natural outgrowth of the paint box or magic color sheets has been overlooked. These pages, it will be recalled, supply blank outline pictures and little dabs of various colors which, when moistened, serve in a way the same purpose as blocks of paint, though they are harder for the child to eat. Another form of this page gives monochrome pictures which when soaked (or licked with the tongue) burst forth on the astonished gaze in multi-tinted glory. The tongue, by the way, does admirably, and many tenement families have found these pictures quite nourishing for the babies, and the death rate doubtless has been lowered thereby.

Now, from the reaction of such art to that of domestic science is but a step, and yet the Sunday "yellows" have failed entirely to appreciate this line of public utility. What would be easier than for the *Foiled* or the *Diurnal* to get out a really nourishing edition or a sort of a dispensary issue? For example, would anything be simpler than to print the picture of a soup bone with extracts of beef and vegetables instead of ink? The family buying the paper could thereupon boil the page and make a nutritious dish of consommé for the entire household at a most reasonable cost. The soups could be varied from time to time—turtle, chicken, oyster, celery, cream of asparagus, and what not else—all giving excuse for

beautiful illustration. Again, the paper could get out a sheet on rice paper properly impregnated with baking powder and illustrated with luscious griddle cakes. All that would be necessary would be to soak this sheet, cut it out—an amusement for the children—and fry it on a fire made out of the rest of the paper. In the spare corners, pictures tinted with chocolate or coffee extract would supply necessary beverages when properly steeped in hot water. To supply seasoning, pepper could be used instead of periods in the directions. These are but a few of the dishes which would lend themselves to this type of journalism.

In other departments of the household the work of the newspaper could be extended widely. A soap paper could be printed for the laundry; a sticky fly-paper edition for the kitchen, as well as a coal-oil-impregnated sheet for the cook to use in explosions; a flower-seed supplement might be added for the garden, and this would lead to burying these papers—not a bad idea, even if nothing sprouts.

In the nursery and sick-room the paper could be made most effective. Imagine the benefits of a cough syrup bottle pictured by means of some good mixture! One lick and a cold is cured. Tonics, quinine, flavoring extracts, medicinal teas and many other things could be provided in attractive form. The white page and blue page would make a literary Seidlitz powder. A yellow page would do for a mustard plaster, a black page for court plaster, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is a great scheme and one admitting of many variations, but the new journalism is pretty slow after all. Still, here's the suggestion—free for the benefit of the 15,000,000 subscribers of each.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Useless Endowments.

One hundred and six years ago last July 26, a quaint notice of the death of Robert Burns appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. The subjoined extracts are not without interest now: "The public, to whose amusement Robert Burns has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. . . . It is proposed to publish some time hence a posthumous volume of the poetical remains of Robert Burns, for the benefit of the author's family. . . . It is hoped that, in the meantime, none of his original productions will be communicated to the public through the channel of newspapers or magazines, so as to injure the sale of the intended publications."

FACT IN LITERATURE.

By Arthur Symons.

The invention of printing helped to destroy literature. Scribes, and memories not yet spoilt by over-cramming, preserved all the literature that was worth preserving. Books that had to be remembered by heart, or copied with slow, elaborate penmanship, were not thrown away on people who did not want them. They remained in the hands of people of taste. The first book pointed the way to the first newspaper, and a newspaper is a thing meant to be not only forgotten but destroyed. With the deliberate destruction of print, the respect for printed literature vanished, and a single term came to be used for the poem and for the "news item." What had once been an art for the few became a trade for the many, and, while in painting, in sculpture, in music, the mere fact of production means, for the most part, an attempt to produce a work of art, the function of written or printed words ceased to be necessarily more than what a Spanish poet has called "the jabber of the human animal." Unfortunately, words can convey facts; unfortunately, people in general have an ill-regulated but insatiable appetite for facts. Now music cannot convey facts at all; painting or sculpture can only convey fact through a medium which necessarily transforms it. But literature is tied by that which gives it wings. It can do, in a measure, all that can be done by the other arts, and it can speak where they can but make beautiful and expressive gestures. But it has this danger: that its paint, or clay, or crotchets and quavers, may be taken for the color, or form, or sound, and not as the ministrants of these things. Literature, in making its beautiful piece of work, has to use words and facts; these words, these facts, are the common property of all the world, to whom they mean no more than what each individually says, before it has come to take on beautiful form through its adjustment in the pattern. So, while paints are of no use to the man who does not understand the science of their employment, nor clay, nor the notations of musical sound, to any but the trained artist, words may be used at will, and no literature follow, only something which many people will greatly prefer, and which they will all have the misfortune to understand.

There exist, then, under the vague title of literature, or without even the excuse of a stolen title, books which are not books, printed paper which has come from the rag-heap to

return to the rag-heap, that nameless thing the newspaper, which can be likened only, and that at its best, to a printed phonograph. It is assumed that there is a reason in nature why the British shop-keeper should sit down after business hours, and read, for the price of a penny or a halfpenny, at five that a fire broke out at the other end of London at ten o'clock in the morning, and that a young lady of whom he has never heard was burned to death. But the matter is really of no importance to him, and there is no reason in nature why he should ever know anything at all about it. He has but put one more obstacle between himself and any rational conception of the meaning of his life, between himself and any natural happiness, between himself and any possible wisdom. Facts are difficult of digestion, and should be taken diluted, at infrequent intervals. They suit few constitutions when taken whole, and none when taken indiscriminately. The worship of fact is a wholly modern attitude of mind, and it comes together with a worship of what we call science. True science is a kind of poetry, it is a divination, an imaginative reading of the universe. What we call science is an engine of material progress; it teaches us how to get most quickly to the other end of the world, and how to kill the people there in the most precise and economic manner. The function of this kind of science is to extinguish wonder, whereas the true science deepens our sense of wonder as it enlightens every new tract of the enveloping darkness.

The excuse for existence offered by the newspaper, and of every other form of printed matter which does not aim at some artistic end, is that it conveys fact, and that fact is indispensable. But, after all, what is fact? "For poetry," says Matthew Arnold, "the idea is everything, the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotions to the idea; the idea is the fact." Let it be granted that some kind of fact is indispensable to every man; to one man one kind of idea is fact, to another man another; and there remain those to whom fact is really the news of the newspaper. But, even to these, it must be this fact and not that, and certainly not a deluge of any.

Reported speech, for that is what literature is when it is not the musical notation of song, has become more and more a marketable product. It is not paid for, as even the worst

picture is paid for, on account of some imagined artistic merit (a picture being always "pretty to look at"), but because it satisfies curiosity. If the artist in literature chooses to throw in beauty, when he is asked only to answer a question, the beauty is not always rejected along with the answer. But the answer will be considered, at the best, a little unsatisfactory; because a plain man wants a plain answer.—*The Saturday Review*.

A Visit To "Walt" Whitman.

By Theodore W. Hunt.

As is well known, Whitman, the "Good Gray Poet," as he was called, moved from Washington to Camden, N. J., in 1874, living there in the quiet retiracy of an invalid down to his death in 1892. Shortly before his death, I satisfied my personal curiosity and my literary interest in calling upon him and chatting with him a few moments on topics most congenial to him at the time. He was then past seventy, suffering from confirmed and increasing invalidity, and yet keenly alive to all that concerned American national life and letters. His home and immediate surroundings were by no means attractive, as there was nothing indicative of a good competence and comfortable living. In fact, I was obliged to exercise special caution as to how and where I stepped, and, once within what he called his sanctum, it was with difficulty that I found a chair among the literary débris of the room. Everything, including the old man himself, was unkempt and unattractive, so that I found myself at a loss to realize that I was in the presence of one of the most notable American authors of the time.

As I talked with him his controlling thought seemed to be one of amazement that his works had not met with a more general reception, and one of gratitude to those few American and British critics who had spoken in praise of his work—to Emerson and Lowell and Stedman and Symonds and Dowden. He expressed himself as especially indebted to Mr. Stedman for his appreciative chapter in his "Poets of America" and to those British writers who had given him a status in England. Still, a settled sadness was the prevailing feeling even when he was disposed, in justice to himself, to question the critical opinions of such as Lanier and Swinburne, who reviewed in no uncertain language his authority and his purpose, his character and claims.

In conversing with him, one could see that he felt wronged and pained, and he almost pitied the narrowness of those who were not catholic enough to comprehend his theory of

man and literature. Strange to say, he talked of his poetry only, although I believed then and believe now that his best work was in prose, in which department of literary effort he has, as yet, scarcely received his deserts. As unfitted as he was, in some respects, for the rank of the critic, some of his terse deliverances on books and authors have not been surpassed. As I sat and listened to his utterances I could not but feel that he was the most puzzling problem in American letters, nor is the problem yet any nearer solution than it was a decade ago, at the time of his death.

His love for the people was one of his characteristic qualities, so that he never appeared on the streets of Camden or Philadelphia without receiving abundant evidence of popular appreciation. He was never more at home than when talking with a deck-hand on a ferryboat or a common laborer on the highway. No laborer was common to him, nor would the eulogistic words of Ingersoll at his grave have been more welcome to him than the simple tribute of the average American.

His tomb at Harleigh Cemetery, just outside of the limits of Camden, is characteristic of the man. Built by his own direction, under a beautiful wooded slope, we read his name, "Walt Whitman," in bold relief over the entrance, indicative of his unique personality in death and in life.

As I stood and viewed his mausoleum and thought of the man and his writings, I could but recall the title of one of his "Drum Taps" as it reads—"Spirit whose work is done."

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

The Book.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF GUSTAF FRÖDING.

A Holy Writ meseems the firmament,
With early Hebrew text and stamp of ages.
'Twixt clouds it gleams, as through a curtain rent
In Zion's fane, on silver-written pages.

And there, 'tis said, we read our races Spring-time;
The riddle of Creation lies solved there,
And balsam found for ev'ry pain- and sting-time:—
Our questions "Whence and Whither?" answered fair.

A path, too, from the waste through which we're
faring
To where lands honey-flowing us await:
An unknown tongue to creatures blindly staring
At speech so dark, we converts of the gate.

We school ourselves, we struggle, and we stammer;
Our tongues refuse their task, O Elohim!
But falter meaningless and sadly: Lamma—
Rageshu—goyim.*

W. F. HARVEY.

* O God, why do the heathen rage?

THE PAMPHLET AND THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

By Charles Howard Shinn.

As we all know, some of the most interesting and valuable literary items which collectors seek for are in the form of short pamphlets, perhaps once published in large editions, but at the present time rare and very difficult to obtain. Now, many of the timely and noted articles which are being published in modern magazines are really pamphlets of eight or more pages. They might often be so "made up," by the use of illustrations or otherwise, that they could be separated from the rest of the magazine without the intrusion of fragments of other articles. They would thus at once become useful pamphlets, and, as such, might in time possess great value. In fact, this plan would often make stray copies of old magazines worth much more to publishers, dealers, and the reading public, than they possibly can be worth when their chief market value is for making up sets.

But let me illustrate this a little further from the pages of the nearest bound volumes of a standard magazine to which I can at this moment refer, the *Century*. Taking up Vol. XIV. (new series), I note that Edward Eggleston's fine paper upon "The Church of England in the Colonies," sixteen pages with fourteen illustrations, occupied exactly one form, and thus the "separate" makes a valuable pamphlet, worth binding in one of three ways—with other articles by Mr. Eggleston, with colonial historical pamphlets, or with Episcopalian documents.

Turning to Vol. XVII. (new series) of the same magazine, I find a notable article of a little over ten pages upon "Irrigable Lands of the Arid Regions," which so begins and so ends that its separation involves taking parts of two other articles. A little condensation or the use of a few illustrations would have made this article an easily separable pamphlet of ten or twelve pages. Such a "separate" as this would find place in agricultural libraries as well as in histories of the development of the West.

Lastly, I note in the same volume a paper by the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, upon the great temple of Bubastis, which well illustrates how small changes would often produce most striking and valuable "separates." This paper, which of course opens that issue of the magazine, covers, with its superb maps and illustrations, exactly twenty-six and a half pages. How gladly would a col-

lector now sacrifice two or three of the illustrations of modern Egypt (not any of those which show the ruins and the colossi) to have this article brought down to twenty-six pages and thus made a perfect pamphlet! Or with what happiness would a collector have discovered that by the use of some editorial notes, let us say about Miss Edwards' studies, printed at the end of her article, the total had been brought with deft precision to exactly twenty-eight pages!

I do not wish to imply that the appearance of a magazine should be definitely sacrificed to the idea of creating future pamphlets out of its "separates." Nevertheless, something may be done with those leading and more important papers which are likely to become of permanent value as history or as literature, if editors and publishers will only bethink themselves of the needs of future collectors and libraries all over the world. The more ponderous types of periodicals—the quarterlies, reviews, and scientific magazines—might very well adopt such a system of "make-up" to a greater extent than could at present be done by popular monthlies, whose articles are shorter and whose contents are more varied. Indeed, many of the papers in these heavier periodicals are already specialized pamphlets in all except the name and the arrangement. Their publishers might discover that a "make-up" enabling them to part their old issues among many libraries is considerably more profitable than the present system.

One might find it possible to compile a list of a hundred articles published during the last five years in American magazines and not appearing (or not in exactly the same form) in subsequent books, which are likely to have an increasing value year after year, and which, therefore, might easily, as "separates," arrive at fame and fortune on the auction-stand, where first editions and rare pamphlets reach their true level.

A very ardent collector will sometimes find it practicable to cover with extra-illustration, or with other items of interest, the irrelevant pages and half-pages of a volume made up from ordinary magazine articles. At the present time that is the best that can be done with the situation, and, in the case of continued articles or successive chapters of a novel, some quite satisfactory results have been reached within my observation.

Let me also point out to students and collectors that State and National documents, and also the publications of societies and various organizations, can, and indeed must, often receive exactly the same treatment as that proposed for magazines. Such volumes are often mere collections of pamphlets, some of which are worthless, but others are very interesting and important. In California, for instance, the legislative documents usually known as "Appendixes" to Senate and Assembly Journals fill about two hundred large volumes (1850-1900), containing thousands of separate items. In studying the history and work of the two geological surveys of California, I once separated from old Journals and Appendixes twenty-six pamphlets, and thus bound up a single volume of about 400 pages which could not now be duplicated, even at very considerable expense. The "remainders" were not wasted, for from this mass the material was obtained for various other topically arranged volumes on "agriculture," "sericulture," "forestry," "fish and game," "Indians," "mining," "State history," "education," and similar groups. Undoubtedly the legislative documents of every State in the Union are being treated in this way by students and collectors.

To complete the practical side of this, I add that such books of collected articles can often be bound by the collector at his own workbench. Home binding harmonizes better with volumes of this kind than does any shop-work. There are very many persons who have discovered how simple is the apparatus required to begin bookbinding, and how easily a fair amount of skill may be acquired. I have known a country carpenter who spent his odd moments in binding up pamphlets, magazines, and "separates," until he had five hundred volumes done in plain, solid covers, not without a touch of originality, and certainly much more his own throughout than if they had been sent to some uninterested professional.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

He Should Follow His Shillings.

The "near" Scot who had not been an hour in London before "bang went sixpence" has been heard from again if we may judge from the following, which is from the London *Academy*:

A GRIEVANCE.

SIR—Will you allow me to air a little grievance of mine through your columns? Perhaps it may interest your readers. I shall confine myself to a

statement of facts, founded on my copy letter-book and reply-letters.

In the spring of last year Mr. Howard Wilford Bell issued from Oxford a dainty pamphlet entitled *The Book-Lover*, which reached me, and from which I purchased Stevenson's "Father Damien." This tickled my fancy, and on 31 July I ordered "R. L. S.: A Collection of Unpublished Writings," sending four shillings to pay for same. On 7 September I asked when the book was to be sent, receiving in reply, from London, dated 10 September, "I am unable at this time to name the date of its publication." I waited till 10 February this year, when I again asked for the book or a return of the money. A reply dated 3 March, from the office of the Unit Library, said, "It has been decided that the collection of Stevensoniana will not be published." At same time I was asked to select something else from *The Book-Lover* No. 3, and if no selection was made the money would be returned. On 5 March I ordered Marillier's *University Magazines*, &c., "as described on page 25 of *The Book-Lover* No. 3," i. e., "500 copies on Dutch hand-made paper." The original price of 3s. had been advanced to 3s. 6d., which I regarded as an indication that the edition was almost exhausted. I received (15 March) a copy on ordinary (very ordinary) paper of a bluish-white tint, which would have been dear at one shilling, and this was promptly returned same day with a request for return of the four shillings if what I ordered could not be furnished. There was no reply, and on 8 April I again reminded the publisher that I had received neither book nor money. Still no reply. On 4 June I gently remonstrated with him for putting me to so much trouble to recover my own, but my letter was returned by the Unit Library with a note on the margin to the effect that Mr. Howard Wilford Bell's address was now 34, Washington Square, New York. Thither on 6 June I despatched my letter, and from that day to this the silence has been unbroken, not even by the Dead Letter Office.

What do you think I should do?—Yours, &c.,
C. M. FALCONER.

Dundee, Scotland.

Brevity.

Windows in heaven, lakes in transparency;
Eve's waning hour, of light not all undrest;
The distant rivers' mimicry of rest;
Gleams for a moment given to the sea;
The passing face that snares thee innocently;
Unbidden tears; proud sob with pride repress;
Unlooked for look of Love; these bring Life zest
Savory with the salt of brevity.
Briefness of life doth life to Life endear;
One mortal heart for all the Gods hath room;
Restriction molds and rolls the suns aright;
By circumspection of compacted sphere
Welding to orbs that kindle and illumine,
The beamless dust of spaces infinite.

—RICHARD GARNETT.

ON BECOMING POSSESSED OF A LIBRARY.

By James Arthur Gibson.

Ever since I can remember it has been my ambition to be the possessor of a home in the country, of a library, and of leisure to devote myself to reading. I have always been a lover of books, and whilst able, heretofore, to read but little, have eagerly looked forward to the time when I could bury myself in some country retreat and let the world, unheeded and unheeding, go on its way. Such has been the lodestar of my life; for that I have worked; for that waited; and, though often during years of strenuous life the end seemed far off, yet never did I allow my vision to grow dim; and now, when but well across the threshold of manhood, all has come to me as I dreamed, and I can say with timid Abraham Cowley, "Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long and now at last married."

When a few months ago I returned to the dear "ould counthry," and settled down here at my native village, I had but a few books, gathered haphazard during the busy years that are past, and I was planning the formation of a library, when, by the kindness of an indulgent father, who presented me with the bulk of the family books, I was at once put in possession of—what still was wanting to the full realization of my ambition—a library.

Need I say that no gift could have been more acceptable, or that, having removed the books—three naked cart-loads of precious harvestings—from my father's house to my own, and having piled them on the floor of this room, henceforth to be their home, a mighty stack of eighteen hundred volumes—one hundred and forty cubic feet of "the deeps and shallows of the pen," come to keep my spare volumes company—I felt like a prince who had come into an inheritance. You who love books will know what my feelings were then. I had been so little at home since, as a boy of twelve, I had left for school, that I had read very few of these books, and had but cursorily looked over some others of them, and so did not know of what they really consisted. Can you not imagine with what delight—with what "strange curiosity of emotion"—I went about classifying and arranging them on the shelves I had prepared, and with what a sense of expectancy, uncertainty, and hope I lifted up each volume, not knowing what it would turn out to be, whether a prosy work of some last century divine, or a book

of Hannah More—that theological Amazon—or the work of a Seneca, of a Goldsmith, or an Emerson, or a volume of Tacitus, of Plutarch, of the "Rambler," or the "Spectator"; and with what a thrill I would come upon a Petrarch, a Rousseau, or a Montaigne, each in itself a continent, on the shores only of which I had stood and cast longing eyes towards the mountains of thought stretching far away inland!

I used to think that I had worn out all my intensest feelings about books, but I was mistaken. In this delectable treasure-finding I experienced—what seemed to me a thing impossible—as much pleasure as I had felt over the discovery and reading of "Little Jack Horner" (who lived in a picture-book in that very cupboard over there in the corner, connected with which are some curious associations of which I may one day speak, and which was always kept locked, and to me such a mystery, but, I afterwards learned, contained my grandfather's manuscript sermons), or of "Aladdin," or of "Dick Whittington," who with his cat sailed

"Until they reached beyond the seas the land of Diartarty;
This land was overrun with mice, in myriads they were swarming,
And no cat there to check their growth, and that was most alarming.

'Up, Cat, and at them,' cried our Dick—you ne'er saw such a slaughter;
Yea, millions fell, and bags of them were thrown into the water."

These juvenile books had given me so much pleasure, had been the wonderful avenues through which I had approached the fair gardens of literature, and had always remained my high-water marks of appreciation, that I never expected to be moved by books in the same way again. Only on three occasions since those early days, and until now, had I experienced keenly that book-fervor—that "thrill, glow, satisfaction, music of the brain"—once when, on an Edinburgh book-stall I unexpectedly came upon "The Basket of Flowers"—a tale from the German—which was the first connected story I had ever heard, and which I never dreamed had any existence as a book; and again, when, a year ago, I became possessed of Malory's "Mort d'Arthure," of which I had previously been wholly ignorant:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken";

and a third time on reading Carlyle's "Past," when I "looked face to face on a remote century" as I had never looked before, and was clean lifted by Carlyle from here and now and set down, seven centuries back, beside that old Abbey of St. Edmundsbury. These were times when I almost reached the level of those "Aladdin" days, and not until I came to taste the pleasures of discovery among these unknown treasures, which were now all my own, did I realize that I could rise again to that level. What rush of remembrance ever equaled that with which I would pick up from the pile some old favorite of my boyhood—"Æsop's Fables" or "Robinson Crusoe"—the very book itself that I had read and that had lived with me ever since, even to its binding and illustrations, and had always been associated in my mind with that classic, but which I had never seen since then? With what feeling hands did I turn over the pages of the "Swiss Family Robinson," and how fondly linger over the well-remembered pictures! I felt almost inclined to press the book to my heart, to take it into my being, it seemed so much a part of myself—of my life. There were Fritz and James and Ernest just as I had left them twenty years ago; and there the wonderful house they built in the tree, a very ideal of Bohemian delightfulness. How far have I traveled since then! Well do I remember the tears I shed on being told that the "Swiss Family Robinson" was only a story.

Can you wonder that I spent days over a task so congenial as that of arranging these books, lost at times to outer consciousness over the pages of some more than ordinarily interesting find; or that, the task completed and the room inhabited-looking, I cast my eyes over the comfortably filled shelves, and, swinging my arms about like Dominie Sampson on a similar occasion, shouted "Prodigious"? I stood, "a Sultan amid a circle of willing beauties." I was enraptured, elated, lifted far above the even level of feeling. A goal had been reached, a work completed, a dream fulfilled, an ambition realized. I cried, "Take from me these books—from my life all that they mean to me—and in exchange for each give me a fortune, and you beggar me." It was a moment of triumph.

Through my library windows I can look out on a well-remembered scene. Almost at my feet are the waters of the North Channel, and I can watch the breezes sporting across lawns of waving grass and imprinting their last wild kiss on the land before they take to the sea; while out across the ever-changing water, to

the right is the island home of Hall Caine—the land of the author of "Betsy Lee"—which lies these November days right in the path of the rising sun, and shows up, like some huge monster of the deep making its way northwards, clear cut, dark, and purple against the golds and greens and vermilions of the morning sky; and to the left, but twenty miles across the Channel, Crockett's country rises from the sea, showing on a clear day the white specks of its homesteads, and the greens or yellows of its farm-lands; and at night, through the open window, I can watch the Mull Light as it flashes out, and can imagine Crockett's heroes and heroines wandering, as he loves to make them wander, over those wild Galloway hills; while due eastward lies, but too far off to be seen, the Lake District, steeped in recollections of inspired dreamers, the "home of so many poets and seers and great teachers, the haunt and dwelling-place of so many immortals." Here, with such surroundings, have I taken up my abode; here in a place that is to me "fairer than Lesbos or the Cretan shore," and which, as a writer in the sixteenth century describes it, is "a Champion Countrey, both pleasaunte and fayer by the sea, about which Countrey the sea doth ebb and flowe," where there is room to breathe, and amid the scenes of my youth, on the farm that for two hundred years my people have held, have I made my home. Here have I set up as a reader of other men's thoughts and as a thinker, perhaps, of some thoughts of my own.

And of what does my library consist? That were hard to say. I am not a bibliographer—not a connoisseur of bindings, of editions, of rarities—and do not know if any of the old seventeenth-century books, with their quaint irregular type, their wood-cuts, and their red-and-black letter title-pages, or any of the other books, are of more than ordinary interest; besides, who could happily describe a whole library, as apart from the contents of the books? Crabbe tried it and failed. What a rhyming inventory is that of his "the mighty folios, quartos, light octavos, duodecimos"; the forms, the size, the dress, the subject classification of his books? Here, to be sure, are "court calendars, directories, pocket-books, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'; the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' Lamb's *biblia a biblia*; with Locke "On the Under-

standing" and such dead weights, in polished adamantine leather bindings, like gun-metal casings, as if they were memorials meant to last for all time—solid inside and out. But there are here books also that are books—works of the poets, philosophers, romancists, essayists, of every age; of biography, travel, and recent science, of as deep interest, perhaps, even as they; curious books of little known and less read authors, long out of print; old tomes of past centuries on odd subjects, such as chess and painting; detached histories of men and manners, of places and events; eighteenth-century magazines and reviews; the works of local versifiers and other authorlings, of interest only to oneself—many a tatterdemalion, worthy and unworthy; besides much literary flotsam and jetsam which one would like some time to examine at more leisure in the hope of coming across something worth rescuing.

What struck me most about the old books was the inordinate length of their introductions, prefaces, advertisements, or dedications. Here is a work of 240 pages, 100 pages of which are introduction! These old writers seem never to have been happy until they had launched forth every one of their teeming thoughts on every imaginable aspect of their subject, viewed from every conceivable standpoint. Some of these preliminary canters were no doubt brilliant affairs, but I have long since learned to look with suspicion on prefaces and introductions. In the case of romance, at any rate, it is fatal to read a preface. Some years ago I took up "The Bride of Lammermoor," and in an evil moment read the introductory remarks, in which Scott proceeds to unfold "the general plan of the story," and to "give the source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history," and tells the *dénouement* (for I have since looked to see) in almost the words of the novel itself. He draws aside the curtain and shows us his heroes and heroines in their dressing-rooms before the play begins, and disillusion us with a knowledge which he, as stage manager, should have known we would be better without. At any rate, the book was spoiled for me; I could never bring myself to read it. This put me from reading introductions for some time, until, when about to read "Lorna Doone," I had the temerity to again look into a preface, to my sorrow, for Blackmore there speaks of "the savage deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depths of Blagworthy Forest and the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them." The marplot! He had said enough,

for the words "hapless maid" kept always before me, and I read the story with a feeling of depression that would otherwise have been absent; and, after all, the preface turned out to be quite misleading. I have never since read an introduction to a novel, and will never, willingly, read one again. If I am ever so far misguided as to write a book, other than of facts, and feel deeply that my bantling needs an introduction, I will say "Preface: for introduction (to be read last) see end."

In a little cupboard by themselves I have packed away my school-books. They had found their way home long ago, and now recall many memories—I cannot say pleasant memories, for to me it seems strange that people can talk of their happy childhood and school-boy days. Certainly when a boy I was sometimes genuinely happy, but oftener miserable, with a miserableness that could not account for things, but that stood me, a trembling puppet, at the mercy of authority, temporal and spiritual, and failed to show me those of whom I stood in awe were as frail and as imperfect as myself; with a miserableness that could not gauge forces or measure proportions, but weighted my little shoulders with my little sorrows as if with a very world of hopelessness; with a miserableness of dark ignorance that imagined terrors which should not have existed—that could not know there would be a dawn—and of a mind, unskilled in purposes, unconsciously struggling to be free of the chains of formalism which bound and crushed it, for all was to me formalism and terribleness then; and I was never at peace until able to judge rationally of the bearings of life, to see their proportions and to realize man is man, and that there is none to whom he owes allegiance; that he should not bow to aught in heaven or on earth, but should stand erect in the presence of his fellows, neither afraid nor ashamed; that he is the arbiter of his own destinies; that his spirit is free, and should not be in bondage to anything seen or unseen.

But many of the memories of my school days are happy memories, and here is a little book, De Maistre's "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre," that recalls one of them. With what pleasure did I look forward to the readings of this book in class at Coleraine! It was my favorite book of that year. I used to wish De Maistre, a prisoner in his room—the world shut out—with his thoughts and his books, and with leisure to meditate and to write. I used to wish that that had been my fate, just to have had time to think, without interfer-

ence, and without feeling that I was guilty in thus being a hermit for a while. What a genial, witty fellow is De Maistre, and how companionable! He is a man of thought, he is a man of action; he is imaginative, he is practical; he looks on the world with the eyes of a seer, but feels through the senses of a boy. It is a charming little book this that he has made out of nothing; what a quaint, homely, level-headed philosophy crops up through it all! Here he is with one of my favorite passages, *Un bon feu, des livres, des plumes, que de ressources contre l'ennui!* to which I always add *une pipe à fumer*. You remember that droll servant of his, Joanetti, who has orders to enter the room half an hour earlier than is necessary, so that his master may realize that he is in bed, and have the opportunity of enjoying that *heure charmante* of meditation in its *douce chaleur*. Herr W. liked that to be translated "cosiness." You remember how at first Joanetti always busies himself quietly about the room, and insensibly, but surely, as time goes on becomes more noisy, and then as *l'heure fatale* approaches looks at his master's watch and jingles the seals; but that his master pretends not to hear, gives a hundred preliminary orders to gain time, and plays all kinds of tricks on poor Joanetti, who knows quite well why these orders are given, yet seems not to see through the ruse, and for this his master feels grateful to him; then, at last, how, when all resources are exhausted, Joanetti advances to the middle of the room and, folding his arms, gazes immovably at his master, who cannot any longer carry on the pretence, but has to signify that he understands. When we came to this part of the book Herr W. would tell us of Buffon, who was also excessively fond of his bed of a morning; of how he promised his servant a crown every morning he could rouse him at six o'clock; of how the first morning Buffon stormed at, and the next threatened, the poor fellow, who, of course, did not accomplish his task; of how the third morning—Buffon having meantime pointed out to his servant that they had both lost through this weakness, the servant his crown and he himself his morning's work—Buffon, after venting his wrath to no purpose, and offering two crowns to be allowed to remain in bed, had, the servant proving inexorable, perforce to get up; of how thenceforth the servant was master, and thus saved Buffon many precious hours, and the world much that it would otherwise have missed.

Nothing requires so much courage for its accomplishment as the voluntarily lifting of

oneself out of this warm lethean bed-state into the cold actualities of existence. On many and many a winter morning since those school days, as, forced to get up to work, I lingeringly and grumbly roused myself, did I think of De Maistre and Buffon, and wonder at their self-imposed Spartanism.

"Un lit nous voit naître et nous voit mourir—c'est un berceau garni de fleurs; c'est un sépulcre."

On looking over these present-day school-books and comparing them with some older ones, I was surprised to find that our great-grandfathers read from just the same books as we read from. Here are, in 1775, much the same selections from Phædrus as I had to read in 1884. But there is a difference. How happy must juvenile translators have been in 1775! In this old Phædrus "the words of the author are placed according to their grammatical construction below every fable." What a useful arrangement, what a saving of time, what a conservation of thought-energy, what a preservation of brain tissue! No prolonged hopeless hunting then for verbs and their subjects, no mistaking then of neuter accusatives plural for feminine ablatives singular. No hot chases then in pursuit of some promising noun or adjective only to find it, after much time wasted in the search, a part of the second person plural pluperfect subjunctive passive of some verb. Certainly they arranged things better for schoolboys then. Here is the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, with a Latin translation opposite each page of the Greek, and here a Cæsar's "Commentaries" (1776), and there a "Cornelius Nepos" (1773) with, page for page, English translations! What wouldst thou think, Geordie, thou most painstaking of masters, of such goings-on, if indeed thy care of souls have not quite banished these old heathen authors from thy thoughts, and made them unto thee anathema; or thou, T. G., with thy hatred of shams, and thy detestation of everything that could weaken the mental fibre of thy boys, what wouldst thou to me, had I, in some vacation, stumbled on one of these books—our course for the year—and taken it in triumph back to school and into class, and thou, calling on me to translate, hadst been amazed at hearing a flowing translation instead of a stammering construing, and hadst, being a man whose act followed immediately thy thought, said, "Hand me up that book," and I, passing the book, and looking up innocently into thy face, had answered, "Sir, it is not a crib; it is 'for the use of schools'?" I fear me I should have fared badly at thy hand.

Some of the books on my shelves have his-

tories of their own, but I should weary you telling them all. One such, however, I may mention, since it was the means of leading me out for a pleasant ramble. It is the "Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of King James I." This copy (two vols. 8vo) was subscribed for by a score of people, and circulated amongst them in the order in which their names appear on the inside of the cover, and was to be read by each and forwarded in three weeks. One of the names is that of Helen, Lady Dufferin, authoress of "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," granddaughter of Sheridan, and mother of Lord Dufferin. In honor of this Lady Dufferin was erected that "Helen's Tower" of which Tennyson sings:

"Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love in letter'd gold."

Among my books I am in a new world, for I have read so little that nearly everything is fresh to me. I am continually coming upon some book that must to you be stale and unprofitable, but that to me is living with interest. Why did no one ever tell me that "Tristram Shandy" is the most delightful book in the world? I have read of it two books and nine chapters, in all fifty-three chapters and one sermon, and Tristram—misnamed, ill-begotten Tristram—who was on the point of being born in the sixth chapter of the first book, is not born yet! Perhaps he will be born in the next sentence, or in the next chapter, or in the next book, or it may take two more books to bring him forth—would that every one could be born so pleasantly—or he may appear in the middle of the next sermon, but so often have I been disappointed of his birth, just when he was about to come into the world, that I have no great hopes of his ever allowing himself to be born at all. There is no such humor as Sterne's now. There is no room for such humor. Fancy the present-day utilitarian review—twenty words to the foot—lending itself to such foolery. What elephantine gambolings!

It is glorious to have come to man's estate and to have read so little; to have been kept from spoiling the flavor of the best books by youthful and inappreciative reading. How often have I felt ashamed when hearing my contemporaries blow themselves big over all the deep and learned books which they had studied and which were to me but names! I am ashamed no longer—I rejoice. I thank the fates that have kept me busy otherwise until now, and that have thus prevented me nauseating myself, while still an infant, with such

man's meat; and now, arrived at years of some discrimination and appreciation, I have consequently a keen relish for "browsing on such fair and wholesome pasturage." With the exception of a dozen novels, some poetry and a few essays, I have read scarcely anything worth reading. I am ignorant of almost all the greatest minds that have wrought and thought and created—ignorant of the Homers, the Bacons, the Humboldts, the Thackerays. I do not think I have ever read a really thoughtful book in my life. But now I can have a masterpiece every month for years to come; now with the key to leisure I can open these treasure-houses at will. Who that is a lover of books but will envy me? Who that has a heart of flesh but will wish me well?

Troubles With the Moon.

The moon proves a terrible pitfall to most writers. Wilkie Collins once performed the marvelous feat of making it rise in the west. Rider Haggard, in "King Solomon's Mines," relies for the effective rendering of one of his most thrilling scenes upon an eclipse of the new moon.

Coleridge placed a star between the horns of the crescent moon, forgetting that to be visible in such a position the star would have to be between the earth and the moon, or, say, 230,000 miles away only.

Next to the moon perhaps the sun is responsible for more glaring errors than any single concrete cause. At the beginning of a certain famous novel, the title of which a few years back was in everybody's mouth, an invalid character's room was said to have been lighted by one window looking directly toward the east. Yet at the end of the book, when the invalid dies, the author, wishing to make him depart this life in a flood of glory, suffuses this eastern windowed room with "the red glare of the setting sun."

Kingsley, too, made one of his heroes row out into the eastern ocean after the setting sun. But even this glaring absurdity has been capped. In a novel published by a well-known firm there occurs the following passage, the scene being laid on board a big sailing ship:

"How's the wind?" asked the skipper. 'East-northeast,' replied the mate, glancing at the masthead pennant, which was streaming blithely in the direction indicated." So that in the world, according to novelists, we should not only find the sun setting in the east, but pennants would "stream" against the direction of the prevailing wind.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATING.

By E. Wilder.

This beautiful art of illustrating text, written on vellum, parchment or paper, by painting of borders, miniatures, heraldic devices, etc., in water color, has been known from remote antiquity. Traces of it are found among the Egyptian *papyri*; and we know that they made Books of the Dead, illustrated by miniatures. Most of their designs were mythological figures. No examples show the use of burnished gold and silver in their decorations. Yet the Greeks must have derived their knowledge of it either from Egypt or India. Under the Lower Empire, the writers in gold and silver were numerous enough to form a class of artists apart.

In the third century (252-238) one of the Greek Emperors at Constantinople was presented by his mother with a copy of Homer, written in gold letters on purple vellum. The use of stained or dyed vellum was quite common in the fifth and sixth centuries, but it is not before the seventh that we find it in England.

Of Roman illuminations no early specimens are extant, though Pliny speaks of miniatures of authors adorning their writings. They were probably of the same style as those of the Greeks, and indeed mostly executed by artists of that nation or trained in Athens.

The Greek school of art known as the Byzantine, from Byzantium, the capital, was developed under the successors of Constantine the Great. This school, influenced by intercourse with the Oriental nations and by the decadence of Rome, was very stiff and formal, though its religious sentiment gave to the figures, drawn on a golden background, a certain calm and spiritual dignity very impressive.

There was an efflorescence of artistic feeling and execution in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, followed by a gradual decline, austerity of form becoming a wooden angularity, and solemn serenity unpleasant mannerism.

The famous *Codex Argenteus* of Ulphilas (of about 360 A. D.) is one of the best known examples of the skill of the *chrysographi*, or painters in gold and silver. At Vienna is a beautiful MS. Dioscorides of the fourth century; and the Vatican numbers among its greatest treasures the priceless Vergil, of about the same date.

Saint Jerome already was complaining of the tendency, prevalent in later times, to

decorate books with initial letters of a size quite disproportionate to the pages.

Charlemagne, that great patron of letters and arts, and afterwards Charles the Bald, encouraged the German and Italian illuminators in every way, so that much good work was done by them in the eighth and ninth centuries. After a while, however, the ingenious and graceful initial letters invented by them—the *lettres historiées*—degenerated into mere caricatures.

The Byzantine school, passing into Ireland, had developed there a new and peculiar school, characterized by its wonderful interlaced ornaments, often terminating in heads of curious gryphons or serpents. The masterpiece of this Celtic school is the Book of Kells, preserved at Trinity College, Dublin. It is supposed to be a work of the ninth century. The exquisite accuracy of the intricate convolutions of this marvelous manuscript, even examined with a microscope, is a subject of amazement and discouragement to those who study it.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, as well as the twelfth, great care was bestowed on capitals and representations of objects related to the text, but treated symbolically. Indeed, the whole art was symbolical, even to the colors, and it would require a volume to go into details on this point. The superb grounds of burnished gold under borders and initials were of later date.

England had a school of her own, of extreme richness and beauty. Many specimens of this Anglo-Saxon, Hiberno-Saxon, or *Opus Anglicum*, as it is variously called, may yet be seen, such especially as the Durham Book (eighth century) at the British Museum and the Benedictional at Chatsworth.

In the early part of the twelfth century illuminations were profusely ornamented, and, though rich, were somewhat heavy, and lacking in true inspiration. In the latter half of it there was a great revival of taste in design, so that Sir Frederick Madden pronounced the work of this period nearest to the elegance and simplicity of the best days of Greece, while the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the palmy days of the art. The magnificent Arundel Psalter and the superb Italian MSS. of this period bear witness to the perfection attained.

Examples of the fifteenth century are most numerous, and their decorations are of sur-

passing beauty, though some find them too luxuriant for the severe rules of the earlier artists. To this epoch belong those glorious choir-books of the Cathedral of Siena, the celebrated Bedford Missal, the Book of Hours of Duchess Anne of Brittany, Queen of Louis XII., the world-famed Breviary of Cardinal Grimani at Venice, with most of the finer examples of French and Flemish origin now existing in the great libraries of the world. The Flemish artists often excelled their French and German rivals.

In the sixteenth century, though it was remarkable for fine miniatures, illumination began to wane. There was, however, both in this and the following century some exceedingly delicate and beautiful work in *camaieu* , or monochrome designs, lighted up by skillful touches of gold.

The invention of printing, and the disuse of parchment for books, brought about the practical extinction of illumination as a profession. One of the very last of the elaborately decorated MSS. is the Missal (?) at Rouen, nearly three feet in height, completed in 1682, on which a monk spent thirty years of loving labor.

Some of the early printed books, like a few copies of the Mazarin Bible, were illustrated by hand.

In the days before the advent of Faust and Gutenberg, when books were such rare and precious possessions, the greatest artists did not disdain to embellish them. Dante has enshrined in his immortal verse the names of Oderigi of Gubbio and Franco of Bologna; and among others we might name Giotto, Raimondo, Atavante, Jean Bourdichon, Van Eyck, Girolamo of Cremona, Liberale of Verona, Giulio Clovio, Fra Angelico, Raphael and his pupil, Giulio Romano. Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and Saint David, the apostle of Wales, were also expert illuminators.

The Chinese have illuminated some of their classics. They are generally sparing of ornament, like the Japanese; but their writing is beautiful, very fine and black. Some quaint specimens, rather rudely executed on leaves of the Indian fig or some similar substance, may be seen at the Lenox Library, New York. In the Sloane collection, London, there is a manuscript from Thibet, written in gold and silver on dark blue paper. The traveler, Pietro della Valle, tells us that he saw at Aleppo, in 1625, a Syriac copy of the Gospels, four hundred years old, written in gold.

A few Oriental MSS. of the seventh and eighth centuries show good borders; but most

of the exquisitely beautiful Arabic and Persian illuminated MSS. are comparatively recent work, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. As a rule, there is much more ornamentation than text, which frequently consists of extracts from the Koran.

In early Greek work we find that the representation of the Crucifixion was always avoided. At first, only the Holy Scriptures and books of devotion were illuminated, but gradually the custom spread to profane books.

Certain rules and traditions of Christian art (for which one may consult Didron's "Christian Iconography") were strictly followed for age after age. There was an orthodox way of representing everything and heresies in form or color met with no more tolerance than verbal ones. In his work on the French Bible in the Middle Ages, Monsieur S. Berger says: "Tradition controlled all illustration of manuscripts. . . . The Bible was copied at the University of Paris, in those studios where the miniatures were as scrupulously watched as the text, and from which issued manuscripts resembling each other as closely as if printed."

Paris was, even in Dante's time, a sort of world-center of the art, and, as Mr. Paget Toynbee observes, it was not simply to find a rhyme for *Oderisi* that he wrote him to be

*"l'onor di quel arte
Che illuminare si chiama a Parisi."*

The importance of the artists there was so great, Monsieur Berger tells us, that it was one of the "free crafts," that is, exempted from keeping watch and ward for the King.

The greater part of the splendid MSS. produced in the Middle Ages was executed in the numerous convents and monasteries, where books were regularly copied in a "Scriptorium," where hundreds of monks and nuns were carefully trained in the different branches of the art.

The scribe usually began by ruling lines for the text, which he proceeded to write. Then it was adorned by the artists, who made heraldic ornaments, borders and initial letters. Finally, if there were to be portraits or miniatures introduced, another and master hand was usually called for. Sometimes a scribe confined himself exclusively to one author. This division of labor, keeping one person continually at the same thing, made him not only a skillful but a rapid worker, facilitating the multiplication of copies; and so we can understand how it was possible to stock the libraries of those days, and supply the rich frequenters of the churches with dainty prayer-books. As nearly all secular persons in those days recited

daily the Office of the Blessed Virgin or the Psalter, and often both, there was a constant demand for those charming volumes.

A similar system is still followed in convents in Paris and other places where the art is still practised, one Sister preparing the material, another writing the text, while others paint arabesques, flowers, figures or initials. It is rare that an entire book—except occasionally a Psalter—is undertaken, as the chief demand in modern times is for addresses, title pages or dedications of books, interleaving for prayer-books, *menus* for dinners, etc., sentences from Scripture or favorite authors for framing, but especially with appropriate words for birth- and name-days, Communions, confirmations, graduations, ordinations, marriages, jubilees, and deaths.

Those wishing to study the subject more in detail are referred to the following authorities:

Dibdin's "Biographical Decameron," the great works of Count Bastard and of d'Agin-court, Humphrey's "Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," Sylvestre's "Universal Paleography," the "Grammar of Ornament," by Owen Jones; the "Art of Illuminating," by Sir M. D. Wyatt (ed. 1860); Shaw's "Alphabets, Numerals and Devices of the Middle Ages;" Middleton's "Illustrated MSS. in Classic and Mediæval Times."

Most of these contain very fine reproductions of the best examples.

In conclusion, I would beg more of my American sisters, who have a cultivated taste and deft fingers, to emulate the accomplished Queen Elizabeth of Roumania in encouraging and practising this delightful art. For the benefit of those desirous of attempting its study, I add a few practical remarks:

Vellum, such as was used in the sumptuous books of old, can no longer be procured. Our modern manufacturers cannot seem to give us the flexible, even, creamy texture of those velvety pages of the past. The vellum of our day is more or less stiff, of unequal thickness, and liable to gray or yellow spots. The best is made in Paris. It should be calfskin, prepared with chalk. Its opaqueness renders it best for solid grounds or *plein fonds*. Parchment, the skin of a sheep or an ass, as it is semi-transparent, is good for flowers and light designs. Reynolds's English bristol board is often used, is less expensive, and easier for a novice to handle. But it does not give the tints the same rich, soft glow.

Most artists use the Winsor & Newton water-colors, though some prefer their colors

in powder, and sable brushes. Pure gold is used, either in the leaf or powder mixed with gum-water. The gold may be obtained yellow, green, red or white, and the judicious use of the different tints is very effective in a composition. Instead of pure silver, which very soon turns black, aluminum, platinum, and the white gold are used.

It is perhaps because the gold of the present day is so much less pure from alloy that the burnisher seems less effective than in the mediæval work, which is often as resplendently brilliant as if just from the artist's hand.

The essential things to make a good illumination are sharp, delicate outlining, the use of only quite pure and fresh tints; with the avoiding, as far as possible, of shading and perspective, as the effect sought should be produced by the harmonious contrast of flat tints.

Colors should be lightened by mixing with Chinese white. The *gouache* colors of Bourgeois give some good tones.

The examination of the magnificent MS. by Giulio Clovio, at the Lenox Library in New York, will show some of the possibilities of this lovely art.

This Is Easily the 101st!!

"Do you want clippings?" This question is constantly put to us by advertising agencies. Personally speaking, I do not want clippings. Where the fun is in hearing every word of the great whispering galleries of the press one cannot imagine. Yet, an agency tells us, "we are sending clippings now to most of the leading authors of the United States and England." The authors must be very curious to know what the *Galveston Herald* or the *Kelso Mail* is saying about them. Some amateur sent me a clipping to the effect that I was not beloved in Boston, Mass. Valuable information—as if I cared for what was thought about me in Boston, and another place associated with it by Charles Baudelaire. Besides, the citizens of Boston cannot possibly care a red cent about me. "We read about 1,200 newspapers a day, and between 700 and 800 weekly and monthly magazines," say the Clippers. Even in that other place (associated, invidiously, with Boston, Mass., by Baudelaire) such studies would be deemed too cruelly penal. Five cents a clipping is the market price, so for five dollars one could purchase 100 printed impertinences. —Andrew Lang in *Longman's* for September.

THE ORIGINAL CAMILLE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Margaret Anglin's *Camille* has excited not a little attention in San Francisco. It is another proof, if proof were needed, of the vitality of the old play. The dramatic critics have entertainingly discussed the young actress's conception of the rôle. Some notes about the first production of the play may be of interest.

These facts about the reluctant managers and closing theatres are taken from the unique "Edition des Comédiens," of which Dumas *fils* printed only ninety-nine copies. This edition of his works was never placed on sale, but distributed to friends. This "actor's edition," as its name would imply, went principally to the players whom Dumas most affected.

In September, 1844, Dumas *fils* , returning from a visit to the Château of Monte Cristo, entered the Théâtre des Variétés with his friend, Eugène Déjazet. In a stage box was seated a beautiful woman—one of whom all Paris at that time was talking—Marie Duplessis. She was accompanied by a Russian nobleman of great age and many millions, and a certain fashionable *modiste* of the time—rather an uncommon combination. For a long time Dumas *fils* had desired to know Marie Duplessis. His friend, Déjazet, already knew the fashionable *modiste*. It is easy to tell the rest. Given the scene, the time, and four young people, what would naturally happen? What always happens. After the elderly nobleman went to bed, the four young people went to supper. This was the beginning of the relations of Dumas *fils* with the beautiful Marie Duplessis, from which relations came the play of "La Dame aux Camélias." I will call it "Camille" for short.

But the play departed from real life in more respects than one. As the stern father was, if anything, a little more dissipated than his son, he interposed no objection to that youth's relations with the lady; in fact, Marie Duplessis died while traveling in Spain with both father and son.

The play was written in the summer of 1849, in eight days; the second act was written in five hours. Doubtful of his dramatic ability, Dumas at first had given to a hack playwright of the time, one Antony Beraud, the job of turning his romance into a play. M. Beraud evolved a remarkable production. It had a prologue in which a Duke's daughter perishes of tuberculosis, while in the play the same actress dies over again as *Marguerite*. One act

was laid in a Bohemian setting, with songs and dances by students and *grisettes*—something like the studio scene in "Trilby." Dumas rejected this precious production, but Beraud held out for his half share of the author's rights. He received his share for two hundred and fifty nights, when he suddenly died, and Dumas then bought back again the author's rights to his own play from Beraud's widow.

It was not without some difficulties that "Camille" saw the light. It was read and approved by the elder Dumas, and then read at the Théâtre Historique, where it was received with the applause and tears of actors and actresses. But just as it was being put into rehearsal, the Théâtre Historique was forced to close its doors. Two theatres then refused it successively, the Gaieté and the Ambigu. The Vaudeville accepted it, but it was also forced almost immediately to close. Dumas took the play to the Gymnase, where Manager Montigny promptly refused it. Then it was read at the house of the famous actress, Déjazet, which resulted in much talk, but nothing more. A still more famous actress, Rachel, directed the young playwright to bring it to her house to be read before a critical gathering. But on the appointed date, Rachel forgot all about it, and went to a pleasure party instead.

Dumas grew much discouraged and weeks passed with no opening. At last Manager Bouffé put it on at the Vaudeville.

There was a curious struggle between *Camille* and her lover on the first night. The leading rôles were created by Mme. Doche and Fechter (this actor, by the way, played *Hamlet* in blue tights and a flaxen wig in San Francisco many years ago). Dumas had strenuously striven to force Fechter to be brutal with Mme. Doche; after *Camille* admits to *Armand* that she loves *De Varville*, the dramatist demanded that *Armand* should strike *Camille* and hurl her to the floor. But Fechter firmly refused. On the first night, however, just before the curtain rose, Fechter, who doubted of success, yielded, saying to Dumas: "Very well, I consent to your preposterous demand—all the more willingly, as I know the piece will never get as far as that scene."

But the success, from the first act on, was unprecedented, and the audience grew more enthusiastic as the play progressed. In the fourth act, Fechter suddenly recollected his promise to undertake the stage business which

Dumas demanded. But Mme. Doche had not been warned, either by him or the playwright, and not knowing what was the matter with Fechter, she resisted so vigorously that the curtain fell on the struggling pair, amid the audience's wild cheers.

French playwrights sell both the copyright and the stage right of their plays, which are relished by large numbers of readers as well as spectators. Dumas offered the copyright of "Camille" to Tress, the book-man, for three hundred dollars. But that prudent publisher would have none of the bargain. Dumas then sold it to the firm of Girand & Dagneaux for ten dollars. These gentlemen were more foresighted—they sold in the first week twenty thousand copies, and they and their heirs have been selling copies ever since.

As for the stage copyright, Dumas made a futile attempt to obtain one thousand dollars for it. He peddled it all over Paris, but no one would touch it. Thus, fortunately for Dumas, he was unable to find a purchaser. So the stage right stayed in the possession of Dumas, very much to his gratification and that of his heirs.

Margaret Anglin's *Camille* has roused reminiscences of many *Camilles*. But Sarah Bernhardt's conception of *Camille* is the one that sticks in the memory of all of us, and justly, too, for it is a wonderful piece of work.

Apropos of Bernhardt, let me give one of Francisque Sarcey's keen observations regarding her *Camille*—partly to show the originality and boldness of her treatment of a rôle, and partly to show the curious relation existing in Paris between the critic, the playwright, and the player. Sarcey—who died in Paris not many months ago—was the dean of the dramatic corps. He had been writing on stage matters for half a century when he died. He was the idol of the public; he had the chastened affection of the players, while the playwrights looked upon him with mingled feelings. When he praised their plays they said he was the stage's Nestor; when he condemned, they said he was an old fool. The public called him "Father Sarcey"; the players, "Papa Sarcey"; the playwrights, "Maître Sarcey"; this briefly indicates the respective relations.

Well, Sarcey went to London in '81 with the Comédie-Française to write up their productions there for home consumption in Paris. The famous play of Dumas *filis* was produced after a taboo of thirty years. The Lord Chamberlain had carefully gone over the play, and made numerous expurgations and changes which English notions of morality demanded.

On listening to the first London production, Sarcey was struck by one change in the text, for which even the British Young Person's blushes afforded no obvious reason. This was in the third act, in the lines in which *Marguerite* describes to *Nichette* her idyllic existence in the country with *Armand* alone. Here are *Marguerite's* lines freely adapted:

"There are moments when I forget what I have been—when the *Marguerite* of the past is so separate from the *Marguerite* of to-day that there remain two distinct women—when the second woman can scarce recall the first. When, clad in a white robe, wearing a large straw hat, carrying on my arm the wrap which shall protect me from the cool evening breeze—when I step with *Armand* into a boat which we let drift hither and yon, and which stops of its own accord under the drooping willows of the nearest islet—no one could dream, not even I, that this white shadow is *Marguerite Gautier*."*

Concerning this passage, Sarcey thus wrote to his journal, the *Paris Temps*:

"Mlle. Bernhardt chose this poetic bit as the burden of one of her song-like sentences, those passages which so well show the modulations of her ideally caressing voice. She *sighed* the sentence rather than said it. It was inexpressibly touching, this sighing day-dream, falling on our ears like the sound of distant music.

"Like all of the auditors," continued Sarcey, "I was ravished by this harmonious prose. But on looking at the text, I saw that Mlle. Bernhardt had modified it. She had left out the phrase, '*Carrying on my arm the wrap*,' etc., and further along she had cut the words, '*Of the nearest islet*.' I could not believe it to be a slip of the memory, for Mlle. Bernhardt's perfect study is a byword among her comrades; furthermore, it was not to be supposed that the English censor would have demanded the cutting of such insignificant phrases.

"I went to Sarah. 'Was it the author,' I asked, 'who changed the original text, or authorized you to do so?'

"'Heavens, no,' she cried. 'I could not have

* Here are the lines in the original, in order to give the effects of onomatopœia, of alliteration, and of sibilance, which are lost in the adaptation:

"Par moment, dit elle, j'oublie ce que j'ai été, et le moi d'autrefois se sépare tellement du moi d'aujourd'hui, qu'il en résulte deux femmes distinctes et que la seconde se souvient à peine de la première. Quand, vêtue d'une robe blanche, couverte d'un grand chapeau de paille, portant sur mon bras la pelisse qui doit me garantir de la fraîcheur du soir, je monte avec *Armand* dans le bateau que nous laissons aller à la dérive et qui s'arrête tout seul sous les saules de l'île prochaine, nul ne se doute, pas même moi, que cette ombre blanche est *Marguerite Gautier*."

asked his permission, for when I changed the lines I was in America.'

"What reason, then, had you for modifying his text?"

"How shall I express my thought?" said the actress, musingly. 'I will make the attempt. Listen: If I retain the phrase, "*Bearing on my arm the wrap*," etc., it adds a detail which is not picturesque; it cannot be rendered poetically by the play of the voice; it lengthens the phrase; and it makes the sentence heavy. As for the cut about the islet, I stop with the "*tout seuls sous les saules*," because in that phrase there is a something vague and unsubstantial, something distant and fleeting, which enchants the ear. If you cut it off abruptly with the words about the islet, the sentence loses its charm. Listen,' said she, with animation, 'I will show you,' and in her golden voice she repeated to me the lines as she read them on the stage, then again as Dumas had written them.

"She was right. Yes, Sarah was right. Dumas was wrong."

So Sarcey closed.

Just a word more to show the curious relation existing between players, playwrights, and critics, of which I spoke but now. Once when "*Camille*" was produced in Paris, with Bernhardt in the leading rôle, *Father Duval* was played by one La Fontaine, an actor of whom Sarcey did not think highly. According to the "stage business," *Father Duval* enters the country villa where his son and *Marguerite* bill and coo. He politely addresses the first person he meets, taking off his hat. "I would like to see *Mlle. Marguerite Gautier*," says *Father Duval*. "I am *Marguerite Gautier*," replies the strange lady. Thereupon, *Father Duval* claps his plug hat upon his occiput, gazes fiercely at the lady, and begins his appeal to her better instincts. Concerning this subtle provincial method of indicating moral disdain, Sarcey wrote:

"As I gazed upon La Fontaine with his hat on, I could scarcely prevent myself from shouting to him: 'Why, you chump, take off your hat! Don't you see that the lady you are talking to is *Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt*? You duffer, if she played her rôle as a courtesan, you might wear your hat screwed into your skull and nobody would care. But Sarah is grace, she is charm, she is poetry personified. You have no right to speak to her with your hat on. And when you take it off where the text obliges you to say "Am I mistaken?" you remind me of a rural tenor trying to mash in front of a country café.'

"When people tell me that La Fontaine is not bad as old *Duval*, and ask me to whom I would give the rôle, I reply: 'To whom? Why, to the night-watchman, to the fireman, to the policeman on the corner, to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, to anybody!'"

The foregoing gives a faint idea of Sarcey's relations with the players. As to the relations of playwrights and critics, the next day he received a letter from Alexander Dumas, who wrote:

"Concerning the stage business of the hat, it has been discussed a hundred times with the actors. It is I who finally arranged it as it is now. This old gentleman from the country recognizes no difference between *Marguerite Gautier* and a street-walker. Under similar circumstances I would act the same as he. I would uncover once because I was meeting a woman. After that, I would replace my hat upon my head in order to make this woman understand that this commonplace homage was rendered to her sex and not to her—thus showing that I knew that she trafficked in her sex. Besides, La Fontaine is not responsible for this stage business of the hat. I am."

Sarcey closed the matter by saying: "I have a simple means of protecting myself. All I have to do when *Father Duval* enters is to take off my eye-glass. Lesage grew deaf as he grew old, and thanked God that he no longer was bored by imbecile conversation. Fortunately I am near-sighted, and I have only to take off my eye-glass, and I see neither La Fontaine nor La Fontaine's hat."

Hypercritical people sometimes complain that our American critics are undignified and colloquial. But they are not in it with Sarcey. —*Argonaut*.

The Burial of Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa.

By Florence Earle Coates.

Where shall we lay you down to rest?
Where will you sleep the very best?
Mirthful and tender, dear and true—
Where shall we find a grave for you?

They thought of a spirit as brave as light,
And they bore him up to a lonely height,
And they laid him there, where he loved to be,
On a mountain gazing o'er the sea!

They thought of a soul aflood with song,
And they buried him where, the summer long
Myriad birds his requiem sing,
And the echoing woods about him ring!

They thought of a love that life redeems,
Of a heart the home of perfect dreams,
And they left him there, where the worlds aspire
In the sunrise glow and the sunset fire!

"ROBINSON CRUSOE"

The mystery of "Robinson Crusoe" is itself mysterious. It does not lie in the authorship: Mrs. Gallup has not disputed that, and the old story about Lord Oxford writing the book in the Tower has perished of its own absurdity. It does not lie in its allegorical relation to Defoe's life: that question has its tomb in the amazing theory of Mr. Thomas Wright. It does not lie in its factual basis: that is as good as settled, and was never important. No, it is the book and its success that are mysterious. How came Defoe, the grimy political journalist and servant-girls' novelist, to write a story that has become part of the world into which we are born? It is possible to think of most great books in the making, to relate each to some sort of literary process. "Robinson Crusoe" defies you to go behind it. You may produce Defoe's career, his secondary novels, his journalistic instinct, and the whole Alexander Selkirk business; but these account only for a clever book, they do not explain the unique autocracy of *this* book. These, you will say, are explained by Defoe's genius. But is "Robinson Crusoe" a work of genius? To affirm it is to perceive that the genius which produced it was so narrow that it resembles the genius of a boy who can bend back his thumb until it touches his wrist. In no other of his writings did Defoe show genius; and in "Robinson Crusoe" there are no qualities which may not be collected from the "Essay on Projects," the "Story of Mrs. Veal," the "Family Instructor," "A New Voyage Round the World," and "Moll Flanders." Looking at Defoe's powers as a whole it almost seems that the success of "Robinson Crusoe" was due to a unique affinity between his mind and this chance subject which refers us rather to literary chemistry than to literary dynamics. Even then there remains the wonder that such a subject and such a writer should have been brought together in the blind way which marked this conjunction. Defoe seems to have written the tale without any emotion corresponding to its impact on mankind.

It is fitting that mystery should wrap the birthplace of the story. There is a confident tradition at Gateshead-on-Tyne that Defoe wrote it there in one of his periods of concealment. At Halifax they gravely tell you that the book was written in the Back Lane at the sign of the "Rose and Crown." It is said to have been written in a house in Harrow Alley, in Whitechapel. A small room over the wash-house of a cottage at Hartley in Kent was

pointed out to Wilson as the scene of the great parturition. Lastly, Defoe's house in Church street, Stoke Newington, now removed, is said to be the spot. Of the localities suggested this is much the likeliest. One is fain to repose in it. A long brick wall that is still to be seen in Hussey's Lane is the old boundary wall of Defoe's garden. The house, which was taken down about sixty years ago, was a large bare-looking Georgian mansion; and it is told that its interior was full of strange cupboards and recesses, and that its doors were unusually weighted with locks and bars. Henry Baker, the naturalist, was a frequent visitor. To him we owe a picture of Defoe's "very genteel way of living at Stoke Newington." The weary pamphleteer had reached a haven of rest and contentment, such as he had not enjoyed since his early tile-making days at Tilbury. He kept his chariot. His three daughters were "admired for their beauty, their education, and their prudent conduct." In Sophia Mr. Baker found so much to admire that he married her. So surrounded and comforted, Defoe wrote the calmest and greatest of his works.

It was his first novel. He was writing it in 1718. "Moll Flanders" and "Colonel Jack" were not published until 1722, "Roxana" till 1723; and it is unquestionable that in mere range over human feeling "Robinson Crusoe" is inferior to these stories. It is more organic only because its organism is so much simpler. It poises itself in a small space, whereas the picaresque stories tumble about the world. Even in "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe was an artist only while his governing idea was in session. The story ends, in art, when Crusoe leaves his island, but he incontinently writes a Second Part, and a volume of Crusoe's "Serious Reflections." How Defoe's measure of artistic consciousness has puzzled critics is shown in the attitudes of two of them: Prof. Minto and Sir Leslie Stephen. Prof. Minto seems to credit him with real artistic intention and accomplishment, though he has to admit that the art ends with Crusoe's release from his island, and that from that point Defoe plies his pen as a man of business resolved to squeeze his market. Sir Leslie Stephen notes the same limitation, but he attributes Defoe's artistic restraint to the automatically restraining character of his subject. "The limits of the island confine him as well as his hero."

Here, probably, the truth lies. The problem was so simple, yet so interesting, that it laid

its spell of practicality and everyday sequence on a mind that was abundantly, but never wildly, inventive. For the picturing of Crusoe's needs and the invention of his devices Defoe was perfectly fitted. The topographer, the exporter of hosiery, the tile-manufacturer, the lifelong student of the Bible, and the rubbed man of the world combined to hold the pen; and the result was a story of human contrivance and homely wisdom that has touched mankind. It is clear, too, that Defoe brought all that was best and most serene in his strange character to a story in which, without doubt, he expressed himself more nearly than in any other of his writings. He, too, had known loneliness, and a prison had often been to him as a desert island. In his farewell to the readers of his "Review," in 1712, he had written: "In the school of affliction I have learnt more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison I have learnt to know that liberty does not consist in open doors. . . . I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth, and in less than half a year tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate." These words have all Crusoe's melancholy. Yet in "Robinson Crusoe" not once is the personal reference explicit; not once does Defoe's piston-like pen jump its place while he unfolds a story that rivets the attention, though, as Dickens observed, it contains not a single passage to make a man laugh or cry.

Nor is the mystery of "Robinson Crusoe" lightened when we consider its author's aim at the public. The finest boys' story ever written was certainly written for adults, and was read by them. In his well-known satire on the story, published only five months after its appearance, Charles Gildon was obliged to admit that "Robinson Crusoe" was already "fam'd from Tuttle Street [Tothill Street, Westminster] to Limehouse Hole," and that there was "not an old woman who can go to the price of it but buys thy 'Life and Adventures,' and leaves it as a legacy with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Practice of Poetry,' and 'God's Revenge Against Murther' to her posterity." We visualize the first readers of "Robinson Crusoe" in this description. And to take up the story to-day is to be surprised by the strength of its appeal to poor, world-wracked people to whom one or two simple religious ideas were necessary. Crusoe's Bible reading, now diligent, now neglected; his unfaithfulness and repentant returns to Grace; his recognition of secret hints given him from above; his weighings of his hardships against

his blessings; all these communings are worked into the fibre of his everyday experience in a way to impress and nourish simple groping minds. The very humdrum of the story, its narrow scale of interest, in which a parrot's speech communicates a thrill, is part of its strength. It never once shocked the sense of order and propriety dear to careful unlearned folk. With all its sobriety, its preoccupation with plain facts in the life of the building, baking, sowing, and farming man preserved to it the potentiality of another kind of fame. It laid its hold on every boy who read it. As its want of psychological interest withdrew it more and more from men and women, its details, strung on one intensely significant thread of fate, gave it its unique position, first in time as in favor, with boys and girls. It is a question whether these also are not now wearied by its long-drawn simplicity of motive. These changes, if they have taken place, do not affect the literary position of the book. Crusoe, with his great goat-skin cap, his umbrella and his parrot, is a figure which time cannot assail. His baskets, his earthenware pots, his calendar of notches, his field of barley, his little flock of goats, and his instruction of Friday are imperishable memories. And the plain human friendliness of it all! Even that is so wrought into the texture of incident, is so little a warm outflow from author to reader, that it adds to the mystery of this wonderful tale which has gone into every nation, even to the children of the East, cloyed with the glories of Haroun-al-Raschid.

And this book, they say, was written in a comfortable brick house in Stoke Newington. Of all the figures that rise in London's populous past the most amazing is surely Daniel Defoe, in his sixtieth year, calling on the booksellers with the manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe." Did he rumble down the long Stoke Newington and Kingsland road in his "chariot," past the villages of Haggerston and Hoxton and the new Ironmongers' Almshouses, heedless of the lark singing over the fields where now De Beauvoir Town spreads its rectangular dreariness, to Shoreditch, and so to the City? They say he went from Lombard Street to the Strand, and from Little Britain to the booksellers of Westminster Hall, and was everywhere refused. It may have been so; was it not his first novel? William Taylor, of the Ship, in Paternoster Row, who was young enough to be Defoe's son, saw his chance and seized it. The book appeared on April 25, 1719, and within seventeen days a second edition was published. By the 8th of August

four editions had been called for. On the 28th of September the first attack on the story—a shilling burlesque by Charles Gildon—was sold in Warwick Lane. Gildon was the first to ask how Crusoe could have filled his pockets with biscuits from the ship's stores when he was naked, a mistake which is left but lamely corrected to this day. This and other posers amused the town, but did not hurt Taylor, whose sales soon became prodigious. It is good to have one of these early editions, with its crazy copper-plates and worn leather covers. The present writer's copy is of the tenth edition, and is fairly sound after 160 years. He likes to think that its corners were worn down in much travel between Tuttle Street and Limehouse Hole.

Caedmon and Milton.

The history of opinion on this subject is full of interest. As favoring a close relationship, we note the names of Turner, Nicholson, Thorpe, Conybeare, Southey, and Taine, while such cautious writers as March and Morley hesitate not to give this theory the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Disraeli, in his "Amenities of Literature," devotes an entire chapter to the subject, and takes strong ground against the theory of literary relation. The final settlement of this question is impossible. The facts are too few to warrant it. Each author had access to the Bible, and to Biblical and mythical traditions, and drew from these common sources. The coincidences are striking: each poem is, in a sense, a paraphrase of Scripture; each is an epic and on the same theme; each opens with the same scene, the fall of the angels, and proceeds in a somewhat similar manner. As to Satan's rebellion prior to the creation of man, and his consignment with the fallen angels to darkness and despair, they fully agree. The source whence they derived this tradition, Persian or Chaldean, must have been the same. Each poem points to the East as the place of origin, and many of the scenes and actors are the same. As to more specific resemblances, we may note the description of Satan and his fall, of hell and heaven, of Adam and Eve, and the speech of Satan to his rebel hosts. These coincidences, however, need not be regarded as proving identity or even actual imitation of plan. It is further to be noted that these similarities are found in Caedmon's Genesis only, the subject-matter of the other portions being outside of Milton's purpose. Even in Genesis there is a large part taken up with the history of Abraham, a topic, also, apart from Milton's aim.

Moreover, the paraphrase is based upon the Apocrypha as well as on the Canonical Scriptures. This collection of books is not indorsed by the Puritan poet. A word in reference to the historical relation of these two poets is here essential. The MS. of Junius (1655) may have been accessible to Milton. Morley writes: "Milton knew Junius [Caedmon's first editor], and was interested in his studies." The objection by Disraeli, that the MS. was too precious to be loaned by Junius, is unworthy of notice. To the graver objection, that the poet could not have read it in Saxon, it may be said that Milton was a careful student of the earlier times. A few years before this he prepared a history of England up to the Norman Conquest, in which he makes reference to the old authors. It is known that he was an Oriental scholar, and thoroughly versed in the modern European tongues, including some knowledge of the Low Dutch, so akin to the Saxon. Under the English Government, he was "Secretary for Foreign Tongues." The argument here is, that it would not have been strange had such a linguist been able to read the Saxon of Junius. If not, the meaning could have been made known to him by Junius or Somner or others. By reason of the poet's blindness (1654), this was probably the case. Between the edition of "Junius" (1655) and the finishing of "Paradise Lost" (1661) there is a period of six years of possible reference to Caedmon. In fact, Milton's epic was not published till 1667, twelve years after "Junius." The plausible theory, that a great poet cannot be indebted to his predecessors, is a mere hypothesis, and facts are against it. The England of Milton had something to learn from Bede and Alfred. We add the suggestion, that, in an epic upon the fall of man, the strong presumptive evidence is that Milton consulted any existing epic upon a similar theme. A translation by Bosanquet (1860) of the Miltonic portions of Caedmon into English heroic verse is entitled "The Paradise Lost of Caedmon."—T. W. HUNT'S *Caedmon* ("Exodus and Daniel").

Books.

This books can do—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

—GEORGE CRABBE, 1754-1832.

THE IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE.

By W. Roberts.

The forthcoming demolition of this historic institution in the Rue Vielle-du-Temple, Paris, ought not to pass unnoticed. The history of the Imprimerie Nationale is long and interesting. It was founded by François I., who appointed Conrad Néobar the official printer of books in Greek; in 1539 Robert Estienne became the King's printer of Latin and Hebrew. They were, perhaps, rather printers to the King as distinguished from the heads of a royal printing establishment. Louis XIII. introduced a printing office into the Louvre, and it is to him, perhaps, rather than to François I., that the French national printing establishment is due. During the Revolution the word "Royale" was changed into "République," and the business was transferred first to the Hôtel Beaujon, then to the Hôtel Penthièvre, and then in 1808 to the present building, which was erected in 1712 by Armand Gaston, Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasbourg, who achieved a second distinction in becoming a member of the Académie Française without having published anything. Later on another Cardinal of the same family, Louis René, Prince de Rohan-Guéméné, resided here, and it was this unscrupulous scoundrel who forged the signature of the Queen, and thus started the affair of the diamond necklace. For many reasons the disappearance of the national printing house will not be regretted, above all from its insanitary state: it has become almost a plague-spot, not only to those who work in it (some 1,500 in number), but also to those who live in the immediate quarter. The old building is to be pulled down, the space which it occupies will be sold for the benefit of the city at large, and the new printing offices will be at Grenelle.

The literary associations of the Hôtel de Rohan would fill a large volume. As a printing establishment it has been described by a Frenchman as the first in the world, although by "monde" a Frenchman should be interpreted as meaning France. It claims to contain founts of at least 158 different Oriental languages or dialects. When Pope Pius VII. visited the printing office the Lord's Prayer was printed and presented to him in 150 languages, a truly wonderful achievement at that time; but in 1891 an English firm of printers, Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington, produced a volume with the Lord's Prayer in 300 languages. The typographical curiosities in the building

are naturally of a very varied and interesting nature; selections have been frequently lent for public exhibition, as at the great show of two years ago. One of the most interesting is the set of matrices of Greek characters, known as the "Grec du Roi," engraved by order of François I., and "so perfect in form that the University of Cambridge applied for a fount of them in 1692."

The Imprimerie Nationale has during the last 260 years produced some of the most splendid monuments of typography since the introduction of printing. Its two editions of the "Imitation de Jésus Christ" are triumphs: with the beautiful folio of 1640, produced under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, the Imprimerie Royale proper made an excellent start; but this was improved upon in 1855, when the Imprimerie Imperiale produced an edition to celebrate the great exhibition of that year. Magnificently printed, with elaborate borders and initial letters exquisitely illuminated in gold and colors, it remains one of the most perfect books of the last half century. Only 103 copies were printed, at a cost, it is said, of 1,500,000 francs, or about £582 10s. per copy. At one time it sold readily at £100 and upwards, but its value to-day in England is not much more than a twelfth of that amount.

Following the earlier edition of the "Imitation" came the equally beautiful edition of Virgil, 1641, in folio, sought after as a specimen of typography; Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Terence were issued from the same press, and have also dropped in commercial value—"ils étaient beaucoup plus chers autrefois," laments Brunet. Two editions of the Latin Bible were produced, one in eight volumes, folio, in 1642, and the other in two volumes, quarto, in 1653. The edition in thirty-seven volumes, folio, of the "Conciliorum Omnium Generalium et Provincialium Collectio Regia" appeared in 1644, and an edition of the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, with illustrations by Le Clerc, F. Chauveau, and J. Le Pautre, in 1676. These are a few of the more important books issued during the first half-century of the existence of the Imprimerie Nationale as a Government institution. Under the Revolution it published the "Collection Générale des Lois, Proclamations, Instructions et autres Actes du Pouvoir Exécutif," in eighteen volumes, quarto, and generally known in France as the "Collection du Louvre."

Its more recent books include "Le Livre des Rois"; the "Bhagavata"; "Les Monuments de Ninive"; the "Commentaires de César," produced on the occasion of the Exposition of 1867; the Molière to signalize that of 1878; Michelet's "Histoire de la Révolution," for the Exhibition of eleven years later; the "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum"; and last, but by no means least, the sumptuous "Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France."—*The Athenæum*.

A New Item re Edgar Allan Poe.

A late and interesting sidelight on the character of Edgar Allan Poe is afforded by an interview with Alexander T. Crane, who was for eighteen months Edgar Allan Poe's office boy. It was published recently in *The Sunday World Herald* of Omaha. Mr. Crane is in his seventy-third year, and lives in Harrison County, Iowa. He says that Poe was the "gentlest, truest, tenderest, and knightliest" man he ever knew, and he was his "boyish idol, just as his memory is the pride and glory" of his declining years. When Mr. Crane was sixteen years old he secured the place of office boy and mailing clerk of *The Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was editor. He says that "Poe was a quiet man about the office, but was uniformly kind and courteous to every one, and with congenial company he would grow cheerful and even playful." The poet came to the office at 9 in the morning and stayed until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, working during that time steadily and methodically. Mr. Crane once wrote a poem while working for Poe, which he submitted to him, and which the poet advised him to send to the editor of *The Youth's Cabinet*, who published it. The old man is very indignant when he recalls how biographers detracted and defamed his idol. He says that Poe was a gentleman in every sense of the word, that "he was honest, generous, kind, and true," and that, although he tried to drown his sorrows in the cup, "he could never have been anything but a gentle, tender, lovable man, a thousand times to be pitied, but never to be condemned." Mr. Crane does not agree with Poe's biographers that the poet sold the manuscript of his "Raven" for ten dollars to buy medicine and food for his wife, because Poe came into the office of *The Broadway Journal* one day in winter with the actor, Murdock, and called all the employees to his desk to hear the great elocutionist read his first poem, and in the next issue of the *Journal* the "Raven" was given the place of honor.

A Book-Lover's Predicament.

M. A. Brisson tells in *Le Temps* some delightful anecdotes about bibliophiles and bibliomaniacs. Here is one of them: A certain well-known Frenchman, an octogenarian, spent most of his time in his younger days hunting up valuable books among the second-hand bookshops in the neighborhood of the Place Saint-Michel and the Place Dauphine. He rarely came across a "find," but his fervor never abated. He was a bachelor, and for a housekeeper had an extremely plain woman, who, however, had caught from her master the taste for old books, and occasionally came home with an armful when she had been marketing.

One day the housekeeper appeared with a parcel of books wrapped in paper. Among the rubbish was a small volume bound in red morocco. "What have you paid for this?" the master gasped after looking at the title-page. "Thirty sous for the lot," the servant replied. "But, my good woman, this book alone is worth 10,000 francs!" the bibliomaniac went on, and the moment after regretted the unwise speech. In vain did the master try to recall his remark. "I'll give you a hundred francs for it," he said. "But monsieur said just now it was worth 10,000." "I'll give you 500." "No, no." "Seven hundred and fifty." But it was no use, and, to make a long story short, the master married the bonne in order to obtain the first edition of the "Heptameron" (1559).

A Book-Marker.

It holds my Bible leaves apart,
This poor shorn tress, so sad to see,
As memory murmurs to my heart
How you died, love, and left for me
A barren waste of weary years,
Sown with dark doubts that sorrow breeds.
I grasp at hope, but vex my ears
With jangle of discordant creeds,

And wonder is it quenched, that sweet
Soft radiance of a life benign,
That made my grosser pulses beat
In humble harmony with thine?
And are they dead, the nameless bliss
That only foolish lovers know,
Live lips that quivered to my kiss
In those bright summers long ago?

Or, haply, past the nether wave,
Shall sundered spirits meet again?
Is there no knowledge in the grave,
Or promise for the sons of men?
The wintry sunset sheds a ray
Across the Book. I read and trust
That you shine somewhere, far away—
I cannot think that you are dust.

FOR THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

Selected for "The Book-Lover" by Ben Ardys.

What are my books? My friends, my loves,
My church, my tavern and my only wealth;
My garden; yea, my flowers, my bees, my
doves;

My only doctor—and my only health.

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

And choose an author as you choose a friend.

—EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

A book is the only immortality.

—RUFUS CHOATE.

Books make up no small part of human happiness.

—FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Books are the immortal sons defying their sires.

—PLATO.

Books are the blessed chloroform of the mind.

—ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

—COTTON.

Old wood to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.

—ALONZO OF ARAGON.

Books never annoy; they cost little, and they are always at hand and ready at your call.

—WILLIAM CORBETT.

Books are men of higher stature, and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.

—MRS. BROWNING.

Without the love of books the richest man is poor, but endowed with the treasure of treasures the poorest man is rich.

—J. A. LANG.

In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Books are the greatest legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from becoming a solitude to ourselves.

—COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

If all the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading I would spurn them all.

—ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

A good book is not absolutely a dead thing—the precious life blood rather of a master spirit; a seasoned life of man embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

—JOHN MILTON.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.

—BARTHOLIN.

And of this let every one be assured, that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them.

—DE QUINCEY.

Books never pall on us. . . . They discourse with us, they take counsel with us, and are united with us by a living familiarity. It is easy to gain access to these friends, for they are at my service, and I admit them to my company, or dismiss them whenever I please.

—PETRARCH.

Books, it is true, are silent as you see them on their shelves, but silent as they are, when I enter a library I feel almost as if the dead were present, and I know that if I put questions to these books they will answer me with all the faithfulness and fullness which has been left in them by the great men who left the books with us.

—JOHN BRIGHT.

When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose lives are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven—I give eternal blessings for this gift, and pray that we may use it right and not abuse it.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Better than men and women, friend,

That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,

Are the books their cunning hands have penned,

For they depart, but the books remain;

Through these they speak to us what was best

In the loving heart and the noble mind;

All their royal souls possessed,

Belongs forever to all mankind!

When others fail him, the wise man looks

To the sure companionship of books.

—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

CHRISTMAS AT GADSHILL.

By Percy Fitzgerald.

ONE OF THE DICKENS BRIGADE.

First, for my introduction to the amiable, genial, and always encouraging Boz—"every inch of him," as T. Carlyle said, "an honest man." He had been reading on one of his tours, and I had been writing for him, but had never met him. "I don't know him, but I have seen him," as Winkle once said.

There came an opportunity, as he was departing for the country next day. I find in an old diary some racy notes of what followed. "I made a bold resolution," I wrote, "that I would go this morning and meet him at the South-Western Railway, King's Bridge. I walked over betimes and waited. Saw at last a cab arrive, with portmanteaux on the roof, labelled, in large white letters, one, 'C. D.,' the other, 'A. W. W. S.' These belonged to the immortal Boz and his aide-de-camp, Arthur W. W. Smith. 'C. D.' got out and strode away to the platform. He was in a check suit, and looked a fine, bold, well-made, sturdy Englishman, with a sort of bronzed redness, not of paint, as some of us had fancied, but of bloom-in ghealth on his cheeks. I waited till I saw him standing at the carriage door, placidly reading a paper. Then, screwing up my courage, I went up to him and said, rather nervously, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Dickens, but my name is F——.' The keen eyes were looking with a sort of distorted anxiety—this was some intruder; but when he heard the name—I was one of his writers—he changed in an instant. Warm and hearty shake of a hand—up and down—from him. 'And how do you do?' he said. 'Very glad to see you,' all spoken in a sort of metallic burr that seemed novel to me. Ego: 'I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Dickens, but I am going to Paris tomorrow morning for a couple of months, and I should have been so dreadfully disappointed had I not seen you.' He had just come from Belfast. 'Tremendous houses there,' he said, cheerily; 'curious people, though.'

"'Had a letter from Forster'—he knew of my interest in that doughty personage—'he's worried to death with old Londor's business.' Here he laughed, as if enjoying something. 'What a pity it is, though?' 'Yes,' I say, and 'he seems so wrong-headed, too.' 'Ay, ay,' says Boz, in his ever prompt way; 'that's the word—very wrong-headed. But there is a great deal behind. I can assure you, he is the finest and most chivalrous old fellow in the

world. Lord, yes! Know him well? Lord, yes! Many years. All this business was to protect a poor governess. Rich or good for damages? Lord, no! Not he. He won't pay a farthing of it. He is safer in Florence this moment, and has assigned over every stick.'

"Here comes up Arthur Smith—a quiet, spare, youngish man—'fit' in every way, and of inestimable value to Boz. Introduction. 'Mr. F. tells me there is another train.' 'By the way,' says A. Smith, 'it was Mr. F. we were going to ask, wasn't it, to do that little job for us?' 'So it was,' cries Boz, with that tone of cheerful alacrity we knew so well—to get jaunting cars, one for him, one for me. We were going to write to you, but a friend in Belfast managed it—this was Frank Finlay—'much cheaper, he said, than it could be done here. Well, do you know, Forster is deep in his "Swift." I tell him he will never see it through.' " (So it proved.)

* * * *

The genial Boz, from his childhood upwards, was always the apostle of Christmas. He was never weary of celebrating its romance, revelry, softening influences, and holy inspiration; over and over again that one favorite scene—the gathering of friends round the festal board, the quaffing of wassail and other drinks, the reconciliation of friends and relations long estranged, and even the transformation of hard-grinding characters, such as Scrooge, into amiable and beneficent members of society. His most enjoyable pictures are found in "the immortal Pickwick," the gathering at Dingley Dell, under the roof of the hospitable old Wardle, which an anchorite could hardly resist. The public was not slow to follow his lead, and hence, for many years, we had in the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers all kinds of romantic pictures and stories—all to the same tune. There was "Going Home After the Christmas Party," "Christmas Morning at the Village Church," "Christmas Revels at the Grange," "The Wanderer's Return"—the outcast of the family wistfully looking in through "the mullioned panes," and, of course, brought in, when all was forgotten and forgiven. There was actually a class of artist who was useful for his skill in drawing the venerable old Christmas mansions, and who was spoken of in the trade as "a good Moated-Granger." This went on for a great many years, until, at last,

everything had been said and drawn upon the subject that could possibly be said or drawn. Then the public seemed to grow tired of the topic, and it was altogether dropped. Most melancholy of all, Boz himself seemed to have enough of it. He, too, had said all that could be said, and in the best way, and for the future left it entirely alone.

But in private life he still cherished the old feeling and associations, and at the festal season delighted to gather about him the members of his family and a few choice friends at his Kentish house. Gadshill offered a good *mise en scène* and background for such festivity, and might pass very well for a sort of "moated grange"—certainly for a good old manor house, with its belfry on the roof, and its rubicund Georgian brick, and old-fashioned and even-spreading yew trees. Few places have seen more happy, enjoyable days and nights. Within, there was a notable hall of the "well" pattern, with a stair that went up to the roof, and some good old chambers. But the host was all in all, and, indeed, a host in himself. Visiting the place lately, I was struck with its rather dwindled air; it seemed so much smaller and less important than it was. But this was the absence of the presiding spirit—the lost Boz—which filled and expanded every portion. I say advisedly there was, and never could be, so genial, amiable, unaffected, and untiring a person in his treatment of friends and guests. He was always eager to listen rather than to speak—to take a second or third place; more anxious to hear, rather than to tell, an amusing story. His very presence was enough, with the bright, radiant face, the glowing, searching eyes, which had a language of their own, and the expressive mouth. You could see the gleam of a humorous thought, first twinkling there, and had a certain foretaste and even understanding of what was coming; then it spread downwards—the mobile muscles of the cheek began to quiver; then it came lower, to the expressive mouth, working under shelter of the grizzled moustache: then, finally, thus prepared for, came the humorous utterance itself!

How he enjoyed all the attendant paraphernalia of Christmas—particularly the jovial drinks which attend the season! He would have had wassail even, had it not been an unacceptable, rather sickly, compound. To hear him talk of the steaming bowl of punch, with apples "bobbing about" merrily, of the Garrick matchless gin punch particularly, the anticipating zest and relish with which he compounded these mixtures, one would fancy

him quaffing many a tumbler. But, alas! how often has it been noted, to the general surprise, that his whole enjoyment was in the romantic association. Never was there a more abstemious bibber. It was like Captain Jackson, in Elia's essay, who passed round his old rind of cheese, with all the air and flourish of its being a round of ripe stilton. I can never recall any of his festivities without some choice, special compound figuring. He once held a sort of village cricket match in his field—a diverting business, carried out with a gravity that recalled the match at Muggleton—where he himself "marked" all day long, and cheered the players with many a hearty "Well run!" "Well caught!" on which occasion there were some guests—the late Dean of Bristol and his wife, myself, and, I think, no others. A special brew of burridge circulated briskly, for the day was oppressively warm. I yielded to its seductions, it seemed so innocent, and, as thirst grew, took yet more of the dangerous draught. Next morning I had a splitting headache, and was too much overcome to come down to breakfast. What a sly twinkle was in his eye; and how many a pleasant allusion he made! In vain I might have pleaded, "It was the salmon." I think he was rather pleased than otherwise at the implied compliment to the liquor.

Sometimes I have gone down with him for a couple of days' stay, meeting him at the station. This was one of the private, home-like visits. I was staying at the Charing Cross Hotel, and was, bag in hand, hurrying from the side door in the station to catch the train, when a too jealous porter, rushing after me, put in a detainer. I suppose it had the look of "levanting"; but the delay had nearly shipwrecked the visit. Boz, I fancy, hugely relished the contretemps. I recall playing billiards before going to bed. How many we had! He was a fair player.

* * * * *

I was at Gadshill for one or two Christmases—not on Christmas Day, but shortly after. I remember coming down with him in the train—with his son-in-law, the faithful henchman Dolby, and some one else. We walked up from the station; there was a crisp layer of snow over the fair Kent country. The air was fresh; there was a gray, half-tint over everything, and we could see the red light at Gadshill far off, twinkling through the trees. The only incident of the walk that comes back upon me was that Dolby, who was of rather a brusque, rough nature, began to talk of someone having been "bashed" by someone else. Boz caught the, then rather unusual, word,

and began to ask for a literal explanation. Anything of this sort interested him. His amiable sister-in-law had walked down to meet us, and so had the dogs. That night there was to be a dinner party; and various neighbors—some from some distance away—were to come in the evening. There was that agreeable sense of something exciting which is so pleasant for a guest in a country house. That same evening our host was to give us an experimental trial of one of his newest pieces for the readings, and he was anxious to try the effect upon a rural audience. I was looking from the window out on the wide, low-lying country, all white with the snow, and could see a carriage or two—a couple of black patches moving along the road—far off. I thought of the moated grange pictures. Here it was, exactly, "Guests arriving for the Christmas party!" They, in their turn, had their eyes on his cheerful red curtains, illuminated from within, and giving promise of the snug blazing fires, and logs, and, maybe, a comforting glass. One of these vehicles was the vicar's, Mr. Hendle's; there was also the doctor, I think, then tenants of the nearest tall house, and so on. But the snow kept some away.

A delightful dinner-party it was. How many are gone now! I was beside the interesting daughter of the house—the attractive "Mamie," as she was called—who has herself written some most pleasing records of these joyous days. She had great personal attractions, and much of her father's observation, with a pleasant wit of her own, and a certain piquancy of manner. I always admired her indomitable spirit and independence. She would not bate a jot of her opinions, and many a contest we had. Not a word against her white dog "Bouncer"; though, if you made approach to this cherished creature, she would greet you with a vicious snap. After dinner, we gathered in the cozy drawing-room, which our host had added to the old house. The retainers came in, and Boz took his stand at the desk and began to read "The Boy at Mugby," a keen amusing bit of satire on the then system of railway refreshment. The haughty damsels who presided and jealously served out stale sandwiches and scalding coffee were presented in very amusing fashion. But, I remember, his friend Forster, who never was very favorable to the readings, did not quite approve the topic—I fancy the subject was found too local and special for general interest—and he made very little use of it in his professional readings.

A gay and hilarious night followed. The desk and apparatus were cleared away, and

there was proposed—what d'ye think?—games. Not a round game, as at Dingley Dell, but a very remarkable exercise of the wits, which affected one very much, as would the performance of a clever, perplexing conjuror. Boz himself was, of course, the central figure. He illuminated all with his quick, lightning flashes and perpetual buoyancy. There was always something specially his own, in his evening dress. There was a good deal of shining silk-facings, a bright and a certain dapperness in his spare figure. His hand was often in his pocket, while his roguish glances roved about, all, all round.

A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his tongue;
For every object that the one doth—
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.

Nothing could better describe the "inimitable" Boz. But to our game. It was called, I think, "The six questions." He had made it his own. He went out of the room, and, in his absence, a subject was fixed upon—a most remote and puzzling one—which he was to guess after putting these six questions. A most extraordinary performance it was. We selected I think, the sign of the inn close by—"The Falstaff." He came in and put his questions, the first, I think, being, "Was the object a living thing or not?" Having got his answer, his next question was as to its place, and so on. He thus gradually narrowed the classes, and after the sixth, promptly named the object. He went out again—the word chosen was a postilion's boot. This he also guessed. The best entertainment of the whole was the brilliant figure, ready with a gay speech or laugh, cross-examining, turning on this and that person, seizing on any remark or objection made (that the answer didn't describe the thing correctly) to help him. Delightful night it was! And though years have passed more than I should have cared to count, I still see that lithe figure, flitting about in the brilliant cloisters of his drawing-room.

Boz will ever be associated with Christmas. No man has done more for the Holy Season, or so much: not even his contemporary, Washington Irving. As I have said, there was no more delightful companion. Once, traveling with him on one of his reading tours, I sat with him at the breakfast table, when he was in the most buoyant of humors, telling stories, devising imaginary, grotesque situations, until we found it was past one o'clock.

"He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again."

TRICKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUBLISHERS.

The above subject is one that takes us back to centuries before the introduction of printing. It is, in fact, almost as ancient as the History of Trickery itself. Authors there were long before the existence of publishing, even in the most rudimentary sense of the term; but the moment a middleman appeared on the scene, knavery of the most pronounced character became rampant. There is no break in this long wail of complaint, in which the author has been the accuser and the publisher the accused. Whether we dip into the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, whose libraries were so famous and so extensive thousands of years ago, whether we inquire into the history of the manuscript literature of Greece in her glory, or of Rome in its grandeur, the same trickery is found, differing only in degrees of ingenuity.

It is, however, unnecessary to seek illustrations—of which there are plenty—from among the ancients in proof of the tricks of the early publishers. The literary history of our own country affords sufficient examples to fill a large volume.

Beginning, therefore, with the Genesis of modern history—the great Reformation—when men kicked aside the traditions of an ancient religion, and utilized what was then regarded as the fearful power of a comparatively unrestricted freedom of the press, we find ample material for the great and everlasting battle between the publisher, on the one hand, and the author or public, as the case may be, on the other. In spite of decrees, injunctions, threats, and penalties of all sorts and kinds, publishers issued books, sometimes escaping the vigilance, but more often suffering, either in body or pocket, and generally in both, for their temerity. When printing became a power which defied all the curses of the Church, and evaded all the laws of the realm, men began to employ this new engine of force and effect, and the more rigorous the laws the more numerous became the methods of spreading books, and, as the appetite grows upon what it feeds, so the taste for them increased with a rapidity unknown to every other phase of universal history. If laws and regulations could have crushed any movement, they would have utterly snuffed printing out of existence. When, however, the authorities saw that they could not crush out this new power, they sought by means, fair and foul, to circumscribe its results by licensing certain men for the selling of certain specified classes of books. But, alas for them, their repeated attempts were pronounced failures. They forgot that they had to deal

with “publishers”! Early in the reign of Elizabeth, when these arbitrary rights were sought to be imposed, we find a hero in the person of one Roger Warde, to whom the lovers of free speech and a free press ought to raise a most glorious monument. He “printeth what he lysteth” was the report of the Stationers’ Company, and no further comment is needed to show how absolutely futile were their remonstrances. We read in the memorandum describing the utter defeat of the officials the following strange allegation: “Coming to the house of one Roger Warde, a man who of late hath shewed himselfe very contemptuous againste her Majesty’s high prerogative, and offering to come into his pryntinge house to take notice of what he did, the saide Roger Warde faininge himselfe to be absente, hys wife and servants keepeth the dore shutt against them, and saide that none shulde come there to search.” Brave Mrs. Warde! John Wolfe was another refractory publisher, who got into trouble at the same time as Roger Warde. When he was being “admonished that he being but one so meane a man should not presume to contrarie her Highnesses governmante,” rudely retorted, “Tush, Luther was but one man, and reformed all the world for religion, and I am that one man that must and will reform the Government in this trade.” But John was too boastful, and does not appear to have had so valiant a wife as Roger Warde, for he was put into prison.

In the sixteenth century, as in the nineteenth, there were many publishers who traded in certain objectionable phases of literary ware. We learn, for example, that the ballad of “A yonge man that went a wooying” was canceled out of the Stationers’ Company’s book “for the un-decentness of it in diverse verses.” Others committed offenses by keeping their shops and selling books on St. Luke’s Day, and also on Sundays.

But no phase of old publishing tricks is so fruitful in examples as that which deals with surreptitious editions. In the sixteenth century it was very generally considered an ungentlemanly thing to be an author; and it must in truth be admitted that the usual run of authors at that time was anything but desirable or reputable. The preservation of many a highly prized literary treasure of the sixteenth century would have been lost forever but for the trickery of the publishers of the period. It was with no desire to oblige either the then reading public or to confer favors on posterity that they used every artifice to beg,

borrow, or steal the manuscripts of eminent men, and to print them in the face of the strongly worded remonstrance of the authors themselves. For these were days when a man had no copy or other right in any literary work when it had once left his hands. How the times have changed, and how many of us would be glad if publishers would only steal a few of our unused manuscripts and embryo books which have gone a-begging! One of the most curious examples of this surreptitious publishing and wholesale stealing occurs in "England's Helicon" (1600), which is a collection of poems by different writers, issued by John Flasket, who, in his preface, refers deprecatingly to the common practice of the trade of making free with each other's property; but Flasket himself had stolen right and left to make up his book, and he raised a perfect hornet's nest about his ears. Many authors issued authentic editions only because some knavish bookseller had inflicted a garbled one on the public, and had added insult to injury by masquerading as editor in the worst possible sense of the word. In the case of Barnabe Googe (1563), the author was only induced to publish his "Eglogs" because the printer possessed the "copy," and having bought the paper he would be at a great loss if the printing was not proceeded with.

So far as paying an author was concerned, the publisher was careful to avoid doing anything of the sort. Was not the glory of appearing in print sufficient payment? Occasionally, when, during the latter years of the sixteenth century, authorship became a profession, the hack would get a few shillings for a brilliant controversial essay; but the publisher invariably stuck to the profits. Shakespeare never received a farthing from the publishers for his plays, whilst they, on the other hand, must have reaped many a golden harvest. Not only this, but they printed his immortal works unknown to him, after having in various ways got hold of the copy, usually an acting manuscript. Most people are acquainted with the legend in which it is related that one of the London publishers sent an agreeable young man down to Stratford-on-Avon to make love to Shakespeare's daughter Eudith, in order to secure a copy of a play upon which the dramatist was then known to be engaged. Mr. William Black has utilized this story in one of his delightful novels. That quaint, but powerfully written pamphlet, by Thomas Nash, "Pierce Penilesse: his Supplication to the Devil," 1592, was one of the many literary publications which crept into print unknown to the

author, the publisher, Richard Jones, acting as literary godfather, furnishing an introductory note, which Nash repudiated in no measured terms in a later edition. This same Jones performed a similar office for Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great" (1592), and as regards the latter, he says, "I have purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than anyway else to be regarded," and so forth. A few years later, John Davies, of Hereford, relieved his mind by censuring publishers in "The Scourge of Folly," in which is a sonnet beginning:

"At Stationers shops are lyes oft vendible,
Because such shops oft lye for gains untrue," &c.

Few men suffered, or fancied they suffered, so much from the publisher of his time as Michael Drayton. Writing to Drummond, of Hawthornden, he complains of them as "a company of base knaves whom I scorn and kick at," because, forsooth, they would not publish the second part of his elephantine "Poly-Olbion." Three years later, however, he managed to get it printed, but it contained an exhilarating preface headed "To any that will read it." After complaining that because the first part did not go as well as certain "beastly and abominable trash," the publishers "despightfully left out the epistle to the readers, and so have couzened the buyers with imperfect books." "Where are thou, Michael?" was the cheery inquiry of the John Davies previously mentioned, and poor Michael Drayton might well have answered that he was in the toils of the publishers. Nearly half a century before this, William Turner, whose "New Herbal" may be regarded as the first book on English botany, complained of the publisher or printer (which at that time was pretty much the same thing) for not only suppressing the author's name and preface, but with furnishing his own introduction, and publishing the book as if it were the production of his own brain!

Perhaps no phase of the publishing business was so popular with the old publishers as that of "faking" up a title-page. The nomination, as they termed it, was the rock upon which the good feeling between publishers and authors became wrecked. An early seventeenth century book, by Thomas Decker, entitled "The Strange Horse-Race," contains the following observation: "The titles of books are like painted chimnies in great country houses, they make a show afar off, and catch travellers' eyes; but coming near them, neither cast they smoke, nor hath the house the heart to make

you drink"; and seventy years later, in 1682, John Houghton, when starting his "Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade," cautions the booksellers and publishers to send him no new titles to old books, for they "will be rejected." Proof both internal and external may be adduced without end. What author, for example, even among the Grub Street fraternity of that period, would allow his book to go forth into the world with such a title as that which we recognize as a work of Yates's, and published in 1583? The title is: "The Castle of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoynd the Hold of Humilitie, with the Chariot of Chastitie thereunto annexed." "The Droome of Doome's Day" (1576) is obviously also the work of a publisher, and so in all likelihood is Breton's "Flourish upon Fancy." As a general rule, the title gave not the slightest indication as to the nature of the contents of a book to which it was affixed, and "apt alliteration's artful aid" in this "nomination" was a favorite course with the publishers of the sixteenth century. Coming down to the last century, we find a bewildering supply of publishers' tricks. The most common one took the form, or name, of "Miscellanies," and this was a method of getting rid of a stock of unsold pamphlets, essays, or poems, by sandwiching them between the pirated work of an eminent writer, the padding matter being indicated on the title-page as "somewhat besides." All the publishers did this sort of thing, but none with so much impudence as Edmund Curll, who, by the way, proved more than a match with Pope. With the exception of a few dozen pages in the beginning of the book, Curll's "Miscellanies" show remarkable differences in different copies; that is to say, if the stock of one "padding" pamphlet failed, another had to supply its place. So that there are many variations in the contents of "Miscellanies" issued at the same time, and bearing the same title-page. "Miscellanies" by Mr. Pope or Dr. Swift would be sure to sell. Sir Walter Scott's edition of "Swift's Works" contains many things which Swift did not and could not have written. The fact of a piece of verse being rightly or wrongly attributed to an eminent person was quite sufficient for the publishers to print it as genuine, and it possessed an additional attraction if it were scandalous or indecent.

Dr. Johnson expressed a very favorable opinion concerning booksellers, whom he described as the true patrons of literature. But Drayton, on the other hand, was, if his own words have any literalness, a positive martyr to their

trickery. More than a hundred years after the wicked had ceased to trouble poor Drayton, and when his weary soul was at rest, the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. ix., p. 3) contained, in "An Appeal to the Public," a passage which tells its own story: "Nothing is more criminal in the opinion of many of them (*i. e.*, publishers) than for an author to enjoy more advantage from his own works than they are disposed to allow him." In the seventh volume (p. 239) of the same venerable periodical there will be found a translation of a highly interesting letter from a French publisher to a journalist, in which the former soundly rates the latter on the incompetent way in which he has earned the "ten pistoles" that he may at any time receive. "You are," says the publisher, "too sparing in encomiums on my books, and do not sufficiently run down those of my brother booksellers." Truly this gentleman's brotherly spirit was exceeding great, but this complaint is nothing to what he says a little further on in the same communication: "You are likewise to play the devil with every book printed for N—— and P——, booksellers, they being God's and the State's enemies, and, what is more, they are also mine." Was ever a desire put in so *naïve* a manner?

The *Grub Street Journal* of December 7th and 14th, 1732, contains an interesting and amusing article on "Tricks of Booksellers." After referring to the title of a book as being important, the writer proceeds: "The chief rule in buying books is the author's name, which is now no rule at all, since the booksellers have usurped the making of names as well as titles." The writer contends that "for the English booksellers there is no species of legerdemain which certain among them do not practise daily, especially that of assuming the name of some celebrated author (or the *title of some eminent work*), either in its proper form, or with some minute variation, as Feilding for Fielding, Colbatsh for Colbatch, Chamberlen for Chamberlayne, Joseph for John Gay, which last article has put some pounds into C——l's pocket by selling some of his worst poems."

The connection between Dryden and Tonsen was not without its tricks on both sides. The latter wrote once complaining that the poet sold to a rival publisher 1,518 lines of verse for forty guineas, whilst for ten guineas more he had only received 1,146 lines. The objections were most delicately put. Old Jacob was a strong Whig and a great admirer of William the Third, to whom he wished to dedicate Dryden's "Virgil," but the poet's Toryism was too deep-rooted for this. Ton-

son, bent on having his way to some extent, quietly ordered that the nose in all the pictures of Æneas be drawn with Dutch William's hooked proboscis, a fact which gave rise to the following:

"Old Jacob, by deep judgments swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Æneas' shoulders."

There is an exceedingly interesting letter of Pope's addressed to the Earl of Burlington some time in 1716, and it teems with a relation of bookselling tricks. But fortunately there is every reason to believe that this letter had no foundation in fact, although it may substantially represent no very uncommon occurrence at that period. On a journey to Oxford in company with Pope, Lintot is represented as having exclaimed, with reference to translators, "Sir, they are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe," and that he pays them at the rate of ten shillings per sheet for translations, which are corrected and revised by some other individual. The worthy Bernard had an amusing way of dealing with critics. The rich ones he silenced for a sheet apiece of the blotted MS., which they pretended was submitted to their correction, whilst small authors dedicated their works to them. On one occasion (according to Pope) a lean man that looked like a very good scholar entered Lintot's shop and took up the newly-issued translation of Homer, at every line of which he raised an objection. When in the midst of finding fault, Mrs. Lintot called out that dinner was ready. "'Sir, will you eat a piece of beef with me?' 'Mr. Lintot,' said he, 'I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book. I am really concerned on your account.' 'Sir, I am much obliged to you. If you can dine on a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding——' 'Mr. Lintot, I do not say but what Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——' 'Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you will please to go in.' My critic complies, he comes to taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable and the pudding excellent."

But for trickery, Curll certainly outdistanced any of the fraternity. Possessed of a fiendish propensity for getting into hot water, to be making somebody uncomfortable seems to have been one of the principal reasons of his existence. His most famous quarrel was with Pope, and it is not the most edifying chapter in the history of English literature. Curll may be exonerated from his share in the publication of

Pope's letters, as it is generally considered that the poet's part in the transaction was neither honest nor honorable. And after the action was brought before the House of Lords, and at once dismissed, the irrepressible Curll declared that Pope might beat him at a rhyme, but he was his opponent's master at prose. It has already been intimated that Curll published the sermons of the principal divines. In a sudden fit of piety or otherwise he sent a copy of Rochester's "Poems," not by any means the most decent book published, to Dr. Robinson, Bishop of London, with a polite request to revise the same. His lordship returned the volume with this message: "I am told that Mr. Curll is a shrewd man, and should I revise the book you have brought me, he would publish it as approved by me."—*The Bookworm*.

In Bohemia.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp
Of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

LIMITED EDITIONS: A PROSE FANCY.

By Richard Le Gallienne.

Why do the heathen so furiously rage against limited editions, large-papers, first editions, and the rest? For there is certainly more to be said for than against them. Broadly speaking, all such "fads" are worthy of being encouraged, because they, in some measure, maintain the expiring dignity of letters, the mystery of books. Day by day the wonderfulness of life is becoming lost to us. The sanctities of religion are defiled, the "fairy tales" of science are becoming commonplaces. Christian mysteries are debased in the streets to the sound of drum and trumpet, and the sensitive ear of the telephone is but a servile drudge 'twixt speculative bacon-merchants. And Books! those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; those silver shells, tremulous with the wonderful secrets of the ocean of life; those love-letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet; those honeycombs of dreams; those orchards of knowledge; those still-beating hearts of the noble dead; those mysterious signals that beckon along the darksome pathways of the past; voices through which the myriad lisps of the earth find perfect speech; oracles through which its mysteries call like voices in moonlit woods; prisms of beauty; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time; immortal nightingales that sing forever to the rose of life—Books, Bibles—ah me! what have ye become to-day!

What, indeed, has become of that mystery of the Printed Word of which Carlyle so movingly wrote? It has gone, it is to be feared, with those Memnonian mornings we sleep through with so determined snore, those ancient mysteries of night we forget beneath the mimic firmament of the music-hall.

Only in the lamplit closet of the bookman, the fanatic of first and fine editions, it is remembered and revered. To him alone of an Americanized, "pirated-edition" reading world, the book remains the sacred thing it is. Therefore we would not have it degraded by, so to say, an indiscriminate breeding, such as has also made the children of men cheap and vulgar to each other. We pity the desert rose that is born to unappreciative beauty, the unset gem that glitters on no woman's hands; but what of the book that eats its heart out in the threepenny box, the remainders that are sold ignominiously in job lots by ignorant auctioneers? Have we no feeling for them?

Over-production, both in men and shirts, is

the evil of the day. The world has neither enough food, nor enough love, for the young that are born into it. We have more mouths than we can fill, and more books than we can buy. Well, the publisher and the collector of limited editions aim, in their small corner, to set a limit to this careless procreation. They are literary Malthusians. The ideal world would be that in which there would be at least one lover for each woman. In the higher life of books the ideal is similar. No book should be brought into the world which is not sure of love and lodging on some comfortable shelf. If writers and publishers only gave a thought to what they were doing when they generate such large families of books, careless as the salmon with its million young, we would have no such sad workhouses of learning as Booksellers' Row, no such melancholy distress-sales of noble authors as remainder-auctions. A truly good book is beyond price; and it is far easier to under- than over-sell it. The words of the modern minor poet are as rubies, and what if his sets bring a hundred guineas—it is more as it should be than that any sacrilegious hand should fumble them for threepence. It records that golden age of which Mr. Dobson has sung, when—

". . . a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul;"

days when for one small gilded manuscript men would willingly exchange broad manors, with pasture-lands, chases, and blowing woodlands; days when kings would send anxious embassies across the sea, burdened with rich gifts to abbot and prior, if haply gold might purchase a single poet's book.

But, says the scoffer, these limited editions and so forth foster the vile passions of competition. Well, and if they do! Is it not meet that men should strive together for such possessions? We compete for the allotments of shares in American-meat companies, we outbid each other for tickets "to view the Royal procession," we buffet at the gate of the football field, and enter into many another of the ignoble rivalries of peace; and are not books worth a scrimmage for—books that are all those wonderful things so poetically set forth in a preceding paragraph? Lightly earned, lightly spurned, is the sense, if not the exact phrasing, of an old proverb. There is no telling how we

could value many of our possessions if they were more arduously come by: our relatives, our husbands and wives, our presentation poetry from the unpoetical, our invitation-cards to one-man shows in Bond Street, the auto-photographs of great actors, the flatteries of the unimportant, the attentions of the embarrassing—how might we value all such treasures if they were, so to say, restricted to a limited issue, and guaranteed “not to be reprinted”—“plates destroyed and type distributed.”

Indeed, all Nature is on the side of limited editions. Make a thing cheap, she cries from every spring hedgerow, and no one values it. When do we find the hawthorn, with its breath sweet as a milch-cow's; or the wild rose, with its exquisite attar and its petals of hollowed pearl; when do we find these decking the tables of the great? or the purple bilberry or the boot-bright blackberry in the entremets thereof? Think what that “common dog-rose” would bring in a limited edition. And new milk from the cow, or water from the well! Where would champagne be if those intoxicants were but restricted by expensive license and sold in gilded bottles? What would you not pay for a ticket to see the moon rise if Nature had not improvidently made it a free entertainment, and who could afford to buy a seat in Covent Garden if Sir Augustus Harris should suddenly become sole impresario of the nightingale?

Yes, “from scarped cliff and quarried stone,” Nature cries: “Limit the edition! Distribute the type!” though in her capacity as the great publisher she has been all too prodigal of her issues, and ruinously guilty of innumerable remainders. In fact, it is by her warning rather than her example that we must be guided in this matter. Let us not vulgarize our books as she has done her stars and flowers. Let us, if need be, make our editions smaller and smaller, our prices increasingly “prohibitive,” rather than that we should forget the wonder and beauty of printed dream and thought, and treat our books as somewhat less valuable than wayside weeds.

Washington Irving's Sorrow.

When a young man, rising to fame as an author, Washington Irving fell in love with Mathilda Hoffman. To his eye, she was such an image of delicacy and purity that his love for her grew into an idolatry. In the midst of his dreams of future happiness, there came an overwhelming blow from which he never fully recovered. Mathilda was taken sick with a

cold; it rapidly turned into consumption; and it was his agony to behold her fade away in a single winter, but in his sight beautiful and more beautiful to the last. During the three days and nights of her final sufferings, he did not leave her house, and scarcely slept. He was at her bedside when she died; his was the last face that she looked upon; and when the grave closed upon her, the world became blank to him in his distraction.

In the nights of his first anguish after Mathilda's death, he would carry to his bed her Bible and prayer-book, and place them tenderly under his pillow. Ever afterward, he kept them with him in all of his many wanderings and travels. When he died at Sunnyside, he had reached his threescore-and-ten; and his celibacy was still unbroken. There was then found a little repository of which he had always kept the key. It was opened; and there lay a faded memorandum which told the story of his sorrow, a miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper on which he had written “Mathilda Hoffman.”

Whitman's Little Jokes.

One Sunday morning he came out to see me on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, where I was then living, says J. T. Trowbridge. The weather was perfect, it was early May; the few friends I introduced to him were congenial spirits; he was happy and animated, and we spent the day together in such hearty and familiar intercourse that when I parted with him in the evening, on East Cambridge Bridge, having walked with him thus far on his way back to Boston, I felt that a large new friendship had shed a glow on my life. Of much of that day's talk I have a vivid recollection—even of its trivialities. He was not a loud laughter, and rarely made a joke, but he greatly enjoyed the pleasantries of others. He enjoyed especially any allusion, serious or jocular, to his poems. When, at dinner, preparing my dish of salad, I remarked that I was employed as his critics would be when his new edition was out, he queried, “Devouring Leaves of Grass?” “No,” I said, “Cutting Up Leaves of Grass,” which amused him more, I fancy, than the cutting up did, which came later. As the afternoon waned, and he spoke of leaving us, somebody placed a book before the face of the clock. I said, “Put ‘Leaves of Grass’ there—nobody can see through that.” “Not even the author?” he said, with a whimsical lifting of the brows.

THE YOUTH OF A SAVANT.*

The great man's objection to publicity, whether it is genuine, as in Taine's case, or whether it smacks of an elegant affectation, as in Thackeray's, may be taken as in some sort an exhibition of weakness and vanity. The greater the man the more certain must he be within himself that that beast the public will ultimately get his secret and inmost heart for a toy. Taine's taste for privacy and the veil amounted to a mania. He never allowed the illustrated papers to publish his portrait, and even when, in 1889, the irreproachable and august *Journal des Debats* celebrated its centenary, he made a considerable fuss before consenting to appear among his colleagues in the memorial picture by Jean Béraud which was reproduced in the *Centenaire du Journal des Debats*. Visitors to the Exposition Universelle of 1900 will remember Bonnat's fine portrait of him; that portrait was ten years old; the sitter had forbidden it to be hung during his lifetime. In his will he forbade absolutely any reproduction of "intimate or private letters." Nevertheless, here they are, those intimate and private letters—letters to his mother, to his sisters Virginie and Sophie, to Prévost-Paradol and Edouard de Suckau. And our anonymous biographer (surely Mrs. Devonshire might without inconvenience have given some clue to his identity), after the manner of biographers in a similar predicament, tries to plume himself upon "faithfully adhering to the instructions left by M. Taine."

Taine is apt to be regarded as a man of letters, on the score of his history of English literature, but his interest in letters was less artistic than philosophic, and philosophy was his first and last love. His elaborate and brilliant study of our literature is not a first-class work. It suffers from the same fault as his early essay on Livy, sciolism—we need not say a very learned sciolism, but sciolism. And, moreover, there is implicit in it an attitude which lowers the art of literature to the level of a peep-hole for spying out the psychology of a nation. With Taine, the history of literature, like the history of abstract thought, was only a means towards that "immense inquiry into the human soul" to which he consecrated his life. It will be recalled that Sainte-Beuve suggested that Taine's "History of English Literature" would more correctly have been entitled, *Histoire de la race et de la civilisation*

anglaises par la littérature. The suggestion contained shrewd criticism. The operations of Taine's artistic taste (possibly at its best not an impeccable taste—despite the fact that as a youth he went about with a Euripides or a Plato in his pocket) were continually incommoded and impeded by a baggage of philosophic theory. He imagined that he had invented a new science of literary criticism, catchwords and all complete. It was his naïve joy to be always tracing the Cause from the Effect. His eye was always alert for the Significant Fact, to others perhaps trifling, but to him portentous with concealed importance. He would have taken Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" and by a minute inquiry into the Indian Civil Service, and into the Staffordshire *milieu* of Kipling's parents, would have established a theory to explain not only Kipling's genius, but the psychology of Indian administration and of the moral code resulting from the collision of East and West. And in doing this, he would have dazzled you. But Sainte-Beuve would have brought you nearer to the secret of Kipling's genius by the mere expression, at once lyric and analytic, of his own emotions. In indulging in such mild irony, we do not seek to impugn the authenticity of the later writer's attainments and achievements. That he was a distinguished critic is certain; that he was a great one is more doubtful than that he was a great philosophic historian.

Taine took his two degrees in "science" and "letters," and passed into the Ecole Normale Supérieure at the age of twenty, and it is at this period that the correspondence now published begins. He was inordinately young then, even for twenty. In his first letter to Prévost-Paradol, he proves the existence of God to his friend with a charming air of superiority. In another letter he writes: "I am not answering your political opinions; they rest on no proof, and I accept nothing that is not demonstrated." At twenty-one he writes: "You will find me aged and changed"—(what his fellow students did find in him was a "living encyclopædia"). And we perceive again and again in the course of these early letters that at that epoch the Beautiful was the True, and *vice versa*.

Beneath this froth was much common sense and a singular insight into himself and the world. In 1848 he produced a treatise on

* "Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1828-1852. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00 net.

"Human Destiny;" at twenty, one does. The "Introduction" to this work is an interesting piece of autobiography. "There are certain minds," says the young author, "who live confined within themselves, and for whom passions, joys, sorrows, and actions are altogether inward. I am of that number; and, if I would look back upon my life, I should have but to recollect the changes, uncertainties and progress of my thought." He goes on to narrate his earliest transactions in philosophy, and proceeds: "I felt myself capable of great efforts, of tenacious perseverance, if only I had an object to attain or design to fulfill. . . . I was master of myself; I had accustomed my body and my soul to obey my will; and I had thus preserved myself from those bestial passions which blind and bewilder Man, take him from the study of his destiny, and make him live like an animal, ignorant of the present and careless of the future. My whole soul, therefore, turned towards the desire to know. . . ." His one ambition was to be a *savant*. He declared that if this intention were frustrated he should die. He said, later in life, that there were two men in himself, the inner and the outer, and that they had no connection with each other. The outer man was married, had children, wore gloves in the street, dined, &c., &c.—the inner was a cloistral being.

While still in his twentieth year, he wrote memorably, if not with entire originality: "Happiness is impossible; calm is the supreme object of man, and it is unattainable to him who has not acquired immutable convictions." And shortly afterwards he formulated his aspirations thus: "That I may think much, and discover many new things, gaze upon and produce beautiful things; that I may have food for love, *that is to say that I may have the friendship of persons estimable in heart and mind*, and in whom I exist so as to duplicate my being; that I may render some service to other men through the profession I shall take up—such are my aspirations. If I have enough strength I shall obtain Calm, which is the mental health of man." The italics are ours; the omission of any reference to sexual love is most marked; Taine had only one passion.

During the same year, he wrote to Prévost-Paradol: "You are at the crisis of your life. . . . Unless you come to the cloister you will not study seriously. If you are a man you will understand that he who wishes for an end must accept the means, and that there is no better end for a man, no greater good, than positive knowledge and personal tranquillity. I swear it on my conscience, you must now

choose between becoming a phrase-monger, a sophist, a penny-a-liner, an anxious worried wretch, or an orator, a philosopher, a serious and cultured man, worthy of leading other men." It is not surprising that a student gifted with such a temperament should have been the wonder and amazement of his competitors and the darling of his tutors.

Henceforward, in this history of his apprenticeship to learning, we are brought face to face with the narrowness, the stupidity, and the vicious reactionary tendencies which characterized the higher educational system of France at that period. Taine got a post as Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Nevers, but the Ministry of Public Instruction looked on him with no friendly eye. In writing to his mother, Taine quotes with grim gusto a sentence from "La Chartreuse de Parme": "Under an absolute government the first condition of success is to have neither enthusiasm nor wit." The total salary and emoluments at Nevers amounted to twenty-four shillings a week; but the Assistant Professor had most of the day to himself. "I get up at 5:30, prepare my class till 7:30, give it from 8 to 10, practice the piano till 11, and have lunch from 11 to 12. From 12 to 4 and from 7 to 10 P. M. I work for myself. I give a lecture in college from 4:15 to 5:15, and have some music from 5:15 to 6, when I dine. On Thursdays and Sundays I am free." Though he had obtained Calm, his life at Nevers was a very restricted one. He despised the society there, but denied that he was unhappy.

The proof that his important connection with literature was purely accidental is contained in a letter to his mother and sisters, dated January 1, 1852:

It was written in the celestial Archives that I should be a Professor of Literature, and that sooner or later I should again become a faithful worshiper of the Greek language. The philosophy *agrégation* is suppressed for this year, and probably forever if we are to believe the inclosed letters. I have come to a decision, and after to-morrow I shall heroically begin to prepare to pass in Literature. . . . You can imagine my vexation, but I have made up my mind to give way to necessity, and now I dream of success.

This is plain enough. And, by the way, his devotion to English literature originated in the fact that an uncle who had lived in the United States had by chance taught him English when he was a boy.

Four months later he was transferred to Poitiers, where he taught Rhetoric, and entered into the astounding opulence of eighty pounds a year, twice as much as Goldsmith's parson.

The intellectual atmosphere of Poitiers made him very sarcastic. His description of the races there is cutting. But he secluded himself as much as possible from Poitevin fatuity and worked hard for his Doctorate. His thesis was refused, and this second rebuff was also due to too much freedom of thought. He did not intend, however, to be tripped up three times. He came to Paris and supported himself by private teaching. Carefully ascertaining the limits of speculation which the examiners would permit, he chose a new theme and handled it with serpentine wisdom. It was accepted. He also wrote the academic masterpiece which brought him into general notice, the treatise on *La Fontaine*. He sent a copy of this to Béranger, with a charming missive which began: "It is indeed bold in a student from the Latin Quarter to offer *La Fontaine* to Béranger—". Béranger replied in words which we cannot forbear quoting:

I had not imagined, Sir, that a thesis could be so diverting and afford so much interest to ignoramus of my description. I have changed my mind since reading the copy of yours which you have had the kindness to send me. . . . Not only, Sir, have you changed my opinion concerning theses, but even that which I had formed respecting those gentlemen who are your judges. Those glories of Pedagogy appeared to me like great phantoms, eternally grave, who imposed fines upon each other if a smile hovered on their lips. Such is ignorance! I speak of my own, of course. What fines you must have exposed them to pay, Sir, when putting before them, with so much real Science and such ingenious wit, all the beauties of that most perfect of our poets! . . .

Béranger was seventy-three years old, and Taine twenty-five.

The book ends abruptly here, at Taine's first substantial success.

Unusual Qualifications Needed.

The following advertisement appeared in the *N. Y. Telegram* recently:

DISHWASHER WANTED—Must know Latin and Greek and be up in mathematics.

THE GEM, 37th st. and 3d ave.

The unusual qualifications required in the candidate for so humble a position as that of dishwasher attracted considerable attention among the *Telegram* readers. One or two who were blessed with a large amount of curiosity called at the address given and found that it was a Greek restaurant, the proprietor of which wanted to hire a man or a woman who could talk to his or her other employees and customers in their native tongues, and could figure up accounts when requested to do so.

Ballade to Miss Carolyn Wells.

By Franklin P. Adams.*

(In reply to Miss Wells' Ballade† ending:

Oh Fame, I ask not gilding bright,
Nor brave editions de luxe,
But grant that some day I may write
One of the six best-selling books!)

Perhaps, Miss Wells, I shall not end
This rhyme to Gallis model set;
These verses I may never send,
This doggerel you may never get.
Shades of Calliope! I'll bet
That, judging from the way it looks,
You'll never know, while still they're wet,
I *always* purchase *all* your books.

You, too, have caught the modern trend—
Commercial thoughts your brain must fret,
And hopes of gold appear to blend
With rondeau and with triolet.
In widely meshed Ambition's net
I find you with the other crooks
But wherefore be in such a pet,
I *always* purchase *all* your books.

Perhaps, Miss Wells, You apprehend
The blithe ballade I've never met
Thus—face to face—and Fates forefend
Again my tackling this coquette!
I have no thought to link with "threat!"
And no idea to chain to "cooks!"
No reason to my rhyme—and yet
I *always* purchase *all* your books.

L'ENVOI.

O Princess Wells, I am in debt;
My pleading no refusal brooks.
This is, alas! my chief regret;
I *always purchase* *all* your books.

Author First—Then Readers.

The *Book Buyer* prints an informing report of an interview with Mr. Quiller-Couch, in which the author of "The Ship of Stars" says that his completion of Stevenson's "St. Ives" was "a thankless task," and that he regretted ever having undertaken it. Mr. Quiller-Couch is further reported to have said: "As a matter of fact, only one chapter was of my own invention. I ought really to have changed the whole ending, for I am convinced Stevenson abandoned the book simply because he got 'stuck.'"

The Foreword.

For centuries "preface" was regarded as good enough, but now comes along some spectacular tyro seeking to attain fame by changing it to "foreword." By and by some literary nubbin will be calling a frontispiece a "façade," and a sequel a "codicil."

* From "In Cupid's Court," book of verse published by Wm. S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

† THE BOOK-LOVER, p. 520, No. 10.

THE GRAVE OF CHAUCER.

By John W. Hales.

As the statement that Chaucer was first buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey has lately been remade and is not without authority, though in this case the authority seems untrustworthy, and as in many hand-books there is some uncertainty as to the translation of his remains, it may be well briefly to consider what evidence there is on this subject; and even those who are well informed may be interested in the illustrative passages it is now proposed to quote, one at least of which will be new to most people.

The authority for the statement that he was originally buried in the cloisters is no less a person than Stow, in a work no less well known and valuable than his "Survey of London." Recording those buried in "this church"—*i. e.*, the church of Westminster Abbey—Stow names "Henrie Scogan, a learned poet, in the cloister," and then "Geoffrey Chaucer, the most famous poet of England, *also in the cloister*, 1400; but since [*i. e.*, subsequently] Nicholas Brigham, gentleman, raised a monument in the south cross aisle of the church."

"His works," Stow goes on to say,

"were partly published in print by William Caxton in the reign of Henry VI., increased by William Thynne, Esquire, in the reign of Henry VIII.; corrected and twice increased through mine own painful labours, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to wit, in the year 1561; and again beautified with notes by me collected out of divers records and monuments, which I delivered to my loving friend Thomas Speght; and he having drawn the same into a good form and method, as also explained the old and obscure words, &c., hath published them in anno 1597."

Now Stow, born in 1525, would, about the time Brigham raised the monument—which we still see—be some thirty years old, and, we may be sure, already deeply interested in the great poet and all that concerned him, as he was presumably busy "correcting" and "increasing" his works. But we believe there is no corroboration to be found anywhere for this placing Chaucer's first interment in one of the cloister walks, and there is evidence that, far from corroborating, is directly contradictory. We have no explanation at present to offer of this error—as certainly it can be shown to be—and might be content to remark of its maker, "interdum dormitat." But perhaps it may be noticed that other contributions of Stow to our knowledge of Chaucer and his writings

have not met with final acceptance—have, in fact, been summarily rejected. Of Speght's edition, "usually spoken of as having been edited by Stow," Prof. Lounsbury observes:

"It seems rather to have been merely a publication of the booksellers to which that antiquary was authorized to add productions of the poet that he found still unprinted. [It will have been seen Stow claims to have done rather more than Mr. Lounsbury gives him credit for.] It did not differ, at least to any marked extent, from the preceding collections by changes made in the text; but the whole number of poems was a good deal augmented. The character of most of these additions, however, was not such as to inspire confidence in the intelligence or the taste of the man who had rescued them from the oblivion into which they had fallen. John Stow was indeed what our fathers used to call a 'painful antiquary.' Unfortunately his judgment bore little proportion to his pains. Still, the pieces he added were received in his time as genuine without much question, and have in some instances come to play an important part in the biography and literary estimate of the poet."

So the American scholar; and certainly it must be allowed that Stow was not a better critic of Chaucerian style than his contemporaries or than hundreds of those that came after him, down to such a highly cultured person as the late Dean Stanley, who believed "The Flower and the Leaf" was written by Chaucer, and permitted a scene from it to appear in a window dedicated to Chaucer. But a man may be of slight importance as an arbiter of æsthetical questions and yet an effective reporter on matters of fact. The point now at issue is merely one of fact, and one on which we should expect Stow to be thoroughly accurate; but as to it, "his word no man relies on," for other men, and of older date, say differently.

Caxton informs us that Chaucer was buried in front of St. Benedict's Chapel; and at Caxton's request Stephanus Surigonus composed some elegiac lines, which were "wreton on a table hongyng on a pylere by his sepulture." The grave was plain and simple at that time, probably marked only by an inscribed slab. Surigonus's phrase is "parvus tumulus."

Hunc latuisse virum nil, si tot opuscula vertes,
Dixeris, egregiis quæ decorata modis.
Socratis ingenium vel fontes philosophiæ,
Quicquid et arcani dogmata sacra ferunt,
Et quascunque velis tenuit doctissimus artes
Hic vates parvo conditus in tumulo.

The lines are given in full in Caxton's edition of Chaucer's "Boethius," in Leland's "Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis," and in Speght's and Urry's editions of Chaucer's works.

Leland, who died in 1552—some three or four years before the erection of the monument by Nicholas Brigham—states distinctly enough that the poet was buried "Visimonasterii in australi insula basilicæ D. Petro sacræ"—in the south aisle (he seems to have identified "aisle" and "isle"—"axilla" and "insula"). He quotes the couplet

Galfridus Chaucer vates et fama poesis
Maternæ, hac sacra sum tumulatus humo;

and then has a pleasure in giving, as we have just said, the whole of Surigonus's poem, from which that couplet is taken. "Juvat," he writes, "totam ipsam nœniam quoniam tersa, canora et rotunda est, in præsentia recitare. Sic enim Chaucerus, qui re vera maximus fuit, nobili testimonio externi scriptoris major videbitur."

Again, in the dedication and preface printed in Berthelet's edition of the "Confessio Amantis," 1532, it is stated that "the other [Chaucer] lyeth buried in the monasterye of Seynt Peters at Westmynster in an ile on the south syde of the church."

Thus the evidence for believing that Stow erred and strayed when he assigned Chaucer's first grave to "the cloister" is irresistible.

Now a few words as to the reinterment in 1555 or 1556. Not that they are necessary, but I think they may be welcome, as they consist mainly of quotations, and one of these a quotation of some interest and not made before in this connection, though it appears in Todd's "Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer." It comes from "A Dialogue both pleasant and pietiful wherein is a godlie regiment against the Fever Pestilence," &c.—a dialogue between Medicus and Crispine, printed in London in 1573, the preface signed W. Bullein. In a version of the poets Chaucer is described in this wise:

"Wittie Chaucer satte in a chaire of gold covered with roses, wrytyng prose and rime, accompanied with the Spirites of many kynges, knightes and faire ladies; whom he pleasauntly besprinkled with the sweete water of the welle consecrated vnto the Muses, ecleped Aganippe. And as the heauenly Spirite [Chaucer, to wit] commended his deare Brigham for the worthie entombyng of his bones, worthie of memorie, in the long slepyng chamber of moste famous Kinges, even so in tragedie he bewailed the sodaine [hasty, as in Shakespeare, &c.] resurrection of so many a noble man before their time in spoilyng of epitaphes, wherby many haue loste their inheritaunce, &c. And further thus he said lamentyng:

Coueteous men do catche all that thei maie haue,
The felde and the flocke, the tombe and the graue.
And as thei abuse riches and their graues that are gone,
The same measure thei shall haue euery one.
Yet no buriall hurteth holie men, though bestes them deuour;
Nor riche graue preuaileth [availeth] the wicked, for all yearthly power."

That is, Chaucer protests against the rough way in which many graves had been disturbed and rifled—a way in such contrast to Brigham's reverent translation of the poet's bones to another spot inside the great Abbey Church.

Camden also, a junior contemporary of Stow's—he was born in 1551 and died in 1623, Stow living from 1525 to 1605—informs us that the poet's remains were transferred by Brigham from their original grave to their new and permanent one. These are Camden's words in his description of the "Australis plaga Ecclesiæ" in what is, I suppose, the first handbook to the Abbey ever published—in his "Reges, Reginae, Nobiles et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti usque ad annum reparatae salutis 1600:"

"Galfridus Chaucer Poeta celeberrimus, qui primus Anglicam Poesin ita illustravit vt Anglicus Homerus habeatur. Obijt 1400. Anno vero 1555 Nicholaus Brigham Musarum nomine huius ossa transtulit, et illi nouum tumulum ex marmore his versibus inscriptis posuit."

And then follow the familiar lines beginning:

Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
with the motto "Ærurnarum requies mors," and a hexameter to the effect that N. Brigham had undertaken the cost of the new tomb in the name of the Muses:

N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.

P.S.—Since writing the above I find that the author of "The Life of Chaucer" prefixed to Urry's edition, 1721, who was none other than John Dart, who in later life wrote the famous "History of Westminster Abbey" (see what he himself says of this life when he describes the south transept in his great work), corrected the error which it may now seem Stow adopted from Fox. After stating that Chaucer was buried in "the great South Cross aisle," he adds:

"Some Writers have affirmed that he was first buried in the Cloysters [A note refers to Fox's "Acts and Mon.," 1684, vol. ii. p. 42], and lay there till some years after; but this is a mistake, for Caxton in his edition of Chaucer (which was long before the time of his removal, as they place it) says that he was buried in the Abby [sic] Church of Westminster before the Chapel of St. Bennet; and it is very probable he lay beneath a large stone

of grey marble in the pavement where the monument of Mr. Dryden now stands in the front of the Chapel, upon the erecting of which this stone was taken up and sawed in pieces to make good the pavement. This seems to answer Caxton's description of the place."—*Athenæum*.

Poe and the University of Virginia.

By E. A. Forbes.

The publication, by Prof. Charles W. Kent, of the exercises connected with the unveiling of the bust of Edgar Allan Poe in the library of the University of Virginia throws much light upon the conduct of the poet while a student of that institution, and his reasons for leaving it. The records of the University were scrutinized for entries bearing upon the charges against Poe for which he is so strongly indicted in Griswold's memoir. The student days of the accused covered a period of ten months in the course of the second year (1826) of the University's existence. Professor Kent reminds us of the turbulent and unrestrained character of university life in Poe's day, by saying that the attention of the faculty was directed principally

"to disciplining students guilty of the use of ardent and vinous liquors, or of gambling. There were open outbreaks as well as personal rebellion against rules. The University seemed in imminent peril from within, because of the unrestrained wildness, rampant disrespect, and obstreperous conduct of a body of immature young men, who mistook this new liberty for license."

Further on, he says:

"At one of the numerous trials conducted by the Faculty a certain witness deposed that there were not fifty students at the University who did not play cards. With as much readiness and no less accuracy he might have affirmed that not fifty of the fathers of these students were free from the same vice. The sentiments against it in the Faculty could not have been unyielding, for in 1825 three out of seven of the members wished gambling removed from the infractions punished seriously and transferred to the list of minor offenses punishable by insignificant fines."

After referring to the countless records of trials of students guilty of drunkenness and dissipated conduct, the writer adds:

"But in all these records we nowhere find any mention of the name of Edgar Poe; and when a long list of students summoned to appear before the Albemarle Grand Jury was made out, Poe was not included, though many of his boon companions were. Poe was not, then, among the offenders known to university or civil law, but from the private testimony of his college mates it is evident that he did sometimes play seven-up and loo, his favorite games. . . . His part-

ner, afterwards a devout clergyman, and his adversaries, including frequently two friends who became respectively a well-known divine and a pious Judge, were far better known to the University sporting circle than was Poe."

The testimony of Mr. Wertenbaker, the Librarian, seems conclusive as to Poe's practice of gambling. In referring to a visit to Poe's room, he is quoted as having said:

"On this occasion he spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted and of the debts he had contracted during the session. If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at \$2,000, and, though they were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honor to pay at the earliest opportunity every cent of them."

Alluding to this interview with the Librarian, Mr. Kent declares:

"Poe's confession to him contains the real reason why he never returned to the University. Edgar Allan Poe was not expelled, nor dismissed, nor suspended, nor required to withdraw, nor forbidden to return, nor disciplined in any wise whatsoever, at the University of Virginia; but Mr. Allan was shocked and incensed at the extent of his dishonorable 'debts of honor'—which he at first refused to consider, but finally settled—and determined to put his extravagant foster-son in his counting-room."

The purpose of the editor of this memorial of Poe is not to gloss over the irregularities of his student life, but rather to show the facts. It is, and must be, regarded as an official vindication of Edgar Allan Poe from the suspicion of having been summarily dealt with by the faculty of the institution which now treasures his name as one of the most illustrious that ever adorned its rolls.—*The Dial*.

He Who Knows a Book.

By R. R. Kirk.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night beset my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale,
And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented, day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without steed
And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load.

—*Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*.

MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.

Wilkie Collins once said: "If I lost the power of writing I could hang out a shingle with the words, 'Wilkie Collins. Plots made here,' and I am certain I could make a handsome living."

Without egotism, Miss M. E. Braddon might easily say the same were she so minded, for there is no more skillful weaver of plots than the lady who has written some sixty long romances.

Her first novel, "The Trail of the Serpent," was written and published in serial form in 1860, when she was only about twenty-two.

Miss Mary Dickens, the granddaughter of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, and herself a novelist of distinction, has claimed for Miss Braddon that "no woman has given to her fellow creatures a larger amount of honest, wholesome pleasure," and few will be disposed to question the accuracy of this statement who recall the number of successes she has made since she sprang into sudden fame with "Lady Audley's Secret" just four decades ago.

It was only the other day that Mr. Joseph Hatton told once again the dramatic event which led to the production of that story, which Miss Braddon herself declares was founded on the methods of Wilkie Collins.

Mr. John Maxwell, the publisher, had determined to start a magazine called *Robin Goodfellow*, in opposition to one recently issued by Charles Dickens. *Robin Goodfellow* was edited by Charles Mackay, a literary man of great distinction and charm.

By an unfortunate accident the serial story which was to be a special feature of the first number was not forthcoming at the appointed time, and the editor and publisher alike were at their wits' end what to do, for the date of the first appearance of the magazine had been extensively advertised, and a postponement would be exceedingly detrimental to its success.

Miss Braddon heard of the difficulty and went to see the editor. There were only twenty-four hours to spare between her visit and the definite announcement that the magazine could not come out on the appointed day. The editor explained this to her as a reason for declining the possibility of accepting her offer to write a serial story for it, adding that, of course, there would not be time for her to do the work for the first number.

"But what is the latest time you could give me?" persisted Miss Braddon, evidently determined not to be put off from the carrying out of her project by mere consideration of time.

"Well," replied the editor, "if the manu-

script of the opening chapters for the first number were to be on my breakfast-table in the morning, that would be in time."

Next morning, when the editor went down to breakfast, he found among his letters a package of manuscript. He opened it and read the first few chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret," the plot of which Miss Braddon had had in mind, but the writing had been done at fever heat after she had left the editorial office. The situation was saved, the magazine came out, and the name of Mary Elizabeth Braddon was soon famous all over the English-speaking world.

Miss Braddon's first manuscript resembled her later work in respect to its appearance. It is remarkably neat, and is written in a hand sloping rather backwards, the letters being small and very clear, in many ways distinctly different from the hand in which she writes her ordinary letters, for that is more a "running" hand.

In her early literary days Miss Braddon used frequently to write all day long without even going out of her study in answer to the summons of the luncheon bell. Nowadays, however, she rarely works more than two hours in the morning, from eleven to one, when she goes for a walk.

In those early days of rapid writing, too, she frequently began a story without knowing how it was going to end, and trusting, no doubt, to her characters to develop themselves and to tell their own story, as other writers, like Mr. Justin McCarthy, have done. Now, however, she has changed that method, for she works out a scenario or scheme of the plot and makes sketches of the characters, these studies being often very elaborate, before she begins to write.

It may seem strange with so experienced a writer, but it is nevertheless a fact, that at times Miss Braddon has found a plot which developed itself up to a certain point and then refused to work out, so that it has had to be laid aside for a time. Later on, however, on taking it up again the difficulties apparently smoothed themselves out, and it was quite easy to unravel the tangle and carry the story to a triumphant conclusion. The same thing has happened with regard to a character, and it is remarkable that though by now the children of Miss Braddon's brain have numbered many hundreds they have, for the most part, been created out of "airy nothing," being merely figments of her imagination, and not drawn from the people she knows, except in a few rare instances; a singular contrast, by the way, to such a writer as Lord Beaconsfield, nearly

every one of whose characters represented a well-known man or woman.

As for her plots, Miss Braddon finds them everywhere. Miss Dickens is the authority for the statement that the starting point of "London Pride," which was published in 1896, was actually found forty years before in an account of the trial of Lord Grey in the "State Trials."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert once said, or was credited with saying, that he always wrote his plays backwards—the last act first. If Miss Braddon does not adopt this method, she occasionally uses a no less remarkable one, which was recommended to her by the first Lord Lytton, who was greatly interested in her career, and used to write her long letters of criticism whenever a new story of hers was published. Following that advice, Miss Braddon wrote the first third of her story, and instead of going straight on wrote the last third, thus availing herself of all the enthusiasm which she has created for herself in her characters and finishing in a fresh and vigorous manner, rather than when she was tired out, as it were, with the subject. Then, when the end was written, she would go back and finish the middle third of the book, which is ordinarily the least dramatic part. This, however, is not the invariable habit of Miss Braddon, but it has been occasionally used not only in the days when her novels were published in the old three-volume form, but as late even as in the case of "London Pride."

Descendants of D'Artagnan.

Admirers of the "Three Musketeers"—and who is not included in the number?—will learn with pleasure that the descendants of their old friend D'Artagnan are still flourishing. The young Comte d'Artagnan, who is a direct descendant of the gentleman who wrote the memoirs from which Dumas compiled his famous novel, figured as a correspondent for a leading Parisian journal at a recent military display at Rheims. He is described as a dashing young man of very handsome appearance.

In a Copy of Herrick's Poems.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

Like jewels gathered in a jar,
Their shining souls undimmed by Time,
The lyrics in this volume are
Still sweet with melody and rhyme.

And they forever shall be so,
Such art and grace to them belong;
It is their happiness to know
The immortality of Song!
Columbia University.

A Strange Character.

In looking up some chronicles the other day, I came upon the story of a man who died on the first of October, 185 years ago. The man was Thomas Britton. He was a peddler of coal, carrying it around in a basket or sack, and he lived in a chamber above his coal store. Yet his associates were the most distinguished men of the day in London, and a famous painter employed his genius to make his portrait, and a noted poet celebrated him in his verses.

He became celebrated and the friend of great men simply because of what he was. He possessed an exquisite musical taste and managed to establish musical reunions in his dingy chamber, to which the most aristocratic society in London was glad to be invited as a privilege. Distinguished lords and elegant ladies met the coalman there in his plain garb, and were fascinated by his manners and conversation. The renowned Handel was not ashamed to play in the coalman's chamber for his brilliant guests.

Britton was also at home with rare books and manuscripts, and the welcome friend of the book-lovers of his day. These men, among whom were noble dukes and earls, as well as authors of note, used to meet at the book-store of Bateman, a dealer of that day, and Britton would finish his rounds with coal, then leave his sack at the window, and go in among the titled company. He must have had rare tact and the highest of gifts to break through the barriers of society in that exclusive age. He is a shining example of the power of real worth to conquer in the humblest station.

It is not said that he ever neglected his daily work; yet he lived amid an atmosphere of taste and learning in spite of his dingy trade and dusty clothes. In this day, probably, a man of such talents would find some other occupation. But he was never ashamed of his work.

The lesson of such a life as that of Thomas Britton is not far to seek. Not only does any occupation leave room for the acquisition of talents and accomplishments, but mental and moral qualities will shine in spite of their surroundings. Britton was a respected musical critic and leader in literary society, though always a coalman. A great purpose to serve the world can be formed and carried out by a worker at any trade.

At the End of the Book.

The faithful taper dims,
The wee sma' hours come on,
And o'er the marsh the sleepy night-birds cry;
While Mother Moon her shim'ring lanthorn trims
To guide the laggard dawn—
And thus the tale must die.

—CHARLES WISNER BARRELL.

ICI ON PARLE—WITH VARIATIONS.

By W. Pett Ridge.

The little book smiled at me from the counter and I knew at once that sooner or later I should have to buy it.

"If you do not really know the French language," said the preface, "you will find a friend in this work. . . . It covers ground which the linguistic foot has hitherto left untrod."

"Thank you much," remarked the stout lady at the counter.

The little book cost me what, on the first page, it instructs me to call "ung frahng," and if one must spend money on books surely here is tenpence well laid out. It begins with important and most necessary information concerning coins, and this over proceeds at once to "Greetings," which I am directed to call "Salootace-ong." If being asked for information concerning my health I wish to give the guarded reply that I am "pretty well," the book recommends me to say, "pah mahl."

"Good-by" is "O reh wahrr," and I can well imagine the content of the Frenchman with whom, aided by this book, one had been conversing on hearing these welcome words. If on eating at a restaurant you wish for by-dishes ("orr durvrr"), and determining to pass yourself off as a native of the country demand snails from Burgundy, you will please ask for "Day zes-karr-go duh Boor-gon," but I once tasted this rare dish hot and hot at St. Etienne, and I remember that I wanted nothing else for dinner; for which reason I advise you to pass this by-dish and take for preference "Saw-si-song duh Leeong."

The little book has such a cunning acquaintance with English tastes that it tells how to ask for tea with rum after dinner, also tea with orange blossom essence, which may perhaps be some rare beverage that appeals to couples on their honeymoon. It is by requests like this and by the new wife inquiring respectfully whether her husband takes sugar with his coffee that tricks of diplomacy on the part of the bridegrooms are rendered useless and the most ingenious secrets disclosed.

A man of my acquaintance who is a celebrity by marriage, and one therefore with an opinion of himself, once admitted to me in a moment of unusual humility that he had found a great drawback at Berlin in that whilst he knew enough of German to ask his way about, his acquaintance with the language was not sufficient to enable him to comprehend the polite answer. In the same country a lady

once traveled with one sentence only, "Ich habe mein gepack verloren." To her great and bitter disappointment she never did lose her bag, and, as she remarked, it was really a waste of time to have learned the language.

The compiler's knowledge of French may be excellent, but his acquaintance with the English language has not reached the point of perfection. "Le denseur" is the dancer; "la danseuse," he declares, is the danceress. A "plombier" is a plumbery; I have heard the plumber called many names, but never anything like this. A "représentant de commerce" is a business agent, but this looks like compositor's fun, from which not even the intervention of the typist can save us. One precious sentence amongst those addressed to a laundress I am going to learn for use at home. It has a fine, desperate, illogical flavor that I like: "If you have lost the embroidered handkerchief I shall make you pay for the whole dozen."

The drawback in gaining a foreign tongue from a book of phrases must be that not infrequently the urgently desired remark is not to be found there. Thus, you call a cab ("Pst! Ko-shay!"), and the only hints that the present volume gives are in the direction of hurrying the driver, as, for instance, "Look sharp! You will fall asleep on the way." I have never encountered the Paris cabman to whom I should dare offer the language of satire, and, apart from this, I can imagine a situation where one might desire him to use caution and go more leisurely, in which case the sentence quoted would be of little or no use. Similarly, on arriving at the hotel, it is assumed that you are a person of eclectic tastes, and that you say to the waiter: "Give me some boiled eggs, some raw ham, a quarter of a cold fowl, and an orange."

It would appear that the compiler has felt it possible that this mixed diet may not agree with everyone, for on the next page opportunity is given to issue a wild, alarming order: "Go and fetch the doctor, the dentist, the masseur, the pedicure."

There is a happy conjunction of sentences later. Having asked, "What is the monthly price of this room?" you follow this up at once (whatever the answer) by saying, "That is too much." This shows a knowledge and a full appreciation of the manner of travelers that in other places is less conspicuous. The occa-

sions when a lady visitor, being in Paris, and anxious to bring her wardrobe up to the hour, demands elastic side boots ("day botteen zah aylasteek"), must be few.

An inclination to force the pace in a manner much too sudden for English methods is shown under heading, "The theatre, the music." If

you take the advice of the phrase book you remark, "Do you play the piano, miss?" Will it be credited that in four moves you are saying "I love you" and "Do not forget me" and "Let us love each other"? Such are the pitfalls awaiting the Englishman who does not know enough to take, unaided, his walks abroad.

THE BEST SPECIMEN OF BAD MANNERS.

By Charles F. Johnson.

Some years ago Mr. Swinburne wrote in his book on Shakespeare: "'A democracy such as yours in America is my abhorrence,' wrote Landor once to an impudent and foul-mouthed Yankee philosophaster who had intruded himself on that great man's privacy in order to have the privilege of afterwards informing the readers of a pitiful pamphlet on England that Landor had 'pestered him with Southey,' an impertinence, I may add, which Mr. Landor at once rebuked with the sharpest contempt and chastised with the haughtiest courtesy."

It will hardly be believed that the "ignorant and foul-mouthed Yankee" was the gentle and retiring Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that the "pitiful pamphlet" was "English Traits," a book of three hundred pages of the most generous as well as profound criticism of one nation ever written by a citizen of another. Landor was rude enough and stupid enough in what he wrote to Emerson, but he was an old man and what he said was in a letter, not in a printed book. What Mr. Emerson says of his call upon Landor flatly contradicts Mr. Swinburne's charge of "intrusion," and is beyond question true. He says, "English Traits," p. 13: "Greenough brought me, through a common friend, an invitation from Mr. Landor, who lived at San Domenico di Fesole. On the 15th May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous. . . . I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. I do not know whether the imputation were just or no, but certainly on this May day his courtesy veiled that haughty mind, and he was the most patient and gentle of hosts. . . . To be sure, he is decided in his opinions and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable past. . . . He thought De-gerando indebted to 'Lucas on Happiness' and 'Lucas on Holiness.' He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey? He invited me to

breakfast on Friday. On Friday I did not fail to go, and this time with Greenough, the sculptor."

Mr. Emerson details some of the conversation, which was entirely on general literary subjects, and closes his notes with saying:

"Landor is strangely undervalued in England, usually ignored, and sometimes savagely attacked in the Reviews. The criticism may be right or wrong, and is quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must go to Landor for a multitude of eloquent sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgettable."

Mr. Swinburne must have read these judicious and temperate words before he characterized as "impertinence" one of the finest tributes ever paid to Landor's genius. The expression "he pestered me with Southey" seems to have irritated him beyond measure, but Landor's whimsical admiration of Southey was a proper subject for pleasantries and is usually referred to as ridiculous. That Mr. Swinburne should have written as he did is one of those things "no gentleman can understand;" one of those exhibitions of petulance which go far in the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* to make us misconceive the temper of England. Like Sister Patience in the "Biglow Papers" he is a "leetle mite hystericky," in which condition a woman and, as it seems, a man of feminine mold, is apt to color expression in a spasmodic manner and pay slight attention to objective truth. Carlyle said some mean things about us in his saturnine and one-sided way, but after Mr. Lowell sent him the Harvard "Memorial Biographies" he is understood to have admitted ungrudgingly that there was some genuine heroism in our Civil War. As for Mr. Swinburne, as John Silver said when the ghost of Flynt was detected in using the voice of Joe Gunn, "Nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive." He need not apologize.

Trinity College, Hartford.

THE "PUNCH" OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

It is not a little remarkable that we should be indebted to the psalm-singing days of the Commonwealth for the first English periodical devoted to fun and satire. On the 8th of April, 1652, under the very nose of his Highness the Protector, was published the first number of

"Mercurius Democritus, or a true and Perfect Nocturnall, communicating many strange Wonders, out of the World in the Moon, the Antipodes, Muggy-land, Tenebris, Fairy-land, Green-land, and other adjacent countries. Published for the Right Understanding of all the Mad-merry People of Great Bedlam."

The size is the usual small 4to of the journals of the period, and its matter consists of sarcastic comments upon passing events, together with a plentiful sprinkling of fictitious intelligence, narrated with a deal of broad humor, but the wit, if wit it can be called, is of so gross a nature that I fear our lively contemporary would scarcely feel complimented by the assimilation conveyed in the heading. Here and there, however, I can pick out a paragraph which will give the readers of to-day an idea of the literary ware which amused their ancestors of the Commonwealth.

Blake and Van Tromp are blazing away in the Channel, and the hits at the Dutch are consequently numerous, and appear to "take."

"There is a fresh-water sea-man lately come sick home from the navy, saith that the Dutch Fleet lies so heavy on many of the seamen's stomachs since the last engagement, that their breaths smell of nothing ever since but pickled herrings."

And again a short time after—

"The Dutch have lately devised a stratagem to keep their harbours from freezing, by placing in every haven a fire ship that's so hot that it thawes the ice faster than it freezeth."

Lilly also is fair game.

"Will. Lilly hath put in Bayle, and hath his liberty on condition that he will make the aspect of Mars and Saturn to be more milde, and for his penance to take the Carter's Whip and jerk the Beares three times round about the pole, and after this to be put again into his primer and to learn to forsake the devil and all his works."

The unfortunate star-gazer appears to have excited the wrath of Mercurius in no small degree—scarce a number in which he is not roughly handled.

Here is another—

"Mr. Lilly hath been missing certain days; some think he hath made away himself; others

affirm that he is metamorphosed into an owle, that sings by daylight and writes all night in a hollow tree; others say he was overtook by an old lame shepherd in the Zodiac, mounted on the Dragon tail," etc.

The polemical spirit of the times is lashed with a free hand, but the extreme coarseness of the satire renders it unfit for your columns. In one number it is recorded that

"To-morrow is a great dispute at the Bare-garden between a Presbyterian Chamber-maid, who hath challenged an Independent Fish-woman, to dispute with her about the point of Predestination."

A discussion which probably came off at a time mentioned further on, "when 3 tydes flow'd in the New River, and a quire of Mermaids heard to sing wonderfully sweetly by Jack Adams of Clerkenwell."

The lover of folk-lore and popular customs will meet with much interesting matter in these columns, where the manners of the period are more faithfully and vividly depicted than in any other with which I am acquainted, always excepting the daguerreotypes of "the curious Mr. Pepys." From the following it would appear that the rites of St. Valentine were not formerly confined to pen and paper:

"A young gentlewoman, casting her apron over her face, because she should see nobody till she came to her sweetheart's bedside, on Valentine's morning, was met withal in the street by another spark, who claiming her for his Valentine, and offering to salute her, she denied to uncover her lips, whereupon he kissed her apron, which another seeing him, and laughing at him, he told him he was but a fool to laugh at him, for the gentlewoman's lips tasted sweetest when strained through her apron!" (No. 85.)

The editor appears to have been a madcap Royalist, always in hot water on account of his vile personalities. The publication was very irregular, and the tavern-haunters were often left some weeks without their favorite. At such times, we gather from the insinuations of rival journals that Democritus was in durance. One fine day, however, he yielded up the ghost in earnest, and not long after there came forth a little pamphlet, now of the most excessive rarity, entitled, "A Hue and Cry after Mercurius Democritus.—O yes, O yes, O yes! If any man, woman, or child, in city or country, can tell any tale or tidings of a laughing, merry conceited fellow called Mercurius Democritus, who hath been lost about ten weeks, and can by no

means be found or heard of, let them bring word to the crier or bearer hereof, and they shall be well rewarded for their pains."

After giving a humorous description of a poor author of that era—which, by the way, presents a sad similarity to that of one of the present—the writer winds up with a pathetic "sonnet," relating his quest after his friend, whom he purports to have found where few of your readers would care to follow him.

"To Wood Street Counter then I came,
Where in a darksome cell
I called Democritus by name,
Who cry'd out I'm in hell.
On Cerberus I then did fly,
For to redeem my friend,
And then I ceaz'd my hue and cry
And so I made

AN END."

Songs Which Have Changed Lives.

Mr. Albert Chevalier, in his recent volume of reminiscences, relates a charming story in connection with his famous song, "My Old Dutch." He was singing this song (which deals with a touching instance of wifely devotion) at a certain city in the United States, and one morning received a letter from a member of the audience saying that the ballad in question had worked a mighty change in his life. He had been separated from his spouse for several years through some trivial disagreement, and doubtless would have remained thus isolated to the end of his days had not the pathetic words of the song gone straight to his heart and caused him to seek a reconciliation. The letter went on to say that this reconciliation had been made, and the writer would ever be grateful to the singer whose work had wrought this wonderful transformation.

Few men could have failed to be touched by this simple tribute, but it says much for Mr. Chevalier's benevolence that he frankly confesses that he appreciated this letter more than all the complimentary epistles he had received from the great ones of the earth.

Blumenthal's beautiful song, "The Message," is also responsible for having altered the tenor of a despairing man's existence. The man in question, a native of Liverpool, was stricken with grief by the loss of his young and beloved wife, and for many weeks he went his way, a prey to the deepest melancholy. Gradually the misery he was enduring began to tend in the direction of acute melancholia, when it chanced that whilst returning to his solitary home he heard a street singer warbling the song named. Entranced by the superb music and by the equally glorious words, he stood rooted to the

spot, and, with the conclusion of the song, there came to him ineffable and enduring comfort. From that night onward he took heart and his melancholy gave place to calm and hopeful resignation. Thus do poet and musician continue to perform their mighty work even after death has claimed them, and the bard being "dead, yet speaketh" in the highest and noblest sense of the words.

Humorous ballads have also done their share in the direction of influencing lives, as witness the absolutely true story told by the renowned Dan Leno regarding a would-be suicide. A young mechanic in a certain town, being penniless and without work, resolved to spend his last shilling in the music-hall and then to terminate his career in the adjoining canal. Doubtless his fell purpose would have been duly carried out but for the intervention of Mr. Leno, whose singing so convulsed the unhappy man that he left the hall in a positively cheerful mood. All thoughts of self-destruction had vanished from his brain, and he retired to rest a cheerier and more sensible man. Next morning a piece of unexpected good fortune came to him, and his first action was to indite a letter of thanks to the great comedian whose merry quips had stayed his suicidal hand and turned his steps away from the dark threshold of eternity.

In deep truth, songs have so frequently influenced human lives that cases of the kind might be indefinitely multiplied, but perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of such influence comes from Tasmania, where a confirmed free-thinker was actually changed into a truly religious man by the singing of Sullivan's immortal "Lost Chord." The missionary who relates the facts of the case in connection with this wonderful conversion states that the effect of the song upon the atheist was well-nigh incredible, and that tears rolled down the latter's face as he confessed how the ineffable music had affected his entire being. In one instant of illumination, he averred, all his doubts had rolled away, and belief in the Almighty had come to him as though upon the wings of a miracle. Verily, on reading such records as these, who shall say that music is not, as the poet has named it, "half-divine"?

In bygone days Henry Russell's famous ballad, "To the West, to the West, to the Land of the Free," undoubtedly helped to swell the emigration statistics, and many a youth quitted Old England with that glorious melody ringing in his ears; whilst it is a matter of common knowledge that Dibdin's sea-ballads caused many a lad to seek a life upon the ocean wave.

THE SWEETEST OF FITZGERALD'S QUATRAINS.

By Henry E. Legler.

Students of Shakespeare have subjected every phrase in his plays to a microscopical examination; learned dissertations have been written on every conceivable topic suggested by him, from a forty-page pamphlet on the letters "a" and "e" as variants in his name, to a work of several volumes dealing with his sonnets. Bibliographers who have compiled lists of Shakespeare editions have reached a total of four figures. There are said to be two libraries in existence devoted wholly to Shakespeare, each embracing several thousand volumes.

Without suggesting other comparison with the Bard of Avon than the mass of printed material pertaining to each, it is interesting to note the tremendous output of books that relate to Omar Khayyàm. Shakespeare's first folio was issued in 1623. FitzGerald's thin pamphlets in brown paper wrappers found a neglected grave in Quaritch's penny box in 1859. More than thirty years elapsed before the Omar cult began. Indeed, the paraphrases of the Persian Tentmaker's quatrains, rendered into English by the recluse of Woodbridge, have had their tremendous vogue—especially in America—less than a decade. In this brief period there have appeared in America alone more than a hundred editions containing FitzGerald's versions, and probably as many more giving the text of other translators. Magazine articles, pamphlets, booklets and books dealing with Omarian philosophy and verse that have come from the press during the same period are numbered by the thousands. A book of fairly formidable proportions comprises a compilation of verse addressed to the poet of Naishapur—and it contains a mere selection of such verse at that. Thus ten years have sufficed for a single poem to create a literature almost equal in volume to the entire output that all the works of Shakespeare have called into being in nearly three hundred years.

Much of this literature is controversial. Carlyle, in one of his choleric outbursts, called Omar "that Persian blackguard," and more recently Edgar Saltus has termed the "ruffian heterodoxy of this Persian bon vivant" commonplace, "since it merely decorates the obvious in wine-drenched garlands and tawdry span-gles." More flippantly, but less venomously, Thomas Moore has suggested that

A Persian's Heaven is easily made:—
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.

On the other hand, Mr. John Hay and certain Englishmen of literary tastes belonging to the Parnassian school have sounded the praises of Omar with as keen a spirit as his detractors have disparaged him.

Now whether the quatrains of the old Persian bear a mystical interpretation, or his song is merely materialistic, something of its spirit has evidently found a responsive note among thousands of readers. It may be true, as Richard Le Gallienne avers, that Omar sometimes made use of wine and women as symbols of his mystical philosophy, and then after the Oriental fashion sought the ideal in the real. Whatever inspired the song of the Tentmaker nine centuries ago, the modern reader hearkens to that note to which his own mind and heart are attuned. With unerring instinct popular estimation has selected from the thousand rubaiyat credited to old Omar, three or four as apart from the rest in beauty of expression and feeling. And of these one is held above them all:

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

In these four lines is concentrated all that is needful for man's happiness; it is the creed of the democracy of happiness. All else—power, riches, fame, are as but "the rumble of the distant drum."

These four lines of FitzGerald's, more than any other, demonstrate by comparison how feeble has been the effort of those who have attempted to do what he did much better. Franklin once suggested a revision on modern lines of the Book of Job. His specimens have to-day an interest as curiosities merely. A century hence FitzGerald's paraphrases will remain a classic, and the books of the later translators will be known but to the literary antiquarian and book collector. To them the four lines of Omar above quoted will furnish an interesting source of comparison. The genesis thereof may be found in the following literal translation, as rendered by Edward Heron Allen from the original manuscript:

I desire a flask of ruby wine and a book of verses
Just enough to keep me alive, and half a loaf is needful,
And then, that thou and I should sit in the wilderness,
Is better than the kingdom of a Sultan.

If a loaf of wheaten bread be forthcoming,
A gourd of wine, and a thigh-bone of mutton,
And then, if thou and I be sitting in the wilderness,—
That were a joy not within the power of any Sultan.

McCarthy's rendering in sober prose is about as inanimate as Heron-Allen's, and it has not its merit of literal exactitude:

Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of verses, a loaf of bread and a little idleness. If with such store I might sit by thy dear side in some lonely place, I should deem myself happier than a king in his kingdom.

Such bleaching bones as these FitzGerald has clothed with living, palpitating flesh. In his lines leaps the passion of Oriental fervor. Compare with his quatrain, for instance, the parallel verse which Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis has constructed. The atmosphere is at once translated from Ivan to New England; the date palm becomes a crab-apple tree, and the juice expressed from grapes tastes suspiciously like cider. And yet Miss Curtis has undeniably written some very pretty verses. Le Gallienne's, too, have an interest all their own. And in the German, von Schack has caught much of the passionate fervor that finds its true expression in the Orient.

If Edward FitzGerald had not so amply shown that "a little thing may be perfect and that perfection is not a little thing," perhaps praise would come easier for the many later interpreters of Omar. And this suggests that perhaps the fairest comparison is to be found, not in comment that may after all but reflect individual taste, but in the juxtaposition of the various renderings of this quatrain:

Edward FitzGerald (fourth version)—
A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow.

Richard Le Gallienne—
A Book, a Woman, and a Flask of Wine,
The Three make heaven—for me; it may be thine
Is some sour place of singing cold and bare—
But then, I never said thy heaven was mine.

Elizabeth Alden Curtis—
A roll of verse, a crust of wheaten bread,
Thy voice for music, and my soul is fed;
The ruby of thy crimson lips for wine—
Ah, who would choose a paradise instead?

Chas. J. Pickering—
In this world whoso hath but half a loaf of bread,
And in his breast a refuge where to lay his head,
Who of no man is slave, who of no man is lord—
Tell such to live in joy: his world is sweet indeed.

Michael Kerney—
A flask of red wine, and a volume of song, together—
Half a loaf,—just enough to ravage of Want to tether:
Such is my wish—then, thou in the waste with me—
Oh! sweeter were this than a monarch's crown and feather!

Edward H. Whinfield—

Give me a skin of wine, a crust of bread,
A pittance bare, a book of verse to read;
With thee, O love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's realm instead!

John Leslie Garner—

A Flask of Wine, a Book, a Loaf of Bread,—
To every Care and Worldly Sorrow dead,
I covet not, when thou, Oh Love, art near,
The Jeweled Crown upon the Sultan's Head.

H. G. Keene—

A jug of wine, a book of poetry,
For stay of life a crust of bread give me,
And thou beside me, in the wilderness!
The Sultan's Kingdom better cannot be.

Anson—

Thy ruby lips pour fragrance into mine,
Thine eye's deep chalice bids me drink thy soul;
As yonder crystal goblet brims with wine,
So in thy tear the heart's full tide doth roll.

Louisa Stuart Costello—

When a Houri form appears,
Which a vase of ruby bears,
Call me Giaour if then I prize
All the joys of Paradise!

Edward Boyles Cowell—

Some ruby wine and a divan of poems,
A crust of bread to keep the breath in one's body,
And thou and I alone in a desert,—
Were a lot beyond a Sultan's throne.

F. York Powell—

Whether in Heaven or Hell my lot be stay'd,
A Cup, a Lute, a fair and frolic Maid,
Within a place of roses please me now;
While on the chance of Heaven thy Life is laid.
—*The Philosopher.*

Your Old Magazines.

"What do you do with your old magazines?" This was the query which I heard one lady propound to another in a suburban car. They had been discussing servants and babies and housecleaning and the accumulation of stuff that was too good to throw away, etc., and the lady who had asked the question went on to say that the magazines piled up in the house because she was too busy to read this or that article, or some one would borrow a number and forget to return it, or the baby would tear out a page, and thus prevent getting the full volume bound without hunting up a new number, and went on reciting all the woes that beset the reader and the keeper of magazines, and which are so familiar to every one. This was a subject that interested me and had also

been my pet puzzle, and I confess that I leaned forward to hear the answer.

"Well, just now I am storing mine away to keep until I can treat them as a clever woman friend of mine has done. She says she does dislike bound volumes of magazines—no one ever looks at them, they take up an enormous amount of room on her library shelves—one never knows just where the certain article that one wants can be found, and that there are dozens of articles in every bound magazine that do not appeal at all to her, but take up room just the same that might be devoted to something that she does like. When the magazines have been read by all the family, and are superseded on the library table by the next month's issue, she takes the wire out that holds them together and separates them into various subjects. She has large envelopes of heavy Manila paper suitably marked and puts the various articles into them until she has leisure to look them over, arrange them and have them bound. For instance, one envelope is marked 'Art,' another 'Stage,' another 'Fiction,' and so on, ad infinitum, to cover all the subjects she cares to keep. When she has a sufficient number of such articles upon any one subject—say about a thousand pages—she numbers the pages anew with her pen, makes an alphabetical index of subjects, supplementing it with an alphabetical index of authors, puts the index in front of her completed volume, sends it to a local bookbinder—and there you are."

"All of this sounds very easy and pleasant, but what does she do when, for instance, an article on 'Literature' is on one side of the page and 'Art' on the other?"

"In such cases, as she writes a very fluent, small round hand, as easy to read as print, she copies one side of the page, or, being an expert typewriter, copies it in that way, being careful always to save the illustration should there be one. Of course, the book does not look just as neat as a 'regular' bound volume of the magazine would look, but there is something enticing and attractive about the different looking page, and one finds it impossible to resist reading that article just to see if it was worth copying, and these volumes really make books of reference. She calls the whole series 'Driftwood,' and has such sub-titles as 'Arts and Artists,' 'Plays and Players,' 'Woman,' 'Fiction,' 'Music,' 'Childhood,' 'Authors and Their Works,' 'The Antiquity,' 'Travel,' 'Napoleon,' etc., and, by the way, this 'Napoleon' contains not only 'Sloan's Life of Napoleon,' but articles about the King of Rome, Napoleon

III., Eugénie, the ill-fated Prince Imperial, and other members of the Bonaparte family.

"She contends that the magazines contain the best current thought and literature, and as such should be preserved; but that some system, some discrimination, must be employed to make such literature available for instant use.

"She does not claim that her system is perfect, but it is the most convenient that has occurred to her, and she points with pride to her absolutely unique row of volumes and says: 'There is not another set in the world like this. Others may do the same thing, but unless it should be gone over article by article it could never be duplicated, and they are at least "original editions."'

"She has interested several of her friends who have special hobbies in her scheme, which is delightful to her because she can pass articles on to them which do not particularly interest her, but which it would break her heart to drop into the waste-basket because of their real value.

"Like all good, healthy Americans, she is fond of short stories and revels in her volumes of fiction containing hundreds of stories, short and long, to suit all tastes and ages and selected because of their special interest and value to her."

"But this must take an enormous amount of time, work, and—yes—patience."

"Granted; but my friend, who is as busy a woman as I know, claims that it is one of her greatest pleasures and relaxations; that it is a liberal education to her that could come in no other way, and satisfies in some degree that desire we all have to create something; that she has neither talent nor genius to write a book, but she can do this, which is in some small way a product of her own brain and taste, although in a very limited degree.

"Her children are immensely proud of her work, and when showing off some of the gems of the library never fail to ask: 'Have you seen mother's magazine books?'

"These same books have been loaned to various schools and colleges, have passed from hand to hand and been praised for their availability as works of reference."

Here the electric button was pressed, the two ladies alighted from the car, and I discovered that I was a mile beyond my destination, but cheerfully paid the return fare because of the information given me on what to do with old magazines and the resolve big within me to go and do likewise.—*Washington Star*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Recent Books Reviewed by Their Authors.

DECIDEDLY an innovation is the department inaugurated this month by *THE BOOK-LOVER*, which has asked the writers of a dozen recent books to "review" their own work for its readers. The request for the reviews was worded in part as follows:—

"The idea of asking authors to review their own writings grew out of entire dissatisfaction with 'reviewing' done by the everyday critics. So long as one reads but one periodical his mind usually remains unshaken, but if two or more are taken in the wonderful diversity of opinion concerning books of value and importance unsettles the reader completely.

"Four reviews of two recent novels, reprinted in the autumn issue of *THE BOOK-LOVER*, illustrate this diversity admirably and not unfairly.

"It occurred to me that we would rather be guided by the author's own estimate and description of his book, and therefore this request to you.

"At most I would not hope to review more than a half-score books in a single number of *THE BOOK-LOVER*, and as it is issued but six times a year it is evident that we shall not overdo what seems to have been a very happy thought."

The result has been entirely pleasant and more favorable replies were received than the editor had believed possible for the first effort in so novel an excursion. These interesting reviews are entirely serious on the part of *THE BOOK-LOVER*. There is no literary log-rolling back of them in any way. One writer has not known who else has been asked for a personal estimate of published work nor have publishers been let into the secret. What may be done with propriety in *THE BOOK-LOVER* would be insufferable in most journals touching upon current literature. No personal or other bias has entered into the choosing of books to be reviewed. The sole desire has been to give the author's own estimate of a number of the more important recent books. It is believed this department will be found one of the most interesting and valuable features of *THE BOOK-LOVER*.

The writers cannot be taken to task for immodesty, for at the worst they are but inditing Prefaces to *THE BOOK-LOVER*'s audience instead of closing them within covers to be seen only by those who, having the book in hand, too often forget the author's explanation of his work, the surest guide to its understanding and appreciation.

"THE STORY OF A STRANGE CAREER."

By STANLEY WATERLOO.

It was through his letters, written from the penitentiary, that I first became interested in the writer of "The Story of a Strange Career." Serving a long sentence under the "Habitual Criminals Act" of Illinois, the convict had but one friend in the world, his family having long since disowned and discarded him. This friend, a woman who was interested in prison reform, had become a regular correspondent with the heretofore friendless prisoner.

I was attracted by the grim humor of the man, the same quality which, somewhat softened, shows throughout the pages of his autobiography.

In one of his letters the prisoner had written of a new cellmate, a Dutchman, and had intimated that he had been improving the opportunity to learn some very picturesque and satisfying "swear-words" by which to relieve his feelings over certain grievances. Being rebuked by his friend, he returned in his next letter the following unique apology:

"Acting upon your advice I have stopped acquiring new expressions in low Dutch, and to make reparation for the past I have given my companion several severe lectures in regard to his misguided eloquence. He is at present teaching me to say 'God Bless Our Home' in his language."

In another letter, writing of Decoration Day, which was a half-holiday in the prison, he said:

"In the morning I worked in the shop. The afternoon was passed very quietly in my private apartments. Toward evening I felt as if I would like to roam through the green fields for a little exercise, as well as to see what they looked like, but I had to abandon the idea on account of some very good reasons on the part of other persons. At least they thought it best for all concerned, but somehow I cannot take the same view of the subject as they do."

It was the convict's description of a trip into the

outer world after thirteen years in prison which led to his being urged to write a history of his life and impressions. This letter was written October 21st, 1894. He had applied for a pension from the United States, and had been taken from the penitentiary to the office of the Pension Examining Surgeons in Joliet.

"Now for the trip to the surgeons," he began. "It took hardly five minutes to change from the stripes to citizens' clothes. I was placed in a buggy, and had a very pleasant ride to town. Any one to see me then would suppose I was a free man. I was treated as a man in every respect. You can rest assured that I kept my eyes busy in taking in all the sights. It was like turning a countryman loose in a circus. For the first time in my life I saw an electric car, also a young lady riding a bicycle. Do you not think I am away behind the times for a Chicago man? We had to wait for a train that had stopped at the crossing; the young lady kept riding in a circle close to me, my eyes and mouth both open, taking in the novel sight. She was mounted *à la* cowboy. I have been in dire mental perplexity ever since. If she had been dressed in knickerbockers all would have been well for my peace of mind, but she wasn't; she had on long skirts. Now I am wrestling with the problem as to how she manages to get on and off the bicycle."

A manufacturer's circular containing cuts of ladies' bicycles was sent to relieve the mental strain of a man living in the center of the United States in 1894, and who yet had never seen at close range an up-to-date wheel.

The peculiarity of the writer of the autobiography known as "The Story of a Strange Career" is that he really tells what he thinks, and what he has done and what he has seen, with perfect simplicity and frankness. Throughout his book there is a complete absence of disguise, palliation or pose. If, at some time, he cut open a man's pocket, took his money and ran away, he tells of it exactly as if he were casually alluding to having picked up an opportune match and lighted a cigar.

The attitude of the criminal mind is perfectly presented in its entire absence of the sense of personal responsibility.

Outward, this man could look, and see clearly. Within he never looked, with the eye of self-examination. Blithely he trod the path of the lawless, the violent and the worthless, and only mourned when he was tripped up and caught. Yet he has given to the world impressions of truth and value. Never has the life of a common sailor been so well told as in his book; he gives, from page to page, a wonderful picture of a seaman's life, that life which Dr. Johnson said no man would live if he could live any other. His experience as a prisoner of war is an inimitable piece of reality in writing, and his description of the famous Fort Fisher affair is worth almost all the volumes of print that have appeared upon that subject.

To persons interested in social questions, and especially to students of criminology, there is a study well worthy of attention in this story of a convict, beginning with his early youth, even breaking off, as it does, at the time when prison gates began to open to him. For, plainly to be seen from the first chapter is the process by which the ready material is made into the confirmed law-breaker, the habitual criminal.

"THE NEEDLE'S EYE."

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

SOME UNPREJUDICED COMMENTS BY THE AUTHOR.

When I mentioned the unique plan of the Editor of *THE BOOK-LOVER* at the breakfast table the other morning, one of the boys, who is now a sophomore at college, said he thought it would be a regular "snap" to review one's own book.

"Why," said this ingenuous youth, "you can inform the public that 'The Needle's Eye' is the greatest work of fiction produced up to date in this or any old country. Tell 'em anxious crowds have been standing in line before the book-stores since the day of publication."

"I don't believe I'd pile it on quite so thick as all that," cautiously observed one of his brothers, who is still in the high school. "But I'd give 'em to understand that it's a capital, a number-one production. It is, you know; and then folks like plenty of guff."

I wrinkled my forehead perplexedly over this last word. "What is 'guff'?" I asked mildly. "Is it a new kind of confectionery?"

This question of mine was conceded to be exquisitely funny, and everybody laughed. That is, everybody except one of the younger boys, who had been silent up to this point, as became his tender years. "You'll have to let somebody else do the praising," said this young person, and with an air of judicial seriousness. "Nobody would believe what an author said about his own book. At least I wouldn't."

"Not even if the author was your own mother?" I asked hopefully.

He shook his head. "You'd be prejudiced," he said, kindly but firmly. "You couldn't help it. They never let prejudiced people be on a jury; and reviewers are a kind of a jury, you see."

I groaned. This statement was unquestionable. "Perhaps I'd better say 'Guilty of one more middling bad novel' and done with it. What would you advise, my son?"

"Well," pursued the young person—still kindly,

even encouragingly—"of course, *we* all think it's great. But you ought not to say that; people wouldn't care what *we* thought anyway. I think I'd just say that I'd done as well as I could. That would encourage people to read it. They'd feel as though it was their duty."

The sophomore shouted with laughter. "You're really very amusing, youngster," he said, with immense though benignant condescension. "Folks don't read novels from a sense of duty."

"Don't they?" I asked humbly. "I think I remember wading through several narratives, actuated by no other discernible motive."

The youngest boy of all, who is just ten years old and of a rotund and rubicund countenance, had been eying the company in discreet silence during the foregoing conversation. He now fixed his oldest brother with a sternly accusing eye. "Sophomores are generally fresher than freshmen," he remarked, with crushing emphasis. "If I were you, mother, I'd just write down exactly what I thought about that book. If you like it don't be afraid to say so. That's what you told me to say at the party last week."

Subsequently I resolved to accept this excellent advice. In line with my resolution—which I am sure no one can criticise—I will say in the first place that I consider "The Needle's Eye" to be the best book I have written. Mind you, I don't say the best book any one has written, but the best book I have written.

I worked on the story for the better part of two years, rewriting the great bulk of the manuscript twice over, and putting much anxious labor into the task of finishing it. If the story proves "hard reading" to any one, it will not be because of the proverbial "easy writing."

Naturally I am well acquainted with all the characters. Some of them turned out on close acquaintance to be astonishingly disagreeable individuals. Take Erastus Winch, for example, who figures in the early chapters of the story; a more close-fisted, bad-tempered, profane old rascal than 'Rastus would be hard to find. Yet there are—I regret to say it—plenty of 'Rastuses in our outlying country districts. I had letters from some of them when the story was running as a serial in a prominent weekly. One gentleman from the State of Maine, after expressing himself in the most caustic terms, stated that "he'd like to take a pis-elm club (whatever that may be) and destroy the structure of 'Rastus." He further inquired where "the doggoned farmer" might be found. In order, I suppose, that he might communicate with him more directly.

I have since been told that the town of Tacitus Four Corners has been variously located in Ohio, New York, Maine, and New Hampshire, and that the inhabitants are pretty equally divided between wrath and unholy joy to think that their citizens have been so distinguished. It is needless to say that Tacitus Four Corners exists only in the mind of the author.

The experiences of Elizabeth Winch drew forth many letters. One of them—written in a hand which told of work-stiffened fingers—said: "How many country wives never hear a real hearty word of praise from year's end to year's end, no more than did 'Liz'beth Winch. Much less does she get a little money now and then that she may spend without having to give an account to her lord and master."

How many of these white female slaves have the heartache? How many of them are in the lunatic asylums?"

How many, indeed?

Of my hero, who was, of course, particularly dear to me, one reader of the story wrote: "I want to tell you that Immanuel Rossi's marriage was a great mistake. It hurt me almost as much as if I had been his mother. As a mother I would much rather bury a son of mine than marry him to a woman like Hilda. The results cannot help being disastrous to Rossi."

I confess that these letters amazed me; if I had been writing an actual biography they could not have been more personal in their tone. Right here let me say a word about the name of my hero. When the book was in the hands of the printers one of the publishers asked me, "Have you read Hall Caine's 'Eternal City'?"

"No," I answered; "I am rather ashamed to say I have not."

"Do you know what his hero's name is?"

"I don't know anything about the book," I confessed.

"I thought so," he said smiling. Then he told me that Hall Caine's hero was named Rossi.

I was much astonished and annoyed at the circumstance, though the serial publication of "The Needle's Eye" had begun long before "The Eternal City" was published. It was too late to make any change in my hero's name, so the identity must be set down as "one of those coincidences."

Now as to my heroine. I am inclined to believe that Hilda Wilde is a new figure in fiction. I don't know any other girl at all like her in a book, though I have met the young lady more than once in real life. My feelings toward pretty, naughty Hilda might be expressed in the words of that excellent lady, Mrs. Si' Scott, when she was attempting to advise Immanuel on the management of his young wife: "I've known Hildy sence she was a baby, an' while of course me an' her gran'pa think the world an' all of her—as is no more'n natural, seein' she's our only gran'child, I ain't blinded to her faults. She's awful set on havin' her own way, Hildy is, an' it don't make no manner of difference whether it's a good way or not; she jest sticks to it through thick an' thin. Her pa allers spiled her when she was to hum'; an' his second wife didn't have no more gove'nment 'an a tow string. You'll have to be firm with her."

I tried being firm with Hilda, but she did just as she pleased in the end in spite of me.

I think I can see my good friend, the Editor of THE BOOK-LOVER, shaking his head at this point. Perhaps he has even gone so far as to say, "Why, this person evidently doesn't know what the word 'review' means. She hasn't explained the plot, nor set forth the purpose of the book. I guess I'll have to——" And the terrible blue pencil is poised and about to descend.

But hold! dear Editor, while I hastily tell you that I really don't believe in the regulation review in the very least. To my mind there is nothing more unpleasant than the skeleton of a plot. Its dry bones fairly rattle; its vacant eyeholes stare one out of countenance in the most disconcerting way. And what is more, I am acquainted with many persons of uncommon good sense who seldom, if ever, read a novel which they have seen "thoroughly reviewed." What I should infinitely prefer to any number of the most exhaustive—and exhausting—reviews would be

to hear that large numbers of intelligent and discriminating persons were buying my book with a view of finding out for themselves what I spent two years in trying to set forth. This I am positive is the very best way. And on this point, at least, I probably agree perfectly with the views of novelists and publishers the world over.

I've really tried to be unprejudiced in making these scattered comments; but in the succinct words of 'Liz'beth Winch, "If I've said anythin' 'at ain't so, Lord, jest see 'at they furgit it! I furgit easier 'n I remember, an' there's times 'at I'm mighty glad of it!"

"STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES."

By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

When one has been a reviewer for something more than ten years and has suddenly, and rather unexpectedly, become an author, in a small way, one accepts with mingled emotions an invitation to review one's own book. Perhaps one has never been quite frivolous regarding one's work, but of a sudden a review becomes a momentous thing and the ability requisite to say everything about a book that should be said, and nothing about it that should be left unsaid, to seem very, very far out of reach.

'Tis a serious thing—this sitting in judgment! Almost more than any other one thing, it has impressed me, in the studies made for this book of mine. Of course the authors whose stories are there told were familiar characters to me before ever I dreamed of writing the record of their loves, but equally of course, I did not begin to write until I had collected every available opinion about each of them, from every accessible source. Ah, me! Such diversity of viewpoints, such disparity of statements, such difference of estimates!

Poor Byron wrote:

"I have seen myself compared, personally or poetically, in English, French, German, Italian, and Portuguese, within these nine years, to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretin, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, an Alabaster Vase lighted up within, Satan, Shakespeare, Bonaparte, Tiberius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin the clown, Sternhold, and Hopkins, to the Phantasmagoria, to Henry the Eighth, to Chénier, to Mirabeau, to Young R. Dallas (the schoolboy), to Michael Angelo, to Raphael, to a *petit maître*, to Diogenes, to Childe Harold, to Lara, to the Count in 'Beppo,' to Milton, to Pope, to Dryden, to Burns, to Savage, to Chatterton, to 'oft have I heard of thee, my lord Byron,' in Shakespeare, to Churchill the poet, to Kean the actor, to Alfieri, etc., etc. The object of so many contradictory comparisons must probably be like something different from them all; but what *that* is is more than I know, or any body else."

And not Byron alone has been variously estimated by his self-constituted judges. One might grow distracted reading the different accounts rendered of almost all potent personalities, did not one stop to reflect what might befall should a sudden turn of fortune's wheel make him of interest to the great number of his fellows and bring a dozen of his acquaintances forward to analyze or adjudge him. The ones who knew least would have most to say; and how one could read the estimates and, between the lines, find grievances cherished or graciousness anticipated, coloring judgment and even distorting

fact! And of the medley, one will believe what he likes to believe, and another will believe what he likes to believe. And the truth, oh, where is it?

But, after all, is it the truth we want? And, chiefly, is it the truth we want about human nature? Isn't it, rather, the possibility of appraising it to suit ourselves? There are few characters that may not be found either contemptible or adorable, according as one chooses to find them. In my little book I have chosen to look for the sweetest, bravest, tenderest side of each man and woman written about, have chosen to love them all and reverence them all, and feel indebted to them all, each according to his kind..

The series of articles began with Hawthorne, sent in answer to a request for "something for *The Delineator*," whose editor proposed that it be followed by "two or three more." Thackeray happened to be very much in my mind, just then, so he "came next"—dear, "brave-hearted Thackeray," with the living tragedy in his life, with the outer glamour and the inner pain, the reputation of being a cynic and the tender record of having urged one he loved to "just be good—that is enough."

Then the Carlyles suggested themselves, with their "very humanest love story," so deliciously naïve in the courting days, so piteously inarticulate as age came creeping on. From Carlyle, forgetting to make love to poor Jeannie until it was too late, and she was gone, to dear, unutterably wistful Charles Lamb, showing all the world how to smile through tears, the stories passed, and then on to the transfigured idyl of the Brownings and the late, and lorn, romance of poor little Charlotte Brontë. Readers liked them—who *couldn't* be popular with such subjects?—and the stories went on, month after month. Rossetti, with his wonderful love-poems buried with the woman who was their inspiration, and dug up again, after many years, to delight the world; John Ruskin and the little-known story of his "Rosie," who taught him, when he was an old man and very wise, what love may be, and chivalrous, "shif'less" Edward Fitzgerald, who found no house big enough for wedded twain with no other bond than good intentions; Dickens' tragedy, and "the peace of God" that came to Tennyson when he wedded Emily Sellwood, Shelley's childish romances, and "the pitiful passion of poor John Keats," the fitful fever of Edgar Poe's life, the transformation that love wrought in the life of George Eliot—all these provided stories of so great inherent interest it was small wonder they were liked; 'twere almost impossible to spoil them in the telling. With Michael Angelo (ranked as an author by virtue of his great love sonnets) and Dante, the world's greatest lover, the magazine series came to an end. For the book, which had come into prospect through the offer of the publishers, chapters were added on George Sand's pitiful quest for love, on Balzac and his long, long faithfulness and brief, brief happiness, on poor Byron and his life of unrest, on the heart-hunger of Margaret Fuller, the "cross" in the heart of the gentle Longfellow, and the romances of two bachelors, Thoreau, the gaunt hermit of the woods, who parted from his beloved because she asked him a question, and Washington Irving, the sunny favorite of all mankind, high and low, who carried through all his brilliant, courtier's life a young girl's prayer-book and a lock of her fair hair.

As a contribution to the records of fact the book can lay no claim at all. I have tried to get all the

known facts I could and have tried, equally, to make no statements that are not, so far as I am able to determine, true. But I have added nothing to the knowledge generally obtainable on these subjects. Whatever virtues my labors may have is of the collection and arrangement, in brief, of scattered facts, and a possible virtue of interpretation. In this latter I have not attempted anything bordering on the critical; I have not felt that I was within my province, or within my ability, to pass judgment of any kind. Where I felt that my admiration for a character brought me, perhaps, into a position of such understanding as love makes possible, I have ventured on my own interpretation, but in general the little book lays no claim to consideration either as history or as criticism.

I do not know what I can say more, except this: Touching this matter of love, each of us has great wistfulness. Either our ideals of love have not been met, as was poor Thoreau's case; or love that was once very sweetly ardent has grown matter-of-fact and inexpressive, as Carlyle's did, to his anguished recollection, when it was too late; or Death has stepped between us and happiness, as it did to Washington Irving; or great love when it comes to us, comes as it did to Michael Angelo, in the person of one whose power to love is preoccupied. Even if we hold it to us in its fullness, wistfulness is not absent from us, for who can say what to-morrow brings? This uncertainty it is, this unsatisfyingness of the present, that makes all lovers kin in their hope of a time, a place, where "we shall all be satisfied." One could hardly read the record of longings in these "Stories of Authors' Loves," if one could not rejoice to feel that now they are all satisfied. The book would be fraught with intolerable pain did not one believe that each of these hungry hearts was filled, at last, each of these beseeching hearts has come into peace, great peace.

"THE RIGHT PRINCESS."

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

I have been asked in many quarters why, with an established reputation and a kindly disposed public, I should have hazarded these by writing the pioneer novel of Christian Science. One faction awards me mercenary motives, while another prophesies serious financial loss as an outcome of my zeal.

I am accustomed to being governed more by the almanac than by inspiration in my writing, and so when playtime was over last fall I began to look for a subject for the winter's work. For some weeks I thought and thought in vain, but one evening while dressing to attend the theatre, the plot of "The Right Princess" came to me suddenly. The next thing I knew I was nearly ready to retire, having entirely forgotten my surroundings, and mechanically reversed the operations of my toilet. Feeling decidedly impatient as well as amused, I dressed myself as quickly as might be and proceeded to the play.

But the Princess was not through with me. I did not welcome her. I did not feel equal to the task of writing a Christian Science book and tried hard to be let off; to think of something else; but this story returned with insistence, and so at last I wrote it, doing the work with some anxiety and a sense of responsibility quite new in my field of light fiction.

Quite new also is the bitter tone of some of my reviewers. There having been nothing hitherto in my simple stories to antagonize, I am unaccustomed to any treatment but the most kindly; and now the opposition which so many persons think they feel for Christian Science, when in reality it is for something quite different, crops up naturally here and there as various ones write of the book. Opposing Christian Science is simply opposing the gospels, so in reality very few persons do oppose it, but spend their rhetoric upon their own false impressions of the subject.

I have been asked to review "The Right Princess" myself; but I might as well be requested to dissect the characteristics of my own family. All the characters in the book are living personages to my mind. They came to me and lived and moved before my eyes daily, and the things they said and did are their sayings and doings more than mine. That I grew attached to them goes without saying. They still come and go before my mental vision and I share their hopes and happiness. It is a distinct satisfaction to me to be assured that after Frances was married she replaced Billy's ring on her finger, where it remained one of her dearest souvenirs.

Only one thing was certain to me when I began the story; namely, that the Princess was going to marry her patient when he should be restored to man's estate. She wouldn't, you see, so how can I be expected to review a book like that?

"ETERNALISM."

By ORLANDO J. SMITH.

The editor of *THE BOOK-LOVER* has asked me to review my book, "Eternalism: A Theory of Infinite Justice." An author's judgment of his own book would have little value. He may, however, epitomize it, explain briefly his meaning. This I shall attempt to do, though the task is difficult, since I must be content in an epitome with the abrupt statement of facts and conclusions which are reached in my volume after a broad range of discussion, and a more complete examination of evidence.

We know that the individual is born, and that he dies. Man has never been satisfied with this knowledge. He seeks eagerly for the meaning of his existence, for some assurance that justice will be done. Religion, in its many forms, has expressed this hunger for light and justice. Man holds usually the faith in which he is born. Creationism is accepted in our own land as the true theory of the origin of the individual, Theology holding that he is created at his birth by the act of God, and Materialism teaching that he is made at his birth by the processes of Nature.

We cannot claim that all men are born with equal good and evil in their natures. Some are born with seeds of weakness, dullness, or vice in their blood and brains; others with the seeds of strength, wisdom, or virtue.

Building on the theory of Creationism, from the Materialistic standpoint—that the individual is made by the processes of Nature—we discover that those who are born good are only the beneficiaries of Nature's bounty, and that those born evil are the victims of her malice—that courage, truth, honor and wisdom are the gifts of Nature, for which he who possesses them deserves no more credit than the apple for its flavor, or the flower for its fragrance—that

Nature propagates intellectual and moral qualities as she grows potatoes, and vicious impulses as she produces thistles—that our noblest man is as a prize rose, and our meanest as a poison plant.

Turning to the theological theory of Creationism—that the individual is created by the act of God—we discover that the individual is of necessity, from the first breath he draws, for no merit or demerit of his own, under the favor or wrath of the Creator; that those born good are under the blessing, and those born evil are under the curse, of God; that man has no more merit than a rat or snake, each being what it is by the act of creation; that man's merits and demerits belong to God who gave them.

The Materialist believes that the individual's character is made for him by the processes of Nature; and the Theologian holds that the individual's character is made for him by the act of God.

We have now reached the heart of the main difficulty in Western theological and philosophical thought—the riddle which has puzzled, confused, and baffled every reasoning mind which has approached it from the standpoint of Creationism. Millions have discussed the question in books, pamphlets, sermons, lectures. The foremost thinkers of Christendom have sought for light on the subject, and have failed. The issue, when cleared of the complications with which learning and authority have sought fruitlessly to explain, evade, or bury it, is as follows: How can the responsibility for the good and evil in the individual who is created be transferred from the Creator to His creature?

Can we even say that the thing that is manufactured, compounded, is either moral or immoral? The lotion that changes agony into peace, the prescription that saves a life, are not moral; nor is a poisonous compound immoral. Morality and immorality exist in the maker and designer only, and not in the thing made or designed.

If the individual is created, then he can think only such thoughts as his Maker has given him the power to think, and do only the things which his Maker has given him the power to do. His thoughts and acts are therefore not his own; they are the thoughts and acts of his Maker.

Some men, it is true, have the inclination, will, or power to improve their moral condition. But if man is created, this inclination, will, or power is the endowment given to him by his Maker.

Other men have an inclination toward evil, and are mentally or morally weak. This tendency and weakness are also, in accordance with the theory of Creationism, the gifts of man's Maker.

If the individual has been created, his will, his ambitions, his aspirations, are all the gifts of his Maker; his lack of aspiration, his mean-spiritedness, are also conferred upon him by his Maker. He can be nothing more or less than what he is made to be. The man created good is as a good machine, reflecting credit upon his Maker; and the man created bad is as an imperfect machine, a dangerous engine, a poisonous compound, reflecting discredit upon his Maker.

The theory of Creationism, from the theological standpoint, destroys the distinctions between good and evil, by making God responsible for evil. We cannot assume that God creates a murderer without knowing that the murderer will kill. If the Creator dislikes murder, why does He create murderers? If

He detests wrong, why does He make liars, thieves, wantons, sots, ingrates? How can we acquit the Creator of the crimes committed by those whom He has made criminal? The theory of Creationism is immoral. It enables men to acquit themselves, and to assume that their Maker is the author of, or at least a partner in, their sins.

Justice cannot be built upon a foundation of injustice, nor can morality be built upon a foundation of immorality. If God or Nature has created one soul good and another bad, then God or Nature has been unjust. If God or Nature has created a vicious, base, or depraved creature, then God or Nature has been immoral.

If man's character is made for him by a Creative Force, then the truth that man speaks is the Creator's truth, and the lie that man utters is the Creator's lie; the honor in man is the Creator's honor, and the crime in man is the Creator's crime.

Man, at his worst or best, if his character is made for him, is but the impotent and soulless expression of the Creator's varying moods, and all moral distinctions vanish from the world.

The theory of Creationism is the doctrine of Fatalism, called by the philosophers Necessity or Determinism, by the theologians Predestination or Foreordination. The keenest logicians in Christendom, building upon the theory of Creationism, have been Fatalists. Fatalism is the denial of moral accountability, and of the justice of the divine order, or of the order of Nature.

Fortunately, however, Creationism is not the only possible theory of the origin of the soul of the individual. The whole theory of Creation—the Creation of the Universe, of the race of men, of the soul of the individual—is at variance with the trend, deductions, and demonstrations of modern science. Combinations change, but matter, force, and the essential properties in things are uncreatable, indestructible, eternal. Creation and annihilation are unknown to science.

The theory that the individual is created at his birth is a conjecture, an assumption. It has not been, and doubtless cannot be, proved. It is fair to place against this theory another conjecture or assumption—the theory of the pre-existence of the soul of the individual. The theory of Creationism is held almost universally in the Western parts of the world, and the theory of pre-existence in the East. Mankind has been about equally divided between the two theories. The argument based upon common belief has as much force when applied to one as to the other. I conceive that the theory of pre-existence, if it be set against the theory of Creationism, must include the theory of an eternal, and not of a limited, pre-existence of the soul.

Building then upon the theory of Eternalism—that the soul of the individual is beginningless and deathless—we perceive that we reap as we have sown—that each one is what he has made himself in his previous existence—that the individual makes his own character—that he is forever working out his own damnation or salvation—that he is his own Creator and Savior and makes his own heaven and hell—that if his soul be mean, it is the hovel which he has made for himself; if it be noble, it is a palace of his own building.

The theory of Eternalism is the logical alternative of the theory of Creationism. Both, as I have said,

are conjectures or assumptions. Possibly neither can be proved absolutely. But this much I claim is demonstrable:

That the theory of Creationism is the doctrine of Fatalism, which includes the denial of man's freedom, of his moral accountability, and the rightness of the eternal order; that it is a doctrine of eternal injustice, hopelessness, and despair.

This also I claim is demonstrable:

That the theory of Eternalism proves the accountability of man, the freedom of man, and the dignity of the soul of man; that it explains all things in harmony with our moral sentiments; that it puts the responsibility for the character of the individual upon himself, and not upon God or Nature; that it affords the highest possible incentive for right living; that it dignifies and exalts our conception of the order of Nature, and that it enthrones Justice as the supreme law of the Universe.

New York, October 10th, 1902.

“THE BLAZED TRAIL.”

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

I can only tell you what I have attempted in “The Blazed Trail.” No one knows better than myself that I have fallen short. The construction of the book is faulty, and the style not always what it should be, nor am I convinced that proportion is duly regarded in places.

Harry Thorpe is an American. If the scene of my story had been laid in Wall Street or Newport or on the Great Plains the reactions of his character would not differ essentially from those described in “The Blazed Trail.” To him success is not so such ambition as a daily religion. He is of the class of men who cannot be idle; he must be either doing something along the line of his capabilities, or he must deteriorate in the fibres of his deeper morality. Thus his strivings have back of them a species of fanaticism which makes them at once effectual and terrible.

This, as I have implied, could have been brought out in any environment, but nowhere in better relief than in the forest. The conditions against which a man there struggles are elemental and vast. They call out in opposition the bigger and simpler qualities rather than the shrewder talents. The symbols are larger and more easily read. Therefore “The Blazed Trail” is a story of the forest.

But since success is only one of the relative qualities in a man's life, it must, like all relative qualities, give way before the few great essentials. It cannot be made a shibboleth even in the sincerity of an almost religious conviction. When it clashes with the Reality, then it must give way. Any of the Realities would do, but again, as in the question of environment, one especially throws the principle into strong relief. Thorpe attempts to sacrifice his love to his success—from the highest motives—but finds at last that success and failure may be but the obverse and reverse of the same thing.

Hilda, the “dream girl,” is described as she would appear to Thorpe. In fact, although not formally built along these lines, “The Blazed Trail” is told in terms of Thorpe's subjectivity. You and I would probably see in Hilda a graceful, handsome girl, with light hair, a pretty figure, and a rather attractive

child-expression. But to Thorpe, shut off for many years not only from the closer human affections, but also from all human beauty and refinement, she appears as described in the moonlit glade. Intuitively, though unconsciously, he feels that she represents what is to oppose his lifelong viewpoint. The impression must be strong.

Such is the *motif* of "The Blazed Trail." I have tried also to record a singularly picturesque and romantic type of American frontiersman. We have had the cowboy and the miner. There lacks the woodsman. As a fighting man, as one who dares, as one who leads the wild life with the swing and dash of freedom, he is in all respects as striking a figure as his Western brothers. I have worked and lived with all three. The bitterness of his feuds, the splendor of his daring deeds on the river, the fortitude with which he bears hardships, the grimness of his humor, the formidable qualities of the battles he fights, the kindness of his heart, the great elemental dumbness of his spirit, the actual physical picturesqueness of the man—all these and many more I have tried to show you. As a record of conditions previously unrecorded and soon to pass away "The Blazed Trail" should possess some value, for it is accurate.

And back of all I have tried to tint the forest, as fascinating to those who know her as the sea, or the mountains. If through the pages of my book there steal a faint odor of balsam or of woodsmoke, a dim vision of mysterious sunflecked glades, a far-away murmur of winds and birds and trees, from the silent places, that alone would be something. For the forest, though well classified and labeled and fabled, is little known to most of us in its infinite and charming subtlety.

"MISS BELLADONNA, A SOCIAL SATIRE."

By CAROLINE TICKNOR.

Miss Belladonna is a progressive child of to-day, who views the older generation and the world at large from her own advanced standpoint, and congratulates herself upon being a child at a time when her opinions are considered "just as good as anybody else's."

She meditates that it is "bad enough to be a child even now, but it must have been simply unbearable in old times, when children never spoke unless they were spoken to and when the grown folks never thought it worth while to speak to them."

She discusses the faults and frailties of her parents and elderly relatives with characteristic frankness and freedom from traditional prejudice, and describes the various pranks and adventures which she shares with her brother Mercurius and her younger sisters Ipecacuanha and Chamomilla.

Miss Belladonna discourses upon the inconsistencies of grown-up people who tell polite lies just to pass away the time, and then urge the children to be truthful. She marvels at the fallacies retained by her elders in connection with Christmas and present-giving, when all are expected to pretend they believe that a relative disguised in fur rugs is a real Santa Claus, and when the tastes of the children are not consulted in the distribution of gifts. She expresses her disapproval of those brought up on the "golden rule," and whose one thought is to "do to others

as you would that they should do to you, whether the 'others' like it or not."

She tells of the tragedy of the Christmas tree which fell over upon the expectant children, and of a day's picnic with a pretty engaged cousin, whose fiancé is polite to her young relatives when she is 'round, but fails to pay them any attention at other times.

Miss Belladonna divides people into two classes, as follows: "the people who are nice to you when you deserve it and the people who are nice to you when you don't deserve it," remarking that the first kind are not "in it" with the second at all.

In a chapter on an "Old-Fashioned Party" she touches upon the good old Revolutionary times, when, judging by the elaborate costumes worn, she is convinced that our ancestors did not spend all their time "worrying over the welfare of the country." She concludes:

"I guess it is harder to run the country nowadays than it was then, it is so much bigger, and there are so many more newspapers to find fault with the political candidates, too."

Miss Belladonna and her brother delight their conservative Aunt Delia by their decorative appearance in Revolutionary dress, and the heroine protests: "Aunt Delia is very partiotic and belongs to a society which is anxious to promote the welfare of the country, and they try to get all the nice people they know into it. Some of the nicest people have a hard time finding any ancestors who fought, although they generally come across some one if they hunt long enough. Old Miss Jones, who makes over our outgrown dresses, is descended from three Generals; but of course they couldn't have her in Aunt Delia's society."

Miss Belladonna contrasts the appearance of the children before and after the "Old-Fashioned Party," at the end of which she declares that Mercurius, who went as George Washington, looked more like "Old Father Time than like the Father of His Country, and I shouldn't wonder if he behaved a good deal more like Time than like George Washington."

During their parents' absence the children have a memorable candy-pull, at the conclusion of which Aunt Delia, who has been left in charge, returns in consternation. She is described by her niece as "one of the people who try so hard to make folks good that they forget ever to try to make them have a good time; and her idea of a good time is a time to be good in."

Aunt Delia figures in an exciting episode with a delinquent plumber who falls down the cellar stairs, and the family experience various vicissitudes upon a farm where they seek refuge to economize and to enjoy change and rest.

Miss Belladonna discourses upon the introduction of "ping-pong" into the household and recounts the tale of a remarkable house-party, where all the members of the family visit a sentimental friend whose enthusiasm for old associations outweighs his recognition of practical needs, combining sentiment and starvation.

Miss Belladonna takes leave of the reader after the wedding of the pretty cousin, to whom she waves a final adieu at the conclusion of the festivities, in which the children figure prominently, Mercurius testing the ability of the private detective who is watching the presents by slipping a silver spoon into the pocket of a rich elderly relative, and so precipitating an unlooked-for scene.

Miss Belladonna's philosophy should prove a healthful tonic for parents and guardians of to-day, who, having imbibed too strongly certain old-time prejudices and traditions, are in need of a taste of the elixir of youth, a draught of which will perhaps enable them to see themselves as their juniors see them.

"SIR RICHARD CALMADY."

By LUCAS MALET.

Directly in the line of this department is a letter (hitherto unpublished in America) written by Lucas Malet to an Australian friend concerning her very much abused and warmly praised novel, "Sir Richard Calmady." We quote:

"Hotel St. James,
"Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

"March 17th, 1902.

"All I want to inculcate is humanity, always and only that. And to do it, one must take life sanely and see it whole, just so far as is possible to one. This implies walking in dangerous places sometimes, but, if one's purpose is honest and humane, one can take the risks fearlessly.

"As to 'Sir Richard Calmady,' I cannot tell you how and why he came into being. From a child, those to whom nature or accident has been cruel have seemed to me peculiarly pathetic. I never knew Arthur Kavanagh, the Irish landlord and member of Parliament, who was even more hideously crippled than my 'Richard;' but I heard a great deal about him from time to time, and he entered for something, I suppose, into my conception of 'Richard.'

"I hold it a mistake to draw from life, except in the case of quite minor characters. Such drawing too frequently degenerates into caricature, and caricature is as tempting to the evil side of one as it is essentially inartistic."

"RICHARD GORDON."

By ALEXANDER BLACK.

Turning from the story of "Richard Gordon," which I have told as briefly as I could in a full book, I may confess the following points of consideration:

The relation of individual rights, in the personal unions of men and women, to the reasonable demands of society.

The cost of defying the pressure by which society preserves the peace.

The hazard of hoping that women may ever have the liberty permitted to men.

The struggle between atavistic prejudice and enlightened sympathy in the judgment of one sex by the other—especially in the judgment of women by men.

The question of the good and the evil influence of music.

The relation of the individual citizen to government.

I have sought to present these questions and these relations—perhaps I need to say, to touch them—rather than to answer them. They are incidental to the story in the way in which all questions are incidental to life. Richard Gordon is a young New York lawyer, a type of the young American who has a conscience as well as an ambition; who finds that the men who have lived before him have made the background upon which he is to draw the picture of his life. Julia Darwood is a young, independent Ameri-

can girl, who applies the radicalism which with Gordon is as yet a theory; who long suffers the burden of an error, and for whom the real crisis lies in the testing of the man she loves—the impetuous, impatient, very masculine Gordon. Gordon is shown in his relations to the woman of his family—his sister Agatha; to the married woman who loves him, Mrs. Lawford; to the woman he would marry, Julia, whose reasons for holding him away he wrongly ascribes to the "new spirit" among women, to some creed of sex independence. Jasper Carraine is the clever man without a conscience; Karsak, the Polish pianist, the expression of musical emotionalism. Gordon has studied art after leaving college, and certain studio scenes suggest the attitude of Munich and Paris students in the art life of New York. The separation of politics from our social life is indicated in the allusions to the metropolitan elections.

"FRANCEZKA."

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

While Miss Seawell did not feel free to criticise her own book for *THE BOOK-LOVER*, she wrote so ingenious a refusal we print it, after receiving her permission:

1767 P Street, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19, 1902.

To the Editor of *THE BOOK-LOVER*:

DEAR SIR: I have received your request for a "review" of my new novel, "Francezka," but I am inclined to differ with you as to the value or use of an author's opinion of his own book. It is true that Sir Walter Scott actually reviewed "Waverley" in a magazine, but the review may be reckoned a joke. The first-class people in general underrate their work and the second and all the reading classes overrate theirs—so a weary author may well take heed before he puts in print what he really thinks of his own book. A long time ago, Dr. Johnson said: "Sir, it is of vastly more consequence what is written *in* a book than what is written *about* a book."

All that I feel I can say of "Francezka" is, I worked very hard on it—and I have a very earnest desire that the public shall approve of it, and buy a great many copies. Nobody can doubt the sincerity of these very conservative statements.

Sincerely yours,

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

THE BOOKS REVIEWED ABOVE:

- THE STORY OF A STRANGE CAREER*, by Stanley Waterloo. Published by D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
THE NEEDLE'S EYE, by Florence Morse Kingsley. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.
STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES, by Clara E. Laughlin. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company. 2 vols. Ill. \$3.00.
THE RIGHT PRINCESS, by Clara Louise Burnham. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
ETERNALISM, by Orlando J. Smith. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
THE BLAZED TRAIL, by Stewart Edward White. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
MISS BELLADONNA, by Caroline Ticknor. Published by Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.
SIR RICHARD CALMADY, by Lucas Malet. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
RICHARD GORDON, by Alexander Black. Published by The Lothrop Publishing Company \$1.50.
FRANCEZKA, by Molly Elliot Seawell. Published by The Bowen-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

SOME OTHER BOOKS.

Althea
D. Ella Nirdlinger
172 pages, 5¹/₂ x 8. \$1.00
St. Louis: "1904" Pub. Co.

A Christmas juvenile story, picturing the happy home life of the children of Rosemont, a Florida plantation. The family consists of Dr. Alvoyd, his wife, and two sets of twins, and is afterwards augmented by the arrival of Althea, a broken-hearted baby orphan, who could not understand why Mama stayed away when she wanted her so much.

Her sweet loveliness and golden curls win the hearts of all except peppery Lucillian, whose idea of "twin" etiquette is somewhat at variance with the others' and who withholds his affection for later years.

The story is full of Southern sunshine and flowers, childish heartbreaks and tears, and everything that comes into the lives of small lords and ladies of creation. We recommend it.

Annals of Old Manhattan
Julia W. Colton
238 pages, 5³/₈ x 8¹/₂, Ill., \$2.00
New York: Brentanos

A résumé of the Dutch régime in old New York, which contains a great deal of interesting historical data set forth in an attractive form. It is hard to believe at this day that the village whose northern boundary was Wall street and whose population was inferior to that of any one of scores of office buildings in the modern city, was the nucleus of the New York of to-day.

The volume is valuable as history, interesting as a diversion, and beautiful as a gift. The illustrations are of genuine interest.

Balloon Ascension at Midnight. A
George Eli Hall
Silhouettes in colors by Gordon Ross. Thin. Large 8vo. 1170 copies. \$1.00
Edition de Luxe, 30 copies \$5.00
San Francisco: Elder & Shepard

Mr. Hall was American Consul at Constantinople for some time. With Giraud, the French aeronaut, he made a balloon ascension at night from Paris, and wrote a stirring picturesque account of the trip, which was published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. This is a reprint with some excellent silhouettes done in colors. Exteriorly and interiorly the book is most attractive and forms an entertaining record of an interesting experience which lasted for ten hours. He says it would take the pen of a Carlyle to describe the trip over Paris, which is the first intimation we have as to what became of the pen wielded by the late sage of Craigenputtock.

Banquet Book, The
Cuyler Reynolds
Introduction by Elbert Hubbard
475 pages, 5¹/₂ x 7¹/₂
Photogravure Frontispiece \$2.00
N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons

A classified collection of quotations designed for general reference, and also as an aid in the preparation of a toast list, the after-dinner speech, and occasional address, together with suggestions concerning the menu and certain other details connected with the proper ordering of the banquet. Provided with an excellent index, and is withal a volume which will admirably meet any demand made on it in its sphere.

Book of Bugs, The
Harvey Sutherland
224 pages, 5¹/₂ x 7¹/₂, Ill., \$1.25
New York: Street & Smith

The larger portion of the work deals with those creatures familiar to all. There are chapters on flies, mosquitoes, fleas, the busy bee, the ingenious spider, fleas of clothes and carpets, the aristocrats of the kitchen, and many others, all told in a style full of humor, and still teeming with valuable information. Mr. Sutherland, who is fully as much a scientist as a humorist, tells of how these creatures build their homes, prey upon their neighbors, have miniature battles, go courting in their most shining colors, make slaves of other insects and do a hundred and one other things of which the average person knows but little. The volume contains a number of illustrated chapter headings by Mr. Frank Verheck, and forty-two scientific illustrations of bugs. If the book has a fault, it is that it is so full of genuine fun of the best American variety one fairly forgets to read seriously the facts which are so divertingly set forth.

Champion. The
Chas. Egbert Craddock
257 pages, 5¹/₂ x 7¹/₂, Ill., \$1.20
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A well-written story for boys. It narrates the temptations and trials of a small printer's "devil" and the final triumph of his conscience, the first article of the kind on record as having existed in such surroundings.

Condensed Novels. Second (new) Series
Bret Harte
236 pages, 4¹/₂ x 6. \$1.25
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Dan'l Borem poured half of his second cup of tea abstractedly into his lap. 'Guess you've got suthin on yer mind, Dan'l,' said his sister. 'Mor'n likely I've got suthin on my pants,' returned Dan'l with that exquisitely dry, though somewhat protracted humor which at once thrilled and bored his acquaintances. 'But—speakin' o' that hoss trade'—Thus begins "Dan'l Borem," one of the "Condensed Novels." In this book the author has much fun at the expense of his brother authors. Best of all, the caricature does not stop with the form; it goes to the heart of the subject, and the game is fairly worth the best skill of the sportsman. Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Kipling, Marie Corelli, and the author of "David Harum," all come in for a share of Mr. Harte's clever raillery. The story of "The Stolen Cigar Case," which is told by Dr. Watson, relates how Hemlock Jones fastened the theft upon his faithful follower and assistant, and half convinced the doctor in spite of himself that he did really steal the cigar case. It is all clever fooling. In the burlesque of Kipling our old friend Mrs. Awksby is easily recognizable, and the "soldiers three" figure as Mulledwiney, Bleareyed and Otherwise. The colonel's solicitude, in anticipation of his duel with Mulledwiney, lest his family should learn the cause of his death—if death came to him—and his plan to have the news "doctored" so that it would appear that the cause was measles caught from Wee Willie Winkie, are merely the bald record without the turn of the phrase which gives the fun its real flavor. The Princess, too, in the Marie Corelli skit is a character which this author's admirers will recognize as a favorite type.

Denslow's Night Before Christmas
Text by Clement C. Moore
Illust'd by W. W. Denslow
Quarto boards. \$1.50
N. Y.: The Dillingham Co.

Gorgeous in color and brilliant in execution. The best work Mr. Denslow has published, which is praise, indeed. For a picture gift-book for the young it is without a rival.

Donovan Pasha; and Some People of Egypt
Gilbert Parker
392 pages, 5¹/₂ x 7¹/₂. \$1.50
N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

"Donovan Pasha" is the title given by Mr. (Sir Gilbert) Parker to a British officer in the service of Khedive Ismail. A slender young fellow with some erratic traits, he was nevertheless truth itself, and, that marvel of the times, honest in the midst of one of the most corrupt courts of the old world. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of the Khedive, saved him from doing more foolish things than actually went on record, and occasionally played the part of the Samaritan. These short stories are not connected save by the presence in most of them of Donovan. But he progresses and develops in his character, and when at last he promises to go with Abdalla, a leader of the people, into the Sudan to join Gordon—on which condition alone Abdalla will go—he disappears from the pages. The stories do not cast light upon his fate, but it is not difficult to foresee it. Just why the author did not add another installment to finish off the admirable career of this delightful young man is to be surmised; probably on the ground of his artistic sense. The tales have heretofore been published, but in a very much scattered form, and their collection now is a clear gain to light literature.

Francezka
Molly Elliot Seawell
466 pages, 5¹/₂ x 7¹/₂, Ill., \$1.50
Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Miss Seawell has drawn for material on the times of Louis XV. There seems to be no valid reason for bestowing the title rôle where it has fallen. Francezka was a young lady born for the express purpose of inheriting a fortune and incidentally to trouble the hearts of men. It is a career beginning on the stage of a cheap Paris theatre and ending at the bottom of a lake. Maurice of Saxe is the leading political spirit and a man who might have accomplished much more had he given less time to womankind. However, Babache, Captain of his Body Guard, who willingly confesses himself to be the ugliest man on earth, succeeds by force of arms in persuading many to believe that Count Saxe is greater than Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander the Great, St. Louis, and Cid Campeador rolled into one.

Much of the interest of the story comes with the character of Scotch Peggy Kirkpatrick, the aunt and guardian of Francezka, who had the "grande entrée" at Courts of France and Spain and caused panics, earthquakes and revolutions wherever she appeared. She loved adventure as a cat does cream, and when she was awake the devil might sleep knowing that his business was well looked after by her. Jacques Haret is another of Satan's darlings—at ease with kings and beggars, and commits much sin. The real merit of the story appears rather in the delineation of character than the unraveling of the mystery or the development of a plot, and the reader may find much entertainment in the natural genius of volcanic Peggy, the witty Voltaire, faithful Babache, the serene and loquacious but villainous Regnard, and the actress Adrienne Lecouvreur is a personality altogether admirable.

House Under the Sea, The
Max Pemberton
346 pages, Ill., \$1.50.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those stories of impossible adventure, done with an artistic verisimilitude, which are so thoroughly enjoyed by

In Happy Far-Away Land
Ruth Kimball Gardiner
Illustrations by
Howard Smith
107 pages, quarto \$1.50
N. Y.: Clinton S. Zimmerman

Fairy tales for the young folks in a volume gotten up with the elegance of one intended for a gift to an adult. They are both pretty and interesting, and the idea is new and quaint. "Far-Away Land" is the land where live the dear people of Mother Goose's rhymes, and fairies, and elves, and all the creatures that children love. In a rather ingenious fashion the authors have made use of the brief but pregnant hints Mother Goose gives us as to the careers and adventures of Old King Cole, and the Queen of Hearts, and Bo-Peep, and all the rest of them; and every child who reads this book will, we are sure, find his or her curiosity delightfully gratified. What child has not longed to know just how Lucy Locket lost her pocket, and how Kitty Fisher found it; what happened when the sheep ran away from Bo-Peep, and where Daffy-Down-Dilly lived before she came

Up to town
In a gold petticoat and a green gown?

These matters, and many others, are set forth in this book in simple, attractive, narrative style. Then there are two or three stories which are just about fairies and nothing else, telling how they paint the petals of the roses, and color the morning glories, and carry dew to thirsty flowers. Some folk are beginning to say, nowadays, that children should not be permitted ever to feed upon such fancies, but personally we feel sorry for any boy or girl who is unfortunate enough to have scientific parents like those. Fortunately, though, there are still plenty who are old-fashioned enough to believe that it is good for little ones to wander now and then in the garden of imagination; and among these, "In Happy Far-Away Land" is sure to meet with favor.

Insane Root, The
Mrs. Campbell Praed
382 pages, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2, \$1.50
New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Students of the occult and those of more material beliefs with whom the power of the will is a fascinating study, will find in

the last book by Mrs. Campbell Praed a strong, well-written story in a field that can be successfully invaded only by a master hand. That in "The Insane Root" this has been done will be the verdict of most of its readers. Not since Bulwer's "Strange Story" or perhaps Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" has there appeared a story so "creepy" or one in which so strange a theme has been so well handled. It is the sort of book one tells one's friends about and that arouses speculation as to the possibilities of our latent capacities. A crime not named in any calendar is committed by a strong personality—a well-drawn character. The reader is in sympathy with him, and is by logical plausibility carried along step by step through his ordeals. One at times condemns him in unworded terms, but admiration for the great, strong qualities of his nature makes one lose sight of the wrong done. This wrong done—was it expiated? There is an interesting query here about which a good deal may be said on both sides.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son
George Horace Lorimer
312 pages, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2, \$1.50
Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The paper wrapper around this book bears word that it is "a masterpiece of American Humor and Sound Sense." We are not sure the humor deserves the high praise, but the sound sense is there and the humor is at least clean and worthy of being classed as such. The author is editor-in-chief of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which the chapters appeared serially. It should be read by every man and youth who has an ambition in life higher than to belong to the great army of day laborers who are fitted to do nothing else.

Letters of Hugh Earl Percy
from Boston and New York—1774-1776
Edited by Charles Knowles
Boston. Sm. 4to, 1/2 bound, \$4.00
Boston: Chas. E. Goodspeed

A book that will be valued as a historical souvenir. This is the Lord Percy who commanded the British in their retreat from Concord. The letters are thirty-two in number and have been collected from various sources. This, the most complete collection published, contains a number of letters copied from the Duke of Northumberland's papers at Alnwick by the late Rev. Mr. Porter of Lexington. The volume is gotten up with great typographic care at the Merrymount Press.

Life and Letters of H. Taine—1828-1852. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 313 pages, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2, \$3.00. New York: F. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed elsewhere in the present BOOK-LOVER.

Literary Boston of To-Day
Helen M. Winslow
444 pages, 5x7, Ill., \$1.20
Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

"MISS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."—"Then let not other cities sneer at Boston until they can hold up 'such citizens' of their own, and say, 'Behold, we are the people.'" So speaks Miss Helen Winslow. In holding up "such citizens" as her very own, she includes Dr. Holmes, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Whittier. She brings up glories of the past to shed glamour over the present, besides playing the octopus before our very eyes. Indeed, the author seems to have laid her hands upon everything within reach in the line of literary folk—everything that ever trekked through Eastern Massachusetts—and in her frenetic efforts to maintain the reputation of Boston as the Hub of the Literary Universe, she has incorporated in her book many writers who were taken "on the wing," as it were. Still Boston authors (which from the appearance of the volume under consideration includes herself) impress her as being less self-assertive than their Western brothers. She emphasizes "the whole problem of authorial self-abnegation and renunciation of the crown is solved by the phrase 'there are others.'"

It is with some pride that Mr. Roswell Field is quoted as saying that in Middlesex County every family boasts of an author and a rubber-tree. Miss Winslow is forgetting that in America we are all taught to write biographies and essays in school. Surely, Boston with its rubber-trees, sarsaparillas, and soothing syrups "claims" a great deal. However, as the city, or the literary part of it, includes more than the author of the volume mentioned, it should not be held responsible for an individual opinion that may have run riot or been imbued with too great enthusiasm through love and loyalty for its "native." More than likely if Boston were to tell its own story it would be something like this:

Dear Others:—

I neither talk nor write and therefore am not responsible for all that is said or done in my name. Don't believe all you hear.

Your friend,

BOSTON.

The contents of the volume seem to have been gotten up as a refutation of the statement made by some happy-go-lucky New Yorker or Chicagoan that Boston is no longer the Hub of the Universe. Well, what of it? The youth blundered, and it would be fitting that all the emotions the earth, sun, moon, stars, water, fire, forests, birds, bees and flowers can stir in the heart of man should become as a heavy stone to his back. There is much of virtue in the undeniably interesting volume, in that it appears to be a trustworthy gathering of facts concerning favorite and well-known literary people, regardless of authorship, ownership, origin or kind.

Love and the Soul Hunters.
John Oliver Hobbes.
346 pages, 5½x7½. \$1.00
New York: The Funk &
Wagnalls Co.

A seriously complex story containing quite enough little sub-dramas. Mrs. Craigie has chosen for her motive the decadence of "commercialism"

in matters of the heart as it existed among the earlier English aristocracy.

The chief interest of the story is centered in the clever conversations, wily intrigues, and idiosyncrasies of the various characters. There is a dabbling in love, politics, and the Stock Exchange, touching but lightly on the true marrow of speculation, which same is perfectly right and proper, unless one is thoroughly familiar and at home among such subjects.

The reader finds himself in doubt as to the real hero all of the characters being entirely true to life and deserving of bouquets.

Prince Paul, a scion of royalty, who is an exceedingly fine example of high art, and an exception to the rule that Englishmen and Turks take no interest in the souls of women whatever, begins life with a firm faith in his own inheritance, and during his earlier ramblings never forgets that he is a monarch's son, with whom traditions of caste are not modified by contact with outward influences. Aside from his hold on lineage he is a specialist in souls—a sentimental searcher for the "missing half." His fondness of experimenting with women—trifling with tears, troubles and kisses—betoken danger of being engulfed by a life of artificial ideas, which verifies to him in an early stage that "comic opera is the only true thing left in society." However, he "arrives" safely, burns his ship, and puts everything aside except Clementine, in whom he finds the natural expression of all that is best in his own secret nature.

Clementine at times appears extremely unnatural and business-like, with a pride that is constantly up in arms against any notion of equality in breeding, based on something neither in nature nor logic. She had the gift of arresting friendship and retaining it. Although Paul thinks often she has too good a command of language to be much in love, in her real sentiment she continually strives to lock up her feelings and throw away the key—without success. To Prince Paul she proves an impossible darling—reverses one of his ideas and all his experiences with women.

The various minor characters illustrate that vulgarity and beauty are distributed by the gods without prejudice, and that "clever" women have an "awful" time everywhere, rarely having fair play. Some are American enough to receive callers without a chaperon, and others have morals that cannot be sanctioned.

From her first book Mrs. Craigie has been a master of dialogue—epigrams and repartee being native to her genius—and the present volume will not disappoint.

Master Frisky
Clarence W. Hawkes
The Golden Hour Series
107 pages, 5¼x7¾, 50 cents
New York: Thomas Y.
Crowell & Co.

The diverting story of a Scotch collie. That he was beautiful goes without saying. He could not have been a Scotch collie and otherwise. He was only a

mite of a puppy when the story began but lived to grow much older and wiser—wiser, perhaps, than many men. This story is intended for children, being one of Crowell's new "Golden Hour" series of juvenile books. It is written without other purpose than to tell in simple narrative fashion the true story of this collie's life. Yet the things the collie found out and took to heart are often just those things that children will encounter in their own world.

Master of Appleby, The
Francis Lynde
530 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50
Indianapolis: The Bowen-
Merrill Co.

Authors and publishers must both believe the capacity of the public for historical novels is unlimited. The latest candidate

for favor is "The Master of Appleby," a story of Revolutionary days in the Carolinas. One Roger Ireton, an Englishman with large estates and a son in the Scottish Guards, is hanged by the British for suspected disloyalty and his property confiscated. His son, John, resigns his commission and returns to America to give help to the patriot cause. He finds Richard Jennifer, a boyhood friend, with whom he renews his friendship. Richard tells him of the new Tory owner of Appleby and of his daughter Margery with whom he is in love. Ireton chastises a British officer for an insult-

ing remark about Margery and receives a challenge for a duel from him. Ireton is wounded by the captain, taken to Appleby, and nursed back to life by Margery, with whom he falls in love but will not speak out of loyalty to his friend Richard. When nearly convalescent he one night overhears a British plot and is sentenced to death as a spy. Margery attempts to carry a message to Jennifer for John and is caught. Hoping to save her from the consequence of this act John declares she is his wife. The lie is secretly made a fact by the demands of the father, who hopes thus to confirm his title to Appleby. John, being taken out to be executed, is rescued by a patriot band and is joined by Jennifer in an escape. He does not tell Jennifer of his marriage, believing Margery and he love each other and determining to soon make her a widow so that he shall not be a barrier to them. Thus careless of his life he runs all kinds of hazardous chances, and four times his life is saved by the woman he thinks loves another. There is plot and counter-plot, and his meeting with Lord Cornwallis and the result to the patriot cause is a stirring bit of realism. It is a long story but the interest does not flag on a single page. It ends as the reader would have it, though perhaps not with satisfaction to all concerned.

Mind Power and Privileges
Albert B. Olston
406 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50
New York: Thomas Y.
Crowell & Co.

A volume dealing with the progress made in the study of the various branches of psychical phenomena during the past

decade. The author does not attempt lengthy metaphysical discussions but rather seeks to work along the line of those things that are open to our sight and at least partial understanding. The excerpts included are not taken from the experiences of mere charlatans but always from sources that rank high in the field of investigation. In presenting the facts collected Mr. Olston is eminently fair and rational with a liberal and generous acknowledgment of the benefits derived from all theories regardless of any cult or "designated doctrine," basing this allowance on the premise that "no system of human belief is without some fact to sustain it." The writer endeavors by unbiased investigation to eradicate the prejudice and ridicule that have held in check the larger knowledge of human kind, and to point out the progress that might be made if conclusions were withheld until all available data had been duly and carefully weighed. The burden of the theme is that "there is a mental as well as physical hygiene." There is extensive detail on that "impenetrable residue," the subjective mind. The book is profitable reading and may be especially recommended where so much nervous activity exists as does in America.

Needle's Eye, The. Florence Morse Kingsley. 386 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co. Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

New France and New England
John Fiske
380 pages, 5½x8, \$1.65
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin &
Co.

It seems hardly necessary to write eulogiums upon the last work of the dead historian. It was granted him to fill before

his death the one gap yet remaining in his continuous narrative of our juvenile days as a country, and for this we must needs be most grateful. The book is a true contribution to the literature of history and justly forms the coping-stone on the monument which Dr. Fiske erected to himself from his own works. Excuse is made that the work is not exactly as finished as it would have been had Dr. Fiske lived to complete it, but we cannot see that it loses in value on that account.

New Hamlet, The
Wm. Hawley Smith
Oblong 8vo, Boards
50 cents
Chicago: Rand,
McNally & Co.

The title-page of this cleverly conceived and executed volume reads: "The New Hamlet, intermixed and interwoven with a revised version of 'Romeo

and Juliet,' the combination being modernized, re-written and wrought out on new-discovered lines, as indicated under the light of the higher criticisms, by William Hawley Smith and the Smith family, Farmers, printed from the original manuscript, with text in full and as first produced when done in action by the Smiths, their own company, under the haw tree, on their farm at The Thicket, June 17, 1902."

A satire on the two plays of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." The book is printed upon manila paper, and

is literally "bound in boards," the covers being No. 2 fencing, the whole tied together with binding twine.

The play is a really funny Shakespearean parody, which was presented by a cast made up wholly of The Smith Family, on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Nancy Ophelia Smith, who was cast for *Lady Montague*. The *Queen* was played by Mrs. Mary Jane Galusha, who was eighty-two, and the youngest member of the cast, four generations removed from the *Queen*, was Dudley Galusha Smith—one year old. Should be eagerly sought by all who love either Shakespeare or The Smith Family—and that surely ought to make a sale.

On the Cross
Wilhelmine von Hillern
452 pages, 5½x7½, Ill., \$1.50
Phila.: Drexel Biddle

Here is a story that is nothing if not unconventional. It is as strenuous as the Stock Exchange, as fluctuating as love, and as uncertain as life itself. A romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Countess von Wildenau, a beautiful young widow, who proclaims herself an "incorrigible heretic," visits Oberammergau with a view of bringing pessimism and Christianity face to face. Hitherto her attempts at peace were not satisfied with the fruitless speculation of the times—to pause on the boundary of non-existence. This unrest, together with an earnest endeavor towards an intellectual and æsthetic ideal and an intense longing for a friend from whom she need not conceal her ideal, causes her to be looked upon as having too much intellect.

On reaching Oberammergau she finds herself in a position tragical enough for developing a certain grandeur of soul. The native simplicity of the people contrasts harshly with her accustomed luxury.

Then comes the shattering of the idol, when, during the Passion Play, she discovers Freyer, who plays the part of Christ, to be the most perfect image of the Saviour that heaven or earth ever saw, and before him no one can prevent her from kneeling. "Until I can behold the real God in His shadowy sphere, I shall cling lovingly and devoutly to His image." It is here where a woman assails an innocent man under the cloak of religion and where her actions continually create astonishment as to what sort of a "person" the Countess really is. Freyer, in his endeavor to remain worthy of the miracle God has wrought upon her, beseeches her to "learn to separate him from the real Christ," that his work might not be evil.

Still Satan continues to whisper in her ear such passages of Scripture as are fitting to the occasion, and Freyer condescends from his spirituality to call her "My sweet, naughty dove."

They curse the unhappy doctrine of the fall of man which renders the holiest feelings a crime, and wander forth from Oberammergau like the pair banished from the Garden of Eden, and take upon themselves the heavy uncertainties of human destiny. Complications follow, in which the illusions vanish and the God becomes human. The Countess again becomes enamored of the pomp and glitter of wealth and royalty. Meanwhile Freyer returns to his native city and is reinstated in his former position, where later the Countess again joins him after another awakening to her ideal.

If the translator has been true to the text there is doubt as to whether the opportunities afforded have not been basely misused. If the purpose of the book be to restore humanity to Christ-like simplicity many of the higher attributes of mankind have been outraged. If it be simply to amuse it may well be considered sacrilege by those who allow themselves to cling with some degree of faith to the divinity of Christ.

Our Annual Execution
Wm. Makepeace Thackeray
Thin 8vo, watered silk. \$1.00
Phila.: H. W. Fisher & Co.

Papers by Thackeray never before published except in *Fraser's Magazine*, where they have been buried so many years. The volume has been beautifully produced by the Merrymount Press, and is a treasurable addition to one's Thackeray shelf. Only 550 copies have been printed and numbered, so most Thackeray collections must still remain incomplete.

Our Lady of the Beeches
Bettina von Hutten
259 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.25
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Baroness von Hutten attempts the development of a harmless little romance under threatening circumstances.

There is a prologue of piquant correspondence between Our Lady of the Beeches, an American woman, and a famous scientist. While he has been acquiring a string of letters to his name she has filled her cap with the feathers of social conquest. In her correspondence she assumes the "awful negative," which, by a man whose life has been bald of romance, is always taken for virtue. Having furnished the primary impetus for a most interesting and startling dénouement her courage fails her, and the unique ending leaves the reader with an impression that evil exists only in the mind. So much for fiction.

"Our Lady of the Beeches" is a "rara avis" whose life may be considered either a "pose" or a martyrdom.

Persian Children of the Royal Family
Wilfrid Sparroy
649 pages, 6x8½, Ill., \$3.50
New York: John Lane

The author of this unique and interesting book enjoyed unusual opportunities to observe the inner life of Persian children of the royal family and at the same time gain a deep insight into the Persian national character. His opportunities were taken advantage of, and the result is the book before us. It is a very readable piece of work and has a distinct value aside from its interest, in the sidelight that it throws on things Persian. The book is well worth reading, and this from the first chapter to the last, by all who are interested in things foreign. We are certain that no other writer has treated the particular topic so well as our present author. His work is well illustrated and is attractively bound.

Pharaoh and the Priest, The
Alexander Glovatski
Translated by Jeremiah Curtin
696 pages, 5½x8, \$1.50
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Some "historical novels" are pretty good stories; fewer of them are worth consideration from the historical standpoint. Rare indeed is the one which succeeds in making a civilization dead for centuries live again in its pages. Alexander Glovatski, a Polish author to this time dumb for English ears, has done precisely that, with "The Pharaoh and the Priest," for Egypt at the close of the Twentieth Dynasty, during the reign of Rameses XII and XIII—contemporary with Saul in Israel. In this novel not only is the national life carefully and convincingly depicted, but its relations with the rest of the world as then known appear clearly. And it is a good story besides, as it must be to hold attention through 750 pages. The translation is by Jeremiah Curtin, to whom English readers were already indebted.

Poetry of Robert Browning
The
Stopford A. Brooke, M. A.
436 pages, 5½x8, \$1.50
New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Those who desire to read books about books and who would rather be shown their way to an appreciation of what is fine than seek it for themselves, will find guidance in this volume as well as enthusiasm, and the frank expression of personal preferences. To Balaustion Mr. Brooke gives an entire chapter, declaring himself, in the opening lines, "Among the women whom Browning made, Balaustion is the crown. So vivid is her presentation that she seems with us in our daily life. And she also fills the historical imagination. One would easily fall in love with her."

Power of Truth, The
Wm. George Jordan
151 pages, 5½x7, 75 cents
New York: Brentanos

A volume containing wholesome and convincing essays on individual problems and possibilities. The title subject is treated in four phases—The Love of Truth, The Search for Truth, Faith in Truth, and Work in Truth. There is also some consolation for those who lack courage to face ingratitude. Living in air castles is represented as being as profitable as owning a half-interest in a rainbow. Among the "Things that Come too Late" the author notes, "The world is prone to judge by results. It is glad to be a stockholder in our success and prosperity, but too often avoids the assessments of sympathy and understanding."

Queen of Quelparte, The
Archer Butler Hulbert
330 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

An exciting romance, dealing with the intricate policies of Western diplomats pitted against Oriental cunning. The scenes are laid in Korea or the adjacent island of Quelparte during the late upheavals and destruction of those sections. The tale is an odd mingling of fact and fiction. The style

is brisk, graphic, journalistic; and whoever relishes strange legend, folk-lore, or superstition will find it galore in these pages. There is a love story of intense and heroic quality.

Recollections of a Long Life
Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler
356 pages, 5½x7½, Ill., \$1.50
N. Y.: The Baker & Taylor Co.

This is a book of very great interest not only because of the author's personality, but also for the light it casts on men and times which have passed away. Dr. Cuyler, now more than eighty years of age, tells of his conversations with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Mrs. Baillie, Dickens, Washington Irving, and others, of his personal relations with famous statesmen, scholars, and clergymen, and in the end takes us intimately into his own life and work. No one can read the book and fail to be impressed with the power and usefulness of Dr. Cuyler's life.

Right Princess, The. Clara Louise Burnham. 361 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Reviewed elsewhere in the present BOOK-LOVER.

Romance of an Old Fool, The
Roswell Field
8vo, Boards, \$1.25
Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord

Judging from what may be embraced by "If" and "O Sweet and Pleasant World," the beginning and ending of Roswell Field's latest book, it might be inferred that the volume contained little short of everything. However, "The Romance of an Old Fool" encircles only a short period in the life of Mr. John Stanhope, who is simultaneously relieved of a wife and burdened with a fortune. Seeking to avoid the formalities of his housekeeper, whose name and watchword is Prudence, he pays a visit to his childhood's home, finds a pretty girl who is a charming and attentive listener, and, proving himself a good orator, enriches her mind with the abstruse doctrine of affinities and the beauties of love from a philosopher's standpoint with the results practically in his favor until a younger affinity, with a Panama hat, negligee shirt and duck trousers, steps in and plays havoc with his theories. A delightful contribution to that class of literature which may never have a "boom," but which is bound to be appreciated for its intrinsic worth. It is a charming story and not without humor.

Romances of Early America
Edward Robins
280 pages, 5½x8
With many portraits in photogravure, uncut edges.
A handsomely made book
Phila.: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A volume which evidences the fact that America has a "past," and a most interesting one. The collection is made up of bits of domestic history from the lives of familiar historical characters, showing that they, like their descendants, had younger days with fancies, illusions, and romances. The field is well covered from Puritan Boston to Creole Louisiana. Many of the subjects are taken from the days "when King George III sent his regiments over to America with the worthy object of either shooting or hanging all our forefathers." The author has found much in his researches and has not hesitated to disclose interesting facts, true to his own belief, that "the modern biographer would not hesitate to publish the secrets of his own mother if they had any commercial value."

Sea Lady, The
H. E. Wells
300 pages, 5½x7½, Ill., \$1.50
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The audience which enjoyed "The War of the Worlds" will not appreciate "The Sea Lady," which, while not the less a work of a lively imagination, is a delightful bit of fantastic fooling; and those who have enjoyed Anstey at his best will understand why "The Sea Lady" holds a mine of pleasure for them, albeit Anstey and Wells are as different as two authors well can be. "The Sea Lady" is a strictly up-to-date mermaid who for her own ends (one of which was Finny) gets cast up by the sea and into the bosom of an eminently respectable British family. The possibilities this opens to the ingenious author have been taken full advantage of.

Sea Turn, A
Thomas Bailey Aldrich
300 pages, 4½x7½, \$1.25
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Our best teller of tales in brief, and at his best. Not in the least unworthy of the creator of "Marjorie Daw"—and than this no praise could be higher.

Searchers, The
Margaretta Byrde
452 pages, 5x7½, \$1.50
New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The book presents in a daring manner a general reckoning up of the world's standards as to the religious and ethical problems of the day, and seeks a remedy for the "aching void" which the orthodoxes have been powerless to relieve. It is certain to create much stir among those who place an insurmountable barrier between the erring and the virtuous, and will arouse much sentiment towards a reversal of established feelings. The author would refute the idea that when lovely woman stoops to folly her only refuge is to die. It is indeed a bold stroke to attempt to reverse conventionalities regardless of the utter unrealities on which society is based. However, Mrs. Byrde comes out bravely as a champion of her sex and endeavors to solve the curious problem at the bottom of our social structure, where one person's happiness is built upon the ruins of another's, seeking to replace it with a doctrine that would place men and women on a common footing and disentangle these conflicting claims.

There is much suggestion as to the unrighteousness of a law which is made in the interests of one sex or of a God who forbids an individual to redeem an error and to rise through it into a higher life than might ever have been known without it.

Hope Goodwin, an ideal woman's hero, is made the leading exponent of the theory that "men and women stand or fall together." He enters the arena as a relieving officer by preaching a sermon embodying the principle that "The Wages of Sin is Life" and arouses an enthusiasm that sends the wild echoes flying. In his new version of the Bible, a question arises in the minds of those who are still in the flesh and whom thinking gives indigestion as to the safest method of procedure in their blundering ways in order to reap the full reward in the way of repair. There are interesting discussions in which the preacher refutes the statement that professing Christians are the secret failure of Christianity and the limitations of altruism as expounded by modern philosophers.

A network of romance is interwoven, bringing in Eva Brayton, one of the fair flowers that bloom from a heap of compost, Spring Lindisfarne, a young and aspiring journalist, and Richard Benson, a newspaper artist whose religion embraces the old myth of worshipping women, but in a very unmanly way.

Sheep Stealers, The
Violet Jacobs
402 pages, 5½x7½, \$1.50
N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons

A story in which there are evidences of the real genius of a story-teller, a master-hand in the art—somewhat more than is expected of a novice or one so entirely unknown in the field of literature as Violet Jacobs. The story opens with a description of the rural border-lands of England and Wales and a brief history of the homely superstitions of the people whose scant ideas were scarcely beyond their weekly round of work and their petty strifes and quarrels. The farmers who grazed their herds on the mountain lands suffered from an organized system of marauding, and in those days of slow communication and inefficient police service they were unable to protect their interests. James Bumpett seemed to be chief in "crooked business" in his particular section, and drew for assistance on those whom necessity and misfortune had thrown in his way. Of this number were Rhys Walters and George Williams. Rhys Walters from early childhood was a poacher—no outdoor rascality entered his head that he did not attempt to exploit. After leaving school with a veneer of learning, which however did not affect his character, he makes his bow in the field of illegalities at the head of a devastating horde known as "Rebecca and her Children." Their object was the destruction of toll-gates in justification of an unsatisfactory road government. The name of the band was taken from the Old Testament text in which Rebecca, the bride of Isaac, was blessed by Laban in these words: "Let thy seed possess the gates of those that hate them."

During one of these raids the toll-keeper is killed, and suspicion pointing towards Walters, he escapes and arrives at one of Bumpett's sub-stations, which is already in possession of George Williams. During his concealment he becomes a sheep-stealer, making nights of his days and days of his nights—quite forgetting his little "fallen angel," Mary Vaughn, who through the unfortunate accident at the toll-gate has lost forever both her father and lover. Thrown upon her

own strength, Mary's history becomes at once the property of the whole community—its horror and mystery are sweet to the rural taste.

Williams was a man with whom life had gone wrong—so much so that it became necessary for him either to go to jail or enlist in the service of Bumpett as a sheep-stealer. He chooses what to him seems the lesser of the two evils. Realizing that the way of the transgressor is hard he institutes a reform movement and experiences that the way of the transgressor trying to reform is even harder. Moved by pity and love for Mary, whom he accidentally saves from self-destruction, he asks her to become his wife.

They had both made a horrible muddle of their lives and gone the wrong way, to their own undoing, and, if they could convert their two mistakes into one success, it would be a distinct gain.

Mrs. Walters, Rhys' mother, had excellent theories of life, but had seen nothing of it. She had the idea, curiously common to women, that, though a man's sins might possibly be condoned, a woman's were unpardonable. With her, falling in love was an absurdity—almost an indecency if not a crime. She could open her purse for a money trouble but for a love trouble she had nothing but a self-satisfied contempt. To Bumpett, Mrs. Walters was one of the holy sort and could stand no "jolly doin's."

Isoline Ridgeway was a young lady who had seventy pounds a year of her own to be pretty with and whose great weakness, and consolation as well, lay in the use of her mirror. She surreptitiously visited Walters in his retreat, and he in a small way satisfied her insatiate greed for flattery. She elopes with Harry Fenton, whose vocation, like that of his father's, was that of a figurehead.

Nannie is an interesting servant in Mrs. Walters' home, and to her uneducated mind George Williams was the worst of all sinners—the man "who kept himself to himself." To her, "there's some people mighty different to what they look."

The real murderer of Mary's father is finally discovered through a deathbed confession, and Bumpett, fearing this news might reach Walters and ultimately hazard his own interests, drives him from his only resting place.

Walters, ignorant of his own innocence and disheartened by Isoline's faithlessness, for whom he has grown to care, takes one last long look at his old home, and then passes beyond the justice and mercy of men.

The story is no mere play upon one's imagination, but carries its interest from beginning to end with a series of events, each in itself working to a climax that appeals to the heart.

Mrs. Jacob has the faculty of awakening a certain liking for even her blackest characters. By her impartial delineation of both good and bad she leads the reader to feel that "to know all is to forgive all."

Son of Gad, A
John A. Stewart
418 pages, 5½x7½. \$1.50
N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

A story of the Scottish Highlands bearing on an old family feud, and the evolution of a final triumph that avenges all

wrongs. American railroad magnates and Wall street millionaires play an important part. There is a strange mingling of quaint philosophies through the invasion of American ideas and influences, and a pathetic strain of old hearts with strange likings for old ways and old associations. The story illustrates the inevitable union of the people of Great Britain and America in a common interest and sentiment.

Sons of Glory, The
Studies of Genius
Adolfo Padovan
360 pages, 5x7½. \$1.50
N. Y.: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A translation from the Italian, and is a sequence to his first work, "Sovereign Creatures," published some time ago. His view concerning the "essence

of genius" will act in no small measure as a counter-vail to Lombroso's unhealthy theories of degeneracy. Having pursued and besieged, hobnobbed and communed with his sovereign creatures in ethereal realms the author comes back to earth and would have us know something of the "stuff" that genius is made of. Padovan maintains that "science is the solid rock." Scientific genius, being creative with its inventions and discoveries, reveals truths which before were unknown, thereby increasing the blessings of humanity, and in his estimation should come first in the list

of natural classification. The genius of the poet, painter, and musician in embellishing the thoughts and ideas of foregone philosophers with words, colors, and sounds, is therefore imitative and of secondary importance. For further details in their various manifestations the writer has chosen those who, to him, represent the most perfect specimens of the class to which they belong: Dante among poets, Beethoven among musicians, Michael Angelo among artists, Socrates among philosophers, Galileo among scientists, etc. In the enthusiasm and fervor that prevail the reader lives again the experiences of the subject and author: "With the poet we recall the past and hope for the future; with the musician we dream; with the artist we contemplate; with the philosopher we meditate; with the scientist we study; with the explorer we enjoy the unknown; with the warrior we tremble with wrath, and with the prophet we pray."

Sutherland's Christmas:
A Chapter from Two Lives
By H. B. K.
50 pages, 4x6, 50 cents
Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord

A little Christmas romance which shows how a courtship in the West did not mean time lost from business. The story in a brief, interesting way pic-

tures both the happiest and saddest incidents that may come into a life.

Typhoon
Joseph Conrad
205 pages, 5½x7½, Ill. \$1.00
N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons

In several respects rather an exceptional piece of work. It contains one of the most terribly realistic pictures of a storm at sea that has ever been penned.

It has a character study in Captain McWhirr fit to stand for a type, and incidentally it contains an amusing story.

Up from Georgia. Verse
Frank L. Stanton
177 pages, 4½x7. \$1.00
N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

The pleasing, melodious minor verse of Mr. Stanton, first given to the public in "Songs of the Soil," is found again in his "Up

from Georgia." Mr. Stanton sings from the heart, most truly, perhaps, in his local verse—for he loves the South, the old and the new, in all the seasons, in sunshine and rain and snow and sleet. But his instrument sounds true also when he sings of wider themes. An attractive little bundle, this, of verse of the hour.

With Napoleon at St. Helena
Being the Memoirs of Dr.
John Stokoe, Naval Surgeon
From the French by
Edith S. Stokoe
260 pages, 5½x7½. \$1.50
New York: John Lane

A new and interesting addition to the many publications concerning Napoleon.

It is a translation from the memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, naval surgeon, one of the last eye-witnesses of the great general during his captivity. It abounds with fresh detail of the sad years at St. Helena, and will throw much light on what has previously been said of the restrictions placed upon England's great prisoner. There is a supplement of copied and fac-simile letters referred to in the text.

Women Designers of
Book-Plates
Wilbur Macey Stone

Under this title Mr. Stone has written a distinctly collectible little volume on the work accomplished by our

sisters in a field to them comparatively new. Mr. Stone has made it clear that they can design and make book-plates with consummate skill. He gives a list of more than 150 women designers and by no means exhausts the directory. The book, with its pleasant typographical result, is an indication of the present popularity of the book-plate, the use of which has grown and will continue to grow in favor. The pages are 3¼x8, and the illustrations number 36. The publisher is Mr. Randolph R. Beam. The edition is limited to 400 numbered copies, numbers 1 to 100 being on Japanese vellum, at \$2.00 each, and numbers 101 to 400 on Enfield deckle-edged paper, at \$1.00 each.

Among the book-plates in the present number of THE BOOK-LOVER we have been permitted to reproduce several from Mr. Stone's book which will be found suggestive and helpful to those who have in contemplation the adoption of a personal plate as well as a desirable addition to the library of the collector.

THE TONGUE OF THE WOMAN.

By Margaret Lee.

Continued from "The Home Magazine," which was merged in THE BOOK-LOVER with the May-June issue. The last number of "The Home Magazine" as a separate publication was that dated April, 1902.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

After several years of successful work in the city, the Rev. Morris Clayton, a talented young minister, accepts a call to a country charge. He becomes impressed by the people of Dayville, and attracted by the variety of their circumstances. However, he is opposed to their way of raising money for the church, and excites much opposition and dislike by establishing a new method. He also visits a great deal among the poor and vicious, thus causing one of his parishioners, a Miss Romaine, much uneasiness. Meanwhile his efforts meet with success. He finds very congenial people in the town, and brings Mr. Perry, a wealthy resident, into the church. Mr. Clayton is very much attracted by a young couple that he sees walking and driving about the roads. Finally the girl is hired as maid-of-all-work in the house where he boards, and at a dinner party at the Salisburys' he meets the young man, who proves to be the son of his host. Mr. Clayton and Miss Stanton are mutually in love, and he is about to propose to her. Just at this point in his career he is involved in a very disagreeable incident, which results in the fact that he saves young Salisbury's life and assists Tina to reach the house where they both live. Having proposed to Miss Stanton, Mr. Clayton advises her to consider his offer during her absence at the watering places, and she and her parents leave Dayville for a short trip. One evening, during a ball at the principal hotel, Sumner Salisbury and his mother have a quarrel about a horse that he wants to drive at night. While this scene is being enacted, at the Salisbury home Mr. Clayton rescues Tina from a burning room and extinguishes the flames. Tina is too exhausted to leave the house, but Mr. Clayton surmises that she was about to join young Salisbury on a moonlight excursion. Later in the evening Mr. Clayton is summoned to the Salisburys'. Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Perry return from New York to find Mrs. Salisbury dead in her room. Sumner Salisbury rapidly deteriorates after causing his mother's death, and interferes with Tina in the discharge of her duties. He fears to be alone and insists upon her constant companionship. The girl grows reckless, and finally Mr. Clayton makes an earnest appeal to her to regain her self-respect. She promises to follow his advice. Mr. Clayton and Miss Stanton become engaged, and things are progressing very happily, when one evening Salisbury sends Tina a note demanding an interview. Mr. Clayton has hired a wagon to take a long drive to the hills, and having intercepted Tina on her way to meet Salisbury, he prevails upon her to give up the tryst and seek refuge where Salisbury cannot find her. It happens that Tina is connected with the farmer whom he is about to visit. She gladly agrees to leave Dayville, and they drive toward the hills. Mr. Clayton finds Mr. Forster in better health, and Tina remains with the family. Soon after young Salisbury spreads the report that Mr. Clayton has an intrigue with Tina and keeps her in hiding. Miss Romaine listens to the gossip supplied by the Misses Jenkinson, and accepts the story of the scandal. Mr. Gerard also believes it, and makes Mr. Stanton adopt his views. As a result, Mr. Clayton's engagement is broken, and the Stantons prepare to leave Dayville. At this crisis, Mr. Perry drives out to Forster's place with Mr. Clayton, hoping to see Tina and be able to convince Mr. Stanton that her flight from Dayville had nothing to do with her relations toward Mr. Clayton. To the surprise of the friends, the Forsters have disappeared, the "place" is securely boarded up, and no one knows anything about the family. Mr. Stanton refuses to listen to any explanation, and on the day of his departure from Dayville, Helen takes her aunt with her and seeks Mr. Clayton in his study. She has perfect confidence in him and approves of his action toward Tina.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

Miss Stanton laughed naturally.

"Clem and Tina were one and the same person," she said gayly. "And you never discovered it? What fun! Why, her name is Clementina Beverley. It always reminds me of a lesson in 'English Literature.' Don't you remember what wonderful names the heroines have in the old English novels? She likes to be called Clem, so we humored her, but the Dayvilleites call her Tina, or Tiner, with the accent on the 'r.' Oh, Morris, if one felt like seeing the ludicrous side of it, wouldn't all this be comical?"

"Helen, if you can find anything amusing in the circumstances, I give you permission to laugh all you please. What you say astonishes me. So this was your human butterfly that I set free. Helen, would you like me to influence her to return to this place?"

"You are trying me. I am delighted to think that she is gone."

"If she has really left here with her relatives——"

"Now, Morris, you must not let that idea disturb you. I feel quite sure that Clem has gone to some of the people that she used to tell me of. Let us think of the pleasant side, Morris. It is all so very strange and so involved."

"Yes, let the gossips explain matters to suit themselves. You and I were agreed upon one point. I trust

we have succeeded. Sweetheart, you are looking happy again. You must tell Aunt Anne of this."

"Morris, did my letter hurt you very much? I have my ring here in my pocketbook. You might put it with yours, until——"

"Until our wedding-day. I will." He held her gently.

"No tears, love. If I had done anything to forfeit your respect, then you would be right to cry over me. See, Helen, this is only a temporary trial. When your father is back in the city, things here will shrink to their real proportions. He will see the absurdity of this story."

"But, Morris, you don't realize how malicious people are."

"And I don't care to. Helen, the knowledge of evil is not necessary to salvation. The way to make the world better is for each one of us to seek the good and the beautiful in life. We must overcome sin by doing right. It is better to avoid the impressions that we receive when wickedness is described to us. I don't want to know who my slanderers are. The knowledge would embarrass me and tie my hands. As it is, I can go about my work as usual, and, in the long run, work tells. No one can come between you and me. So we can wait patiently until this gossip ceases."

"And we can't write to each other?"

"No; and, Helen, you will tell your father of this interview. We will be happy together or separated."

"You think I can control myself and not feel wretched. How?"

"Listen. Don't you want me to remain strong, to perform my duties, to carry a light heart, because I am trying conscientiously to live up to my profession? Now, then, this is the way to help me. Be as bright and happy as usual. Let me be able to say to myself: 'All this trouble that has come upon you does not injure Helen. She is young and innocent, and she will keep herself so for your sake.' Sweetheart, promise me. This will ease my heart. I am glad that you are going away from here. Think of me, but forget my surroundings. My darling, whenever you feel that we are sorely tried and unjustly treated, take up history and read what lovers in all ages have suffered, and you will see that love resists and triumphs over every force that nature or man can exert against it. Helen—for my sake—be brave."

"Helen, we must go," said Miss Anne Stanton, slowly opening the door. "Oh, dear! I was afraid she would give way. Poor child! Mr. Clayton, I'm very, very sorry for you. I hope you'll bear up for Helen's sake, and not worry over this thing. It is the most outrageous wrong I ever heard of! I think I'd like to have the hanging of a few people in this town! Slander should be made a State's Prison offence. I'm ashamed of Richard. The house is divided against itself now. I'll travel as far as New York with the family, and then go to my sister's house. I'll send you the address, and when you are in the city you must stop with us. We can tell you how Helen is and all about her. I'll mount guard over her and see that she doesn't fret. She mustn't do it. That would only add to your troubles, and I think you have enough now to contend with."

Miss Stanton suddenly found talking impossible, and finally took her niece away with her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the next Sunday morning the gaps in the congregation were quite noticeable. Now the position of a gap is very important. In the back pews it would not attract attention, for they were not always entirely filled, and their occupants changed from Sunday to Sunday. But the Porter pew, the Stanton pew, and the Gerard pew

were empty, and these seats were situated near the chancel and their richly-dressed owners had always been very conspicuous in the assemblage. Already they had appeared in their brilliant new fall bonnets and wraps, and there was a general desire to inspect these city-made articles on the part of those who made their own garments and headgear after approved models worn by their wealthy neighbors. The absence of the Stanton family could be properly accounted for. Their prolonged stay in Dayville had already excited surprise and general comment. Everybody supposed that they would return, sooner or later, to the gayeties of a city life. But what could have happened to the Gerards? The whole family could not have been suddenly taken ill, and they had all been met or seen on the streets during the previous day. It was barely possible that Mrs. Porter and Miss Romaine had taken a flying trip to town in the interests of their wardrobes. They were very dressy women and could show novelties in costumes to great advantage, so that people were very glad when they visited the city. They invariably brought back something in the way of apparel that was worth copying. It might be but a breakfast jacket or an apron, but it was sure to be pretty and becoming; so their absence was noted with modified regret.

Mr. Perry seemed to fill a pew; Mr. Salisbury had his own to himself and his bandaged foot. A late-comer caused a general raising or turning of heads, and the various speculations regarding the Stantons, the Gerards and the sisters, were calculated to interfere seriously with the effect of the service. The responses to the Litany followed the most remarkable flights of fancy, and the absentees could be congratulated upon the complete success of their chosen line of conduct. The service concluded, the building was rapidly deserted, and people loudly exchanged wonders and surmises. Mrs. Whitney, with close-shut lips, hurried homeward, intent on Mr. Clayton's dinner.

Just as she reached the Presbyterian Church the congregation came forth, and in the throng she recognized Mr. Gerard with his three daughters. Rose and Nettie were tittering girlishly, but Madeleine was pale and thoughtful. Mrs. Whitney choked down some bitter tears, and it is to be feared that her meditations were not controlled by charity. Nor did they change as the day passed.

Mr. Clayton scarcely tasted the food that she had so carefully prepared, and she almost felt angry with Steven, whose appetite was equal to the occasion. Later, he told her that several children, besides Rose and Nettie Gerard, were absent from the Sunday-school, but she reasoned that sickness or the lack of warm clothing might lessen the attendance.

During the week the piano came, and then the children who were to be instructed as choristers appeared on the evenings set apart for them, and Mr. Clayton seemed absorbed in his new plan for insuring proper music at the services. He had recovered his appetite, and his patience with the little ones and their efforts was quite inexhaustible.

However, after several rehearsals, Mrs. Whitney was apt to linger outside the parlor door and listen to the harmonies that rose within. Steven took the tenor, Mr. Clayton's lovely voice sustained the bass, and the sweet young altos and trebles, blending with clearness and precision, made the old tunes that she loved sound more exquisite than ever to her ears.

About this time Mr. Clayton received an invitation to dine with Mr. Perry, and he found the old gentleman seated in his bright library with a map of the State spread out on a table in front of him. He rose and cordially shook the young man's hand.

"Well, Clayton, I have good news for you. Waters has reported. The girl is not in this vicinity, and the joke is that Salisbury has retained Waters to discover her whereabouts for him. Now is your heart at rest?"

"Decidedly more so than it was a moment ago. You think Waters is honest?"

"Perfectly so. You see, he is an itinerant. He holds revival meetings in the open air. He takes good singers,

belonging among the colored people here. Wherever they go, everybody, black and white, will go to hear him exhorting sinners to repentance. These congregations are very interesting, and he is really worth hearing. He speaks very well. He knows Tina by sight, and Salisbury expects him to find her, sooner or later. It seems that Salisbury went to the next county, where many of her well-to-do people are located, but they knew nothing about her. You see, the theory that you have secreted her is very plausible to such a mind as Salisbury's. I see you are not cast down by Gerard's defection."

"No, but it is very disagreeable. It causes so much curiosity."

"Yes, and Gerard will satisfy anybody who applies to him for information. But, between you and me, Clayton, the Church is well rid of him. He was only bringing discredit upon it with his hypocrisy."

"I think he has done me all the harm he is capable of."

"Possibly, because in this community people who know him would quote the saying about glass houses. But would you be willing to bring an action against him? I should like to see him eat his words in court."

"It is all so far removed from the truth. I want to forget it. When did you hear from the Stantons?"

Mr. Perry laughed quietly, walked to and fro smiling, and finally stood before Mr. Clayton with extended hands, his eyes brimming with humor and delight.

"Clayton, you would never guess what has happened. Upon my soul, I can't realize it myself, and it's all due to this confounded commotion that Miss Jane started. You see, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' If this mischief hadn't been made I never would have discovered Anne Stanton's virtues. Why, I've been meeting her occasionally for, well, certainly twenty years, never intimately. She is a quiet woman, reserved and modest. She wouldn't take a step to attract a man. Well, this miserable matter just brought her right out of her reserve. She fired up and told Stanton what she thought, and she simply put my ideas into words. Well, we commenced comparing notes, and the upshot of it is that I asked her to marry me, and she has consented. There, I knew you would understand. I felt you would sympathize with me. Just to think of having a lovely woman here in this very room, a woman with a good heart and broad ideas. Why, man, I'm nearly beside myself with joy. To have such a companion! It seems to me that God has overwhelmed me with blessings. Well, Clayton, let's have dinner, and then you and I will talk this thing over. We're not going to wait—why should we? The sooner this house has a mistress the better for me and incidentally for you."

The minister most heartily congratulated his friend upon the good news.

On returning to the library Mr. Perry led the conversation to Mr. Clayton's affairs. The practical issues were all in a satisfactory condition. The current expenses of the church had been regularly met, and there was a small amount of surplus in the hands of the treasurer. The library building was rising rapidly, the builders being confident of having the roof on before the heavy snowfalls. The day was set for the visit of the Bishop, and Mr. Salisbury would entertain him.

"I was studying out the neighboring counties, Clayton. What is your theory about this removal of the Forsters? Unless they had considerable money saved they cannot remain away any length of time."

"That is true. I feel quite perplexed. However, if they left here to save the girl, they must have had some assistance that they could rely upon. They impressed me as being honest people, but I saw no evidence of even a comfortable income. You saw the place."

Mr. Perry spoke with some hesitation.

"Would you care to trace them, Clayton, just for your own satisfaction? Because, if so, I would gladly pay all expenses."

"How good you are! I have balanced the subject in my own mind. It is not the money that it might cost. It is the principle. Why should I put detectives on this girl's track? By what right? If she seeks privacy I must respect her desire for it. Mr. Stanton's suspicious-

ness doesn't warrant me in pursuing a course that I deem dishonorable."

"To tell the truth, I believe that nothing but the girl's return would satisfy him."

"And that in itself wouldn't disprove the slander that he listened to. I don't think that Mr. Stanton's position could be changed by anything that Tina could do. Nothing will shake his convictions but the gradual working of his reason. Some time in the future he will view the whole matter, with common sense, not anger, in the ascendant."

"Clayton, I'm glad that you are inclined to take the thing quietly. I suppose, knowing the motives that controlled you, it is possible to be philosophical."

"I don't know about being philosophical. Under certain circumstances we are called upon to act quickly; we are not given time to deliberate. The inspiration of the moment should be the culmination of the best that is in us, if we are trying to live by wisdom. If I did right, and I certainly wanted to do right, I must take refuge in the faith that should sustain all who are misjudged and persecuted. Duties are ours, results are God's. When I feel the most hurt, this truth presents itself the most convincingly. I have had struggle after struggle with myself—of late."

Mr. Perry busied himself with the open fire and arranged the shades and curtains. The room was the perfection of comfort, and the sense of luxurious ease and the certainty of rest pervaded it.

"Clayton, why don't you take a vacation? You can prescribe for others; why not for yourself?"

"I couldn't go away now, and, after the Bishop has been here, I have all my preparations for the Christmas holidays. I want a tree for the Sunday-school Festival."

"There is no let-up to your work. Well, you'll come to town and marry Anne and me."

"Oh, yes. I'll take the day. I could get a friend to perform my duties here for a while, but I don't think I would be doing a sensible thing in leaving here at present."

"I think you are right. Like St. Peter, you would 'leave your character behind you.' Yes, your presence stops many a tongue. But I want you to understand that I am at your service should you need money."

Mr. Clayton's eyes met Mr. Perry's kind glance, and their expression excited the old man's curiosity.

"I have money; my parents are very well off, and, besides, I have plenty of my own. I suppose I should have told you this sooner, but I learned that the people here took it for granted that I had nothing but my salary, and I was very glad to let them live in that belief. It is a great help to me. I stand on my own merits with them, and that is my ambition."

"I see—you are quite right. Bless my soul! How this would astonish some parties I could name!"

"Would it? For the present you will let me keep my secret. I want to tell you how I came by this money. The recollection will take me back to my childhood and do me a world of good. I haven't thought of it for years."

"Good boy! I'm all ears. That's the way to shake off troubles; think of pleasant things."

"Yes, and we have good authority for doing it. My mother's youngest brother had an unfortunate experience in love. The girl jilted him for a richer admirer. So my uncle made a mental vow that he would prove to her that he could have given her more of this world's goods than her husband was capable of doing. This happened before I was born. Uncle The went West. On one of his visits to New York he found me trotting about and he took a great fancy to me. Mother tells me that I was a very large child, strong, and, in her opinion, unusually nice-looking. After his return to the West, Uncle The began sending me little articles that he picked up in his travels. He always wrote the name of the thing and my name on a slip of paper which he sent with the gift. Some time I will show you the collection. I couldn't begin to enumerate the specimens, they are so numerous and so varied. He used to send them by mail, by express, and by private hand, just as was most convenient. As he

bought them and sent them singly he didn't realize how the collection increased; and, of course, though separately they possessed little intrinsic value, when arranged carefully they formed a very interesting whole. There are natural productions from China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and our own States and Territories, besides the innumerable things that show the skill and ingenuity of handicraft among other nations. It happened that we occupied a very large house at that period of my life, and mother gave me a room on the top floor for my curiosities. I needn't tell you what that room was to me during my school days. I called it my museum. I invited my chums up there. On rainy days I polished up my treasures, dusted my shelves, and imagined myself a learned professor among my belongings. I found them invaluable as subjects for composition. I could take one specimen or several of a class, and, by reading and then combining my practical and acquired information, I could write an article that was correct as well as interesting. They really broadened my education."

"Certainly—I see. And your uncle remained away?"

"It was during my twelfth year that he returned for a short visit. I was busy one afternoon in my museum, when I heard a heavy step on the stairs and concluded that mother was bringing up a visitor. It was Uncle The. He sat down and looked at me. I can always recall that gaze, it was so intense, so searching and so full of affection. He seemed anxious to know in a glance if the boy justified his opinion of the infant. I suppose I satisfied him, for presently he stood up, put his hands on my shoulders and bent to kiss me. I remember flushing under the caress, it was so unexpected, and then I impulsively returned it. After a moment he looked about at my shelves and tables. I was holding a little Chinese junk, beautifully carved, and it attracted his admiration. He seemed surprised, and asked me where I got all my nice things. I suppose I looked equally astonished. I said, 'Why, Uncle The, you sent them to me. Do you know, he was completely overwhelmed, and so doubtful that I backed up my statement by showing him the slips in his own handwriting. These I had affixed to each article, after the method used in the school museum.'"

"He must have been delighted."

"He was. During that visit I went out with him every afternoon. What charming walks we took! He wanted to buy me expensive presents. Anything that a boy would naturally desire he offered me. I refused countless things, because the prices sounded extravagant. I had my own pocket money, and I enjoyed saving in one way and making what I thought a lavish outlay in another. He seemed amused at my refusals, never offended. I suppose he could see that I was diffident about taking things from a relative who was more strange than a stranger. I love to live over the hours I spent with him at that time. He took me to see things that he was interested in, and described to me the changes that he observed in the city and its rapid progress. He had some idea of remaining East, but that was the year after the war ended, and he finally concluded that he would have to make his permanent home in the West. I remember listening to him and my father discussing his different speculations and their possible results. Of course, I couldn't understand the conversations, but I had a general impression that Uncle The was a very great man and I always had a sense of vastness connected with him after that. I hung a map of the Pacific States in my museum, and I grew to associate Uncle The with all that I read and heard of their gradual development. I wonder now that I did not go to him on a visit during those years, but I was very fond of school and I was devoted to mother. I entered Columbia when I was sixteen, and during my senior year Uncle The came back to die in our house. It was not age with him; it was the protracted nervous strain that caused his death. In those eight years he had amassed wealth. His speculations had succeeded."

Mr. Clayton's voice ceased; he sat in a reverie which Mr. Perry could intuitively follow.

"He kept his vow."

"Yes. He provided for the woman who had wounded

him so cruelly. Her husband died, leaving her in positive want, and Uncle The settled an ample income upon her. He was kind-hearted and generous. His will was very short. He left me everything. It ended with the sentence, 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.'

"Wonderful! but just what was natural and right. He knew that he was leaving his money in good hands."

Mr. Clayton smiled at Mr. Perry's enthusiasm.

"It decided my future. I had thought seriously of studying for the ministry. It seemed probable that as clergyman I could be 'faithful.' But it is a constant problem how to assist people without permanently injuring them. We can see at a glance how to help the sick and infirm,—the children and those who are too old to work; those classes can be legitimately and properly cared for. The people who appeal to me are the honest, willing, strong men and women, who find it almost impossible to earn a fair living. The moment you encroach upon their pride of independence, you are risking an injustice which never can be remedied."

"I know it. I try to put people in the way of better-paying employment."

"Yes—where you can do it. I have managed that time and again. But I constantly meet those whom I cannot reach—people who prefer to starve independently."

"We have a few of those at our doors."

"I think so."

"This is a queer town. It is too far from the railroad to attract any strangers to it; it has no manufacturing interests to keep money circulating. People take summer boarders and scrape along the best they know how. I hear you are drilling a boy choir."

"Yes. The music of the Church will open a new world to those little fellows. I know it did to me. A world that will always afford them rest and entertainment, and, I trust, peace."

CHAPTER XXIV.

It happened that the Bishop's visit was a very short one, as he reached Dayville one afternoon and left it on the following morning. His few hours were spent with Mr. Clayton, who had much to show him and to tell him; but the younger man did not allude to the trouble that was interfering with his personal happiness. The Bishop was delighted with the new Library and the theories of its usefulness. He was also astonished at the number of persons who were desirous of being confirmed, when Mr. Clayton showed him the list of names and gave him a short description of each member of the class.

The two men happened to be alone in Mr. Salisbury's library; they had enjoyed an excellent lunch, there was a blazing fire on the hearth, and their host had left them to freely discuss parish matters. Bishop Harper was as tall as Mr. Clayton, and large in proportion to his age, which was nearer to fifty than to forty. He was a handsome man with clear eyes, well-cut features, and a charming manner, which invited confidence. "You must have worked hard to gather all these people together, or did you visit them separately?"

"I did both. I'm sure the personal visits proved the more effective method with the elders. They had so many questions to ask. They were troubled by doubts that I would not have thought of, and consequently my lectures would not have covered them."

"I understand. This is missionary work, pure and simple."

"Entirely. The Gospel of Christianity is a new thing to the majority of the people that will be confirmed this evening. I cannot describe to you their vague notions of religion, founded entirely on traditions and their own impressions of its requirements. It is an abstract idea; dreadful and remote. The great effort is to squeeze along, without troubling it on the one hand, or doing anything very wicked on the other. It has only to do with death and a proper observance of Sunday."

The Bishop was attentively watching Mr. Clayton's earnest features. He seemed to be following two trains of thought. He spoke abruptly:

"You have been working very hard, with difficult subjects. I marvel at your success."

"I feel convinced that these candidates are sincere." Mr. Clayton's flush and modesty of manner were almost childlike. "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the labor. These people are so real, so natural themselves. They are toilers; they cannot affect anything. Their daily lives are known to all. The sameness of existence makes them sympathetic with each other. They couldn't have secrets if they wanted them. The practical nature of a spiritual life appealed to them. The possibility of hourly communion with God was a revelation. They realize now that hitherto they have missed the exquisite third in our triple life. Their physical needs and their intellectual demands they were fully conscious of. Now, they know that their souls must be satisfied, if they would be at peace with God. Now, they feel that our immortality begins at the moment that we accept God's grace and strive to practice His will."

The Bishop indulged in a long reverie. "Clayton, do you feel satisfied here?"

"Yes—I do. There is an individuality about the few people here that fascinates me. They seem to develop perfectly like scattered trees with lots of room for the formation of consistent characters. When once you interest them, you find something tangible to grapple with and appeal to. I feel that once won, the conquest of such beings is complete, for the battle is fought inch by inch, and honestly contested."

While Mr. Clayton enlarged upon this subject, Bishop Harper again intently watched him. Here was a young man who personally demonstrated the vital forces wielded by love. Born of wedded lovers, reared in love, surrounded by all the care and attention that love can devise and control for its object, knowing of nothing hitherto but luxury in his own experience, he was satisfied to withdraw from home, from the society of congenial equals, and to live happy in his new surroundings, zealous to preach the Gospel of Love and exercise its influence wherever he went. Such a man was gifted with unlimited powers. The Bishop sighed. Alas! how few such as he were willing to see their opportunities and consecrate their talents to the Giver of all good gifts. Could his ideas become general among men, the theological seminaries would be overcrowded with earnest, enthusiastic disciples. "This is not a very well-to-do parish, Clayton, I know from experience. Is it self-supporting?"

"Yes—but the expenses are very moderate. I have a great desire to add a parsonage and endow the church."

"I hope you will. Then, when you are called elsewhere, this will be a nice home for one of our less energetic men. You have the soul and strength of a pioneer. But, Clayton, whenever you think of resigning this field, I want to have something to say about your new one."

Mr. Clayton looked amused and yet surprised, as if certain thoughts of his own had been prematurely expressed.

"I don't want to leave here," he said thoughtfully. "There is so much here that pleases me and such opportunities to help others in their entrance upon life."

"True, but you will carry the ability to find opportunities with you. It is your talent. Therefore, don't feel that you are bound by ties of mere affection to any one place. When your work is done, be prepared to seek the strangers who have need of you. In a word, don't let your heart guide your head."

At that moment it did not occur to Mr. Clayton that the Bishop's advice had any hidden meaning. He had no time to devote to its consideration. He wanted to go first to the church and see that everything was in order there, and then he had to send a stage up on the hills to bring several of his candidates into the town, they not being possessed of horses and wagons.

In the church he found Steven busily occupied. The choir had assembled for a final rehearsal. Steven was playing and singing, his eyes bright with enthusiasm, his cheeks flushed with satisfaction. The children were simply outdoing themselves. The simple, beautiful chants seemed to issue like the free notes of song-birds from the young throats, and the air vibrated with the clear, full tones.

Miss Gerard was standing near the font, filling it with great bunches of fall flowers, and the reading-desk and pulpit were beautifully decorated with pressed ferns and autumn leaves. Mrs. Whitney was putting a finishing polish upon the lamps, and Mrs. Munroe was dusting the woodwork.

Stepping back to observe effects, Miss Gerard perceived Mr. Clayton and advanced, offering her hand and coloring prettily:

"How do you like my chrysanthemums? Aren't they lovely? I was so afraid they would bloom too soon, I have been keeping my plants in a dark room."

"I never should have thought of that device."

Miss Gerard's color deepened; there was a sense of strong self-control pervading her voice and manner. "Mr. Clayton, I had a letter from Helen this morning. I promised her to dress the chancel for this evening, and the lovely flowers on the altar came from her. They are in perfect condition. The service this evening will be so beautiful! I am so glad I heard the children singing. I will be able to imagine it all, to-night."

"You will be here, I trust."

"No. Pa is away. I know you feel sure that I should prefer being here. Are you pleased with my work? It is as Helen wished it to be. Do you remember your first Sunday here? Helen arranged all the flowers in the chancel." Her voice faltered.

"I recall her doing it." He spoke with an effort.

"Mrs. Whitney has been telling me that you have the largest class ever presented to a Bishop in Dayville. I thought you would convert some of our oldest inhabitants if they would only listen to you."

"It was a question of persuasion rather than conversion. As you say, it was merely in winning them to hear that the difficulty lay."

"Yes, but you overcame the main obstacle. Isn't that the secret of all success? Have you any message for Helen? I'll write to her some time to-morrow, after I hear a description of the service this evening."

"Tell her for me that I am very well and that her flowers give me infinite delight, they are so wholly unexpected."

"We wanted to give you a nice surprise. I am sorry my share of the work is over, because now, I must go."

"I'll walk a part of the way with you."

He left her at her own door, and then sauntered slowly toward Mr. Salisbury's house. Helen's gift had filled his heart with joy, his brain with exquisite memories. The duties of the hour were suddenly surrounded with the radiancy of hope. Life was overflowing with content. Helen's thoughts were connected with the little country church and all that was about to take place within its walls. Absent, she was yet virtually present; for the heart and mind make their own abiding place.

On that November evening, "Saint George's" was filled to its utmost capacity by people of all denominations and many of no denomination whatever. The service was impressive to the highest degree. The children's voices led the singing. Among the candidates for confirmation were white-haired men and women. All ages, sexes and conditions were represented.

The wonderful impersonality of the young rector was more forcibly proved than ever on this occasion. Here was a grand result of months of patient, loving, persevering effort; and the man who had done the work stood modest and attentive to his portions of the service, listening with downcast eyes to the concluding words of commendation addressed to him by his Bishop.

Early on the following morning, Bishop Harper took his valise and was driven to the station by Mr. Salisbury. Later in the day, Mr. Perry started for New York, looking remarkably well and smiling with unusual brilliancy in his eyes. Within a week Mr. Clayton received a telegram which created a sensation throughout Dayville. It was signed "Perry," and worded, "To-morrow afternoon at four o'clock sharp," and the answer ran, "Will be on time."

Everybody in Dayville had his or her own explanation of these enigmatical sentences; and Miss Bruce, the young lady with pink cheeks and dark bangs, who pre-

sided in the telegraph office, was besieged by callers during the absence of Mr. Perry. No one questioned her right or her taste in publishing telegrams and discussing them with the people to whom they were not addressed. Dayville would not care to contemplate such a loss as the consideration of these wonderfully mysterious, secret messages. Mr. Clayton's early departure was lost sight of in the novelty of his swift return on the late train. What could have happened in those few, short hours that he had to stay in the great city? Conjecture feasted on imagination and yet went hungry. Mr. Perry was sadly indifferent to the curiosity of the townspeople, and his servants came and went like automatons. Huge express packages were daily carried by the mail-stage to his house, and one never-to-be-forgotten morning Miss Romaine stopped at the butcher's to leave an order for her sister and saw Mr. Perry's housekeeper buying partridges.

This "Aunt Sue," as she was generally called, was a tall, fine-looking colored woman who was fully conscious of the dignity of her position in Mr. Perry's house. Having selected the game, she turned to the stall and asked for a "tenderloin roast." Miss Romaine's heart rose to her throat. Mr. Perry was evidently about to return home. During the winter his absence could be felt in Dayville. "Aunt Sue" was investigating the stock of vegetables and muttering very disparaging remarks on their appearance. The butcher reminded her that this was December; folks could not expect spring products quite so soon.

Miss Romaine nodded to Aunt Sue and spoke with more than usual dignity.

"Good morning, Sue. When do you expect Mr. Perry?"

"I can't say positively, but this weather I like to be prepared. No excuse for an empty larder."

Miss Romaine left her order, "a neck of mutton for a stew," and proceeded on her way. The sky was blue, there was no wind, and the snow was packed deep, white and crisp beneath her feet. In the distance, a tall figure, in a fur-lined overcoat and sealskin cap, was approaching. Miss Romaine despised him; she had mentally vowed and publicly declared that she would force him to resign his charge, but on this occasion she would condescend to speak to him and satisfy her curiosity about Mr. Perry. No matter how bad a man is, so long as his sins are not brought home to him, some people will wink at them and tolerate his society and generally even seek it. Miss Romaine reasoned that she was no longer a very young woman; she might be seen speaking to Mr. Clayton on the street without really compromising herself, although the fact, should it get abroad, would cause much gossip. Mr. Clayton was indulging in day-dreams. He had spent two supreme hours in the room with Helen on the occasion of her aunt's wedding. Mr. Stanton was fully alive to the importance of his sister's marriage to Mr. Perry. Not being of an imaginative temperament, such a possibility had never suggested itself to his mind. Worldly and given to business speculations, he had never thought of his sister Anne captivating a rich man in her middle age. In fact, he had long since concluded that Anne would die Anne Stanton. He realized her fine qualities, and he had a theory that she was one of a class of women who possess no attraction for the opposite sex, and are created to relieve wives and mothers when their onerous cares perplex or overwhelm them. She was so much younger than Mr. Perry that it was a foregone conclusion that she would outlive him and become sole possessor of his handsome fortune. Consequently Mr. Stanton accepted the invitation to the family wedding at the home of his married sister, Mrs. Price. He gave his family a wide margin in the matter of presents, and sent his sister Anne a costly set of diamonds, something that would appease and delight any ordinary woman. Thus a curious peace was concluded; but although its offerings were accepted, its duration and terms had not yet been settled. Mr. Perry's rapidity of action left countless questions unconsidered.

The quiet family wedding filled Mrs. Price's large house with gay, delighted guests, all claiming relation-

ship with "dear Anne," who was a general favorite among her own people. Her reputation was "that she never wittingly made mischief and never discovered faults in others, but rather developed their best qualities." These characteristics were partly natural and partly the result of a determination formed in early youth to try and do some good in the world, even if obscure in station.

Mr. Perry's standing was a family tradition and the general impression was that Anne was about to marry a man in every way worthy of her. So everybody looked their congratulations, and Helen, attired exquisitely in white, an embodiment of youth and loveliness, moved through the rooms, casting a spell of enchantment as she went. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were brilliant with expectation, and in the preliminary hush that announced the entrance of the small bridal party, she stood where Mr. Clayton's surplice touched her as he passed to his position in the long room.

Did their glances meet?

The people were admiring Anne, who was looking very handsome in gray satin with diamond ornaments. Being a sensible couple, well advanced in years of discretion, they had dispensed with maid of honor, bridesmaids, groomsmen and ushers, and as the marriage service is a proof that "brevity is strength," the ceremony occupied but a few moments. Mr. Stanton forced an equable demeanor, and shook hands with Mr. Perry, kissed his sister, and avoided Mr. Clayton. But when the supper was served at many small tables, he noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. Clayton and Helen occupied one of them. A scene was out of the question, and when the repast was over the young people did not monopolize each other. If they had any understanding it was decidedly secret. Mr. Stanton was not given a chance to find fault with their conduct. But lovers know the value and the power of glances. A look is far beyond words to the sympathetic heart, and it was Helen's looks that absorbed Mr. Clayton's thoughts as he slowly approached Miss Romaine in the main street of Dayville. He was so completely and so charmingly abstracted that he spoke to her mechanically and remained mentally in Mrs. Price's parlor with Helen's sweet eyes meeting his.

"Good morning, Mr. Clayton. I thought you were in New York."

"I was, for a few hours."

"I suppose you saw Mr. Perry."

"Oh, yes." Mr. Clayton smiled unconsciously. His manner was grace itself. Miss Romaine's courage increased:

"And when does he return?"

"Why, I suppose we may look for them now at any time."

"Them! Is he bringing company to Dayville?"

A slight frown gathered between her carefully penciled eyebrows. Winter was her period of opportunity for meeting Mr. Perry without others to come between him and her blandishments. Mr. Clayton's ignorance of her plans was rendered all the more perfect by his agreeable reflections. He gave her a vague look. "Why, you know, he is married——"

"Married!"

"Yes—he has a lovely wife—Miss Stanton. Hasn't the news reached Dayville? Well, it was a very quiet affair." Miss Romaine was pressing her handkerchief to her dry lips. "I hope they will get home to-day," continued Mr. Clayton.

Miss Romaine nodded, murmured something about congratulations and turned abruptly on her way.

She felt hot and cold with indignation, dumb with disappointment, sick with despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

One afternoon in the end of March, Mr. Clayton strode along the frozen road in the direction of Mr. Perry's home. Mr. Clayton was coolly and premeditatively considering the position of his personal affairs in Dayville. He was satisfied that they were monopolizing too much of his thoughts. To enter Saint George's during the Sunday services, one would suppose naturally that the rector was well liked, for vacant seats were unknown.

But the pews were filled by curiosity seekers, who felt that they could read the inward workings of Mr. Clayton's mind by constantly observing him. In fact, the scandal concerning him, instead of dying out, grew daily in every possible manner.

Months had now intervened, and Tina's disappearance was a theme that only seemed to gather fresh interest as time elapsed. Everybody could tell the story with original comments and conjectures, and these recitals were in Mr. Clayton's favor or to his disadvantage, according to the belief held by the speaker. Every stranger who entered Dayville had his knowledge of human nature enlarged by hearing of this incident. It belonged to the town chronicles. Dayville would not have parted with it at any price; and then, the principal actor in the little drama could be pointed out on the streets, or seen in the performance of his professional duties by the absorbed listener. Naturally, the newcomer was excited by this scene in an actual play, and became in turn a spreader of the story with additional notes and observations. Now we are all aware that we have among us a too rapidly increasing class of people who crave notoriety, people who confound celebrity with publicity, and love to be discussed, and enjoy seeing their names in print, even if the context invites ridicule. Now to Mr. Clayton's sensitive nature this growing desire to see and watch him, on the part of persons with whom he had nothing to do, was peculiarly painful. As time passed, he found that he could not shake off its effects; he was becoming nervous under the strain. He was also keenly alive to the actions of certain members of "Saint George's."

Mr. Stanton's "elegant country residence" was offered for rent. The poster was displayed in the Post Office. What could be more suggestive? Mr. Gerard, as a warden of the church, would neither enter it nor resign his position. Both these gentlemen ceased to contribute to the expenses of the church. Several of the children who had participated in the Christmas festivities now went to other Sunday schools. Then again, Mr. Clayton's most devoted parishioners were constantly engaged in wrangles about him, resulting in family quarrels and animosities between neighbors who had been friends, time out of mind. The prospect was depressing indeed. He could not foresee any change in it. His very silence on the subject of dispute simply invested it with added dignity and deeper mystery. He felt that his personality and not his labors absorbed his people. This was radically wrong. He was slowly reaching a conclusion.

He found Mr. and Mrs. Perry in their library, enjoying a new book. Mr. Perry closed it, and after a moment Mrs. Perry continued her fancy work. Mr. Clayton occupied his customary chair near her basket. "There is Helen's letter; read it. You will see that she finds plenty to do looking after the members of her Sunday school class. I think they monopolize all her spare time. I suppose you know that Richard isn't coming here this summer. I had been counting the weeks, hoping to see them all on the first of May. I am sure the boys will be dreadfully disappointed."

Mr. Clayton was reading the closely written pages. He folded them gently and held them while he talked.

"Mrs. Perry, what do you suppose I am contemplating?"

Mr. Perry met his steady glance and spoke abruptly: "I hope you are thinking of leaving this infernal town. If I were you, I'd go to-day. To be here is for you a waste of time, of energy, and, I fear, of health. Clayton, you have done more in ten months than many men accomplish in ten years. You have given an immense impetus to church work here. I was telling Anne last night that you ought to find a new field where your talents would be a godsend, and let some quiet, agreeable man carry forward the interests here. The library was a pleasant sight; we strolled in about nine o'clock last evening, and there wasn't an unoccupied seat. The gymnasium was crowded with people looking on at the exercises. I tell you, you've caught the boys and girls. Now, you needn't fear that the library will be neglected if you go away. Anne and I will see that it is properly taken care of and managed after your method. Upon

my soul, Clayton, I don't know of anything that should keep you here."

"That is the curious part of it. I don't know of anything myself that another man could not do as well if not better than I do it." Mr. Clayton laughed. "I suppose I do amuse you, but it is true that I have become attached to the place and I like the people."

Mr. Perry laughed heartily.

"The people, eh! Well, you must have a capacity for liking. What do you find in them to like?"

"Perhaps it is what he doesn't find that attracts him," said Mrs. Perry, smiling at the two men. "Mr. Clayton sympathizes with their disadvantages."

"You may be right, Mrs. Perry. I have learned to be very tolerant since I came to Dayville."

"Joseph, isn't it nice to feel that Mr. Clayton will, after all, leave here with regret? I am so glad to hear you speak as you do. You have been treated so unjustly here, you have been caused so much unnecessary suffering."

"Yes—but the injustice of the few developed the love of the many. It is because these two feelings are becoming more and more intensified and causing ever-increasing trouble that I have determined to resign my charge. The sooner I am forgotten here the better."

"Well, Clayton, there is one consoling thought in it all; you'll never undertake a more difficult parish. After this experience, you never can be taken unawares. You have had a fine insight of human nature."

"True, and if I had not undertaken a country parish I never should have realized the narrowness of existence in these stagnating towns. Nothing but seeing could have convinced me of it. The people are indeed governed by their environment. Mental action is without stimulus; the passions enjoy full play and deaden the moral sense. Vice outgrows virtue; so, just here and just in such places, religion is most needed."

"I believe you. There is no need to go abroad; the heathen are right here among us. And, by the way, Clayton, one of our head devils is likely to be tripped up within a few days. Anne heard it all yesterday. Dr. Ben was in for a while and gave us the outlines of the matter. You know I told you that Gerard was a damned scoundrel. It seems that this unfortunate Jane Tober is dying. In spite of your kindness and efforts in her behalf, the girl went back to Gerard's protection."

"Gerard's!"

"Yes, there is no doubt whatever that you baptized a child of his soon after you came here. Well, now the mother is at death's door, and Dr. Ben has been called in, and he has vowed that if she dies he'll follow up the case and bring Gerard to justice. He has plenty of evidence, and when he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it. I'm inclined to think that Gerard has left the State. I hope he has. I never wish evil to anyone. I think a man's sin always finds him out, sooner or later; but I should breathe freer and enjoy myself better if that libertine didn't pollute this atmosphere with his foul presence."

"But, Joseph, his daughters?"

"He only disgraces them. They have relatives on their mother's side in New York. They would be much better off if they could leave this town. Their father's reputation doesn't help them. Madeleine is one of the loveliest girls I ever met. There isn't a man here that is worthy of her. Now, in the city she would meet eligible admirers. So I shall rejoice if this climax results in the whole family quitting Dayville."

"What a dreadful place it is, Joseph!" Mrs. Perry sighed. "I wonder—"

Mr. Perry looked curiously at her face.

"Well, dear, what were you about to wonder?"

She smiled at his earnestness.

"It was only a passing fancy. You like this place. Your health is satisfactory here."

Mr. Perry became abstracted and Mr. Clayton and Mrs. Perry discussed Helen's letter from beginning to end.

One April morning, shortly after the Easter holidays, Mr. Clayton rang the bell of Bishop Harper's house and was ushered into the library, where the Bishop was seated

reading his mail. "I have been expecting you for some time, Mr. Clayton," he said cordially, smiling at the younger man's quick expression of surprise. "I am going to hazard an explanation of your visit to-day. You are thinking of resigning your parish."

"Yes; but you amaze me."

"Oh, well, when I have given you my reasons for reaching this conclusion, you will not wonder at my wisdom. However, Clayton, I want you elsewhere, so I am delighted to see you. I was about writing to you to propose a change. I'll find a good man who will carry on your work in Dayville. The people there have enjoyed your ministrations long enough. I want you to undertake a city parish that has been running down so gradually for several years that the people hardly know what to do under the circumstances. They had a fine rector whom they loved; he became the victim of an incurable malady, so they gave him a purse, sent him abroad, and called a temporary minister. You know how such an arrangement works. There is nothing to inspire a man in 'a temporary charge.' No matter how devoted, how in earnest he may be, he is the subject of endless contrast and comparison. No one wants his efforts to take root; he is only filling a gap. So, as the rector lingered on for years, the temporary man was constantly being called to a permanency, and, as a consequence, took his admirers in the congregation with him. I am telling you facts. I am not going to misrepresent the present condition of this church. When the rector finally died, but a handful of his people remained as worshipers in it. Now the main portion of the congregation is made up of stragglers and strangers, and a heavy debt is resting like a mountain on the parish and disheartening the few who have clung to its fortunes through all these changes. There is a mortgage on the church; there is a floating debt; there are repairs needed; but few of the pews are rented. Now then, Clayton, what do you think of such a prospect? There is one great charm in it, the fidelity of the old parishioners; that will go straight to your heart. At one time, there was some talk of the church being sold, but one faithful soul came forward and shouldered the mortgage. I doubt that he ever collects his interest. You will have to accept a nominal salary, and trust to your own ability in the matter of filling the church to get it. However, you are independent of that general necessity. I thought of you, Clayton, because you are young, strong as a lion, energetic, and capable of preaching the Gospel. My dear boy, it is as much needed in the cities as in God's country. Still, you must not let me influence you. I know that if you took 'St. Philip's,' you would be the right man for the place, and the mere sight of your figure in the chancel would send a thrill of hope through the hearts of the congregation. Vigor and enthusiasm are what we need in the church, the simple sincerity that carries all before it. Take a little time to consider this. There is no immediate hurry, and I know how you must feel in tearing up the roots that hold you in that country town."

"Still, I came here to ask your advice about pulling up these very roots."

"I thought so."

"I want to tell you exactly what prompts me to leave Dayville. It is so purely personal that I dislike to speak of it—and yet, you should know all the circumstances."

"My son, I know all about them. I wonder why you remained so long in the place. I had heard everything previous to my visit in December. I'll show you." Mr. Clayton flushed and sat silent, shocked, and thoughtful. The Bishop opened a drawer in his desk and took out a package of letters. "I have been honored for months with anonymous communications concerning you. They are supposed to come from different sources, and there is a difference in the handwriting of these; but in my opinion they all emanate from one mind. You have an unscrupulous, bitter enemy in your parish; a woman, I should judge. She writes good English. There is a premeditation and a certain plausibility about these documents that make them seem quite important. The details of your conduct are minutely given. You are well watched. She is averse to making a public charge

as the principal witnesses refuse to appear in the case. Now, on the other hand, Clayton, some good angel there, suspecting that these letters would reach me, has undertaken to explain your kindness and generosity to the girl who ignorantly caused all this mischief, and the good angel has signed her name in full. Ah, my boy, I was brought up in a country town. I know the proportions that slander can assume. And, Clayton, I have known your face ever since I used to meet you when a student in the Seminary grounds. You always seemed to be having such a good time. Well, now, the sooner you leave Dayville the better, and forget all this. I fully appreciated your silence last December. 'You can suffer and be strong.' A very desirable faculty in our time. Of course, you remember the story of 'Picaoli.' The mission accomplished, its cause disappears. I think you have done your work in Dayville. Come back to the city."

Mr. Clayton roused himself and met Bishop Harper's kind glance.

"I will take a few weeks. I want to visit those whom I feel interested in. I cannot leave them suddenly."

"And you will take 'St. Philip's'?"

"Yes—if you——"

"My dear son, you will lift a mountain off my shoulders! I shall feel like running about as a boy! I cannot tell you how I love that old parish; how it grieves me to see it running down! It is in such a secluded neighborhood. I like the quiet streets that lead to the church. Then, 'the remnant that remains'! I know you will really care to meet these people. They are sincere, cultivated, willing Christians. You won't be dazzled with the gloss of newness in their dwellings. I know you are above personal inducements, but your mother will be glad to have you home again. You are a great mother's boy. And a little petting and sympathy won't hurt you a bit. You need it."

"I often run down for a good supply of it."

"That's right. Do you know, I am beginning to feel the thrill of returning youth? You are just the man that I have been searching for. You have no bewildering family cares to distract your thoughts. You can devote all your energy and time to this work of building up. It is the hardest labor in the Church. I have done a lot of it in my day." The Bishop turned with a bright, confidential smile. "Of course, you are engaged. Every divinity student thinks it his duty to become engaged as soon as he is ordained, if not before." The Bishop laughed pleasantly, but broke off suddenly.

"I was engaged, but this unfortunate matter caused my engagement to be broken. The father of the lady chose to believe the worst construction that could be put upon the circumstances."

"Impossible! Who is the man? Surely something can be done!" Bishop Harper paced the floor.

"I fear not. Within a few weeks, his sister and his brother-in-law, who are stanch friends of mine, undertook to prove to him the weakness of the charge, but without success. They exhausted the subject, and left him as they found him."

"And what are you going to do?"

Bishop Harper stopped in front of Mr. Clayton with extended hands.

"That is my problem."

"I see, I see. The girl is true as steel."

"Oh, yes."

"And young."

"Yes, about twenty."

"I wouldn't be cast down, Clayton. I often recall a saying of Sir Isaac Newton, 'A Christian may not be disappointed.' And you remember 'The Two Weavers.' Here 'the carpet is wrong side out.'"

"I know. I don't doubt the love of God. It is my own duty that often perplexes me."

"Clayton, we can always pray for guidance, and 'have faith, nothing doubting.'"

The Bishop became interested in the opening of letters, occasionally glancing at Mr. Clayton, who seemed absorbed in a painful reverie.

"Clayton, I am going to keep you to lunch, and after-

ward I want you to come and look at 'St. Philip's.' You can weigh the possibilities."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It has recently become the fashion to scoff at the solid rows of brown-stone houses that, to a very large extent, form the dwellings of those citizens of New York who own their own residences. No doubt they do bear a tantalizing family resemblance to each other, and lovers of space find the yards rather limited in extent. Grumblers should remember the value of good city lots, if they are measured by square feet; and also consider the amount of comfort and luxury that can be concentrated in a house twenty feet wide and fifty or sixty deep.

In just such a house, situated on a cross street and within a few doors of Fifth Avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Perry enjoyed life some six years after the spring during which Mr. Clayton had bidden them farewell in Dayville. Six years sounds like a much longer period than it really proves to be. It may include the most radical changes in public and family life, and then again it may glide away almost uneventful.

One bright September morning Mrs. Perry sat in her parlor window, musing on some entertaining problems. Mr. Perry had just parted with her and gone "downtown," a general expression of unlimited application. A maid had drawn the curtains so as to conceal the dining-room, and the noise of china and silver clashing mingled with her meditations. However, their subject was the house next door, to the right. It was for sale, its owner having been but recently concerned in a financial speculation ending for him in total ruin. These sudden, social wrecks are too common to occasion remark or concern. The neighbors were not searching for the family that had disappeared from their sight. They were convulsed with the question, "Who will buy the house?" Their waking hours and their slumbers were haunted by more ghosts than ever troubled a Shakespearean character.

The rapid encroachment of enterprising business men, with no respect for the reputation enjoyed by a neighborhood, assailed all minds. Mrs. Montgomery, who resided on the right, was fearful of a fashionable dressmaker or milliner buying the house. She could imagine the bright sign, with the legend, "Madame de Blanc—Modes de Paris," shadowing her handsome entrance, and the ebb and flow of weary working-women and customers. Mrs. Field, who occupied the opposite mansion, was positive that the premises would fall a prey to an ambitious boarding-house keeper, with an endless procession of unsatisfactory boarders. Mrs. Chanler, another opposite neighbor, was more inclined to the belief that a chop-house keeper would inspect the beautifully frescoed upper rooms and the commodious kitchen, and see visions of crowded tables to reward his efforts in behalf of his hungry fellow-beings. Others prophesied an "Artist Tailor," a "Faith Cure Establishment," or an "Office" for some newly organized "Society for the prevention or the amelioration of some crying public evil."

The condition of mind which all these good people suffered from can be easily imagined by any sympathetic thinker. Mr. Perry could only say that the highest bidder would get the house, as neither owner nor agent cared for its future history. Mrs. Perry was recalling her husband's opinion when her attention was attracted by a couple walking slowly on the opposite side of the street, and gazing apparently at the front of her house. They stopped, however, and she suddenly concluded that the "house for sale" was the object of their scrutiny. She naturally observed them closely. The man was tall, slight and fair, with an almost boyish air about his gestures and movements. The woman was small and slight, exquisitely dressed in a tailor-made, tan-colored, woollen costume. Her turban of the same shade rested on a Grecian knot of fair hair; diamonds sparkled in her ears, and she carried a large pongee lace-trimmed umbrella in her well-gloved hand. The other rested in the man's arm, and she talked and laughed as if the house afforded food for much merriment.

(To be continued.)

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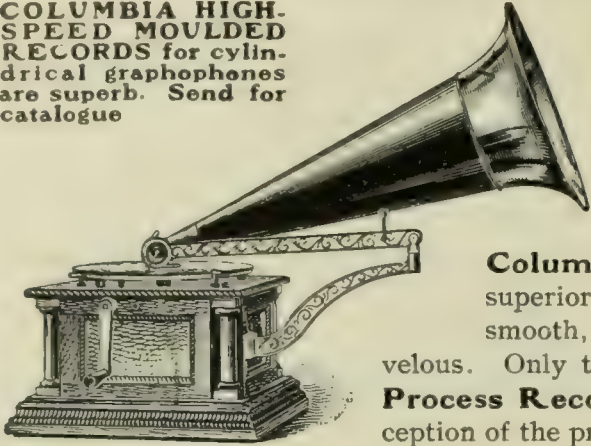
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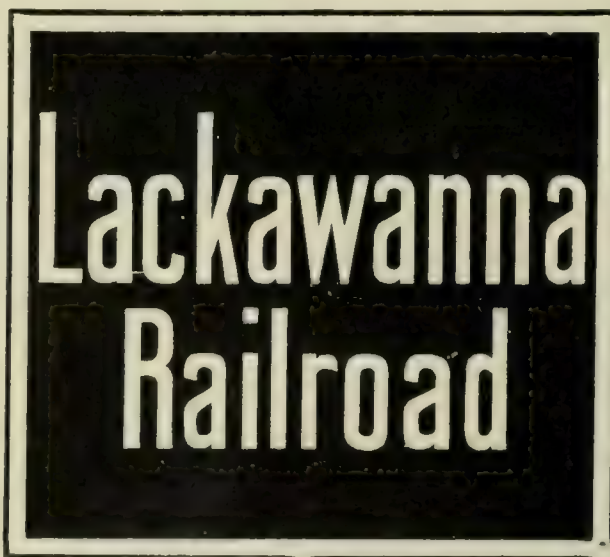
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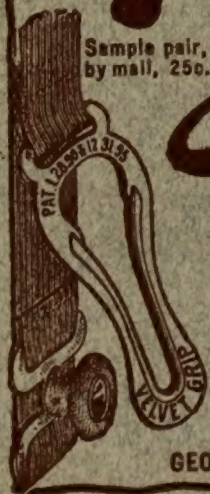
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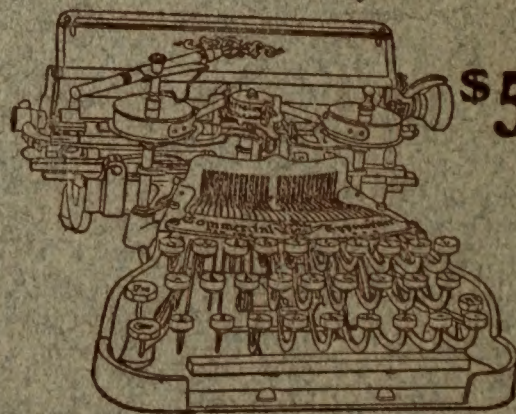
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